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SPECIAL HOME REMODELLING FEATURE. Pages 39-43

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TRAGIC COST OF CARELESSNESS

ONCE again summer has brought to Australia the menace of bushfires.

Already there have been bushfires in New South Wales, and as the summer progresses other States will be lucky if they escape.

The rain which holiday-makers dread in the summer-time is the salvation of the farmer or grazier with his sun-parched acres.

Only rain can ease his anxious watching for the first curl of smoke that spells disaster.

But the hope of rain is no preventive. It is up to every Australian to make sure that he is not responsible, through carelessness or stupidity, for a bushfire.

It's so easy to start a fire. That cigarette butt tossed carelessly out of the car or train window may do thousands of pounds' worth of damage. The fire that you start in your backyard to burn grass can easily get out of hand. It could wipe out a township.

In every State there are regulations governing the lighting of fires. They are imposed depending on the seriousness of the fire danger at that time. They must be obeyed in both the letter and spirit of the law.

The ravages of a fire are far more devastating than those of flood or famine. Fire destroys completely.

The next time you're driving through the bush and come across one of those quaint old calico signs "Prevent Bush Fires," take notice of it.

It is there because so many people—and you could easily be one of them—are criminally careless.

Our cover:

● The baby is Anthony Hearder photographed when five months old by father, Sydney photographer John Hea The picture was taken aboard Mr. Hea yacht, Lewana.

This week:

● Ross Campbell is away on a fo night's holiday, so his weekly feature missing this week. He will resume it the issue of January 30.

● Turn to page 51 for our extra sto this week. It's "The Love Letter" Phyllis Gordon Demarest.

Next week:

● "Are the children of today taught much about sex?" is the question ask in a special article next week. It is by Alexan Reid Martin, an American psychiatrist, a it will interest all parents. The author d agrees with a great many current beliefs this subject. His viewpoint is mature a thoughtful and well worth earnest conside tion.

● A four-page feature on the theme "Clothes to Suit Your Life" discusses t dress problems of four distinct types women. Betty Keep has chosen for this su a 20-year-old typist, a young matron, a so butterfly, and a youthful grandmother. Th of the pages are illustrated with striking co pictures.

● Need a new tennis dress? Wait you see the picture page showing fo dresses and shirt and shorts. The new Empi line is included in the dresses. Patterns available in sizes 32-38in. Price 3/6.

● Soon you'd better be sowing th garden annuals for next spring. T gardening page gives you good advice their choice and care.

BOOK REVIEWS, by AINSLIE BAKER

Huge cast of characters in novel of 19th century

The 19th-century Englishman's love of a gamble provides th inspiration for Thomas B. Costain's monumental (928 pages) novel "The Tontine."

TONTINES were a form of combined insurance scheme and lottery (the surviving investor inheriting) that were enthusiastically supported alike by noblemen and barrow-boys during the Napoleonic Wars.

The tontine of the title was organised by a financial speculator in London on the day of the Battle of Waterloo. The book traces the varying fortunes of its shareholders until the day the tontine has only one surviving investor.

In part "The Tontine" is the story of the Graces and the Carboys, two families linked by financial interests, love affairs, and hatreds, and a huge cast of supporting characters march with them through this chronicle novel's many pages.

In tracing the fortunes of his characters from 1815 until the last years of the 19th century, the author records the great English social and industrial revolution that was encompassed within those years.

Not a specially gifted writer—his characters lack depth, and the attempts at atmosphere are sketchy—Costain yet knows how to tell a story.

For all its length, "The Tontine" will prove pleasant and satisfying reading for those with a taste for period fiction.

One could only wish that a Dickens had had the handling of the same material. What a rich feast that would ha been.

Our copy from the pu lishers, Collins.

"THE VIRTUOU WOMEN OF PON CLERY," by Flora Sa strom (Arthur Barke Successor to the popular no "Midwife of Pont Clery," w the Midwife now the Co tesse; other old friends of Normandy village are pre and in good form.

"CARVE HER NA WITH PRIDE," by R. Minney (Newnes). Biogra of the inspiring wart British Secret Service hero Violette Szabo, called Odette "the bravest of us a Killed when only 23, M Szabo was posthumo awarded the George Cross

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Holiday's end

Paris . . . It was wonderful, thought Yvonne as she strolled through the Louvre with her father.

FOR the third time since they had sat down Yvonne caught the eye of the young man three tables away. Caught it and quickly averted her own. The glance that met hers flashed an interest in her so plainly! Did hers in him, too?

She leant forward and started to talk animatedly to her father. About the ballet last night—and the fountains at Versailles, where they had been this afternoon—and the visit to the Louvre and Notre Dame . . . Paris. Wonderful Paris. All to be crammed into ten brief days, five of them already gone.

Yvonne was alone with her father at the table, David had gone out to make a telephone call. After much conferring with the head waiter they had ordered dinner. The dancing hadn't yet begun.

The orchestra was playing softly . . . a familiar tune . . . what was it? Sinding's "Rustle of Spring." That was it. The sentimental tune throbbed softly on the air, with the stirring of the violins like the stirring of the first leaves unfolding and the whirr of wings as they rise . . .

Little shivers of ecstatic pleasure ran over Yvonne's skin. Unbearably sweet, the violins shook and throbbed, rose and fell. All of early spring was in the music, the restlessness, the poignancy. How nostalgic it was, it plucked at the heart! . . .

Then, suddenly amused at her own over-response to the rather hackneyed tune, she called herself back from its absurd enchantment and glanced about her again, carefully avoiding the table three tables away.

But you don't have to look to see.

Out of the corner of her eye she was aware that the young man over there had left his two dinner companions, was skirting the edge of the dance floor and coming towards their table, was standing by her father's chair, was saying:

"How do you do, Mr. Massingham? I wonder if you'll remember me?"

Mr. Massingham leant back and looked up at the stranger. Only a moment for recollection. Then he put out a welcoming hand. "Why, of course, I do. Hullo, Sam, how are you?"

"Very well, thanks. Nice of you not to have forgotten me. It must be seven or eight years."

"All of that. You were just going up to the university, I seem to remember. This is my daughter Yvonne."

Now their eyes could meet unchecked, a smile in hers, a hint of conspiracy in his.

He turned back to her father and they talked for a few minutes about this and that, subjects that elderly people choose and young ones politely connive at: How were his mother's sisters and did they still live at Passy; and his father, how was he, and so on, and etc.

Yvonne didn't hear a word of it. Instead, from under her long lashes she was noticing everything about the tall young man—Sam, her father had called him—his grey eyes, his odd, crooked smile, the longish nose and straight, fair brown hair.

She was more than half-sure, too, that he wasn't giving his whole mind to his Aunt Claire's asthma, and she was thankful that she hadn't hesitated for more than a moment the day they arrived over this far too expensive dance frock, so obviously Parisian, black, with just a scatter of rhinestones on the bodice.

In a minute, all the polite preliminaries being disposed of, the young man turned to her.

"Would you care to dance this?"

The orchestra had started to play dance music.

Yvonne wished she hadn't got up quite so quickly. They came together, his arm went round her, and they moved out on to the dance floor with the first few couples. For quite a while they didn't speak but just moved together in the fictitious oneness of the dance.

This holiday in Paris—Yvonne and her father had looked forward to it for the best part of a year, pondered the cost, the month, where to stay. At last they had made up their minds, arranging for it to coincide with the scientific congress that David Foster was to attend in France.

They had taken rooms in a small hotel on the Left Bank, and each day of the five

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BY MARGOT NEVILLE

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DEAD MAN'S FOLLY

Final exciting instalment of our popular mystery serial

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

IT was almost three weeks after the murder of Marlene Tucker and the disappearance of Lady Stubbs that Inspector Bland had a long and unsatisfying interview with the Chief Constable of the county.

Major Merrall had irritable tufted eyebrows and looked rather like an angry terrier. But his men all liked him and respected his judgment.

"Well, well, well," said Major Merrall. "What have we got? Nothing that we can act on. This fellow De Sousa now? We can't connect him in any way with the girl Marlene. If Lady Stubbs' body had turned up, that would have been different." He glared at Bland. "You think there is a body, don't you?"

"What do you think, sir?"

"Oh, I agree with you. Otherwise, we'd have traced her by now. Unless, of course, she'd made her plans very carefully. And I don't see the least indication of that. She'd no money, you know. We've been into all the financial side of it. Sir George had the money. He made her a very generous allowance, but she's not got a stiver of her own. And there's no trace of a lover. No rumor of one, no gossip—and there would be, mark you, in a country district like that."

He took a turn up and down the floor.

"The plain fact of it is that we don't know. We think De Sousa for some unknown reason of his own made away with his cousin. The most probable thing is that he got her to meet him down at the boathouse, took her aboard the launch and pushed her overboard. You've tested that that could happen?"

"You could drown a whole boatful of people during holiday time in the river or on the seashore," Bland said ruefully. "Nobody'd think anything of it. Everyone spends their time squealing and pushing each other off things. But the thing De Sousa didn't know about was that that girl was in the boathouse, bored to death with nothing to do, and ten to one was looking out of the window."

"Hoskins looked out of the window and watched the performance you put up and you didn't see him?"

"No, sir. You'd have no idea anyone was in that boathouse unless they came out on the balcony and showed themselves——"

"Perhaps the girl did come out on the balcony. De Sousa realises she's seen what he's doing, so he comes ashore and deals with her, gets her to let him into the boathouse by asking her what she's doing there. She tells him, pleased with her part in the Murder Hunt, he puts the cord round her neck in a playful manner — and whoooosh" — Major Merrall made an expressive gesture with his hands—"that's that! Okay, Bland. Let's say that's how it happened. Pure guesswork. We haven't got any evidence. We haven't got a body, and if we attempted to retain De Sousa in this country we'd have a hornet's nest about our ears. We'll have to let him go."

"Is he going, sir?"

"He's laying up his yacht a week from now. Going back to his island."

"So we haven't got much time," said Inspector Bland gloomily.

"There are other possibilities, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir, there are several possibilities. I still hold to it that she must have been murdered by somebody who was in on the facts of the Murder Hunt. We can clear two people completely. Sir George Stubbs and Captain Warburton. They were running shows on the lawn and taking charge of things the entire afternoon. They are vouched for by dozens of people. The same applies to Mrs. Masterton if, that is, one can include her at all."

"Include everybody," said Major Merrall. "She's continually ringing me up about bloodhounds. But, dash it, I've known Connie Masterton pretty well all my life. I just can't see her going round strangling Girl Guides or disposing of mysterious exotic beauties. Now, then, who else is there?"

"There's Mrs. Oliver," said Bland. "She devised the Murder Hunt. She's rather eccentric and she was away on her own for a good part of the afternoon. Then there's Mr. Alec Legge."

"Fellow in the pink cottage, eh?"

"Yes. He left the show fairly early or he wasn't seen there. He says he got fed up with it and walked back to his cottage. On the other hand, old Merdell—that's the old boy down at the quay who looks after people's boats for them and helps with the parking—he says Alec Legge passed him going back to the cottage about five o'clock. Not earlier. That leaves about an hour of his time unaccounted for. He says, of course, that Merdell has no idea of time and was quite wrong as to when he saw him. And after all the old man is ninety-two."

"Rather unsatisfactory," said Major Merrall. "No motive or anything of that kind to tie him in?"

"He might have been having an affair with Lady Stubbs," said Bland, doubtfully, "and she might have been threatening to tell his wife and he might have done her in, and the girl might have seen it happen—"

"And he concealed Lady Stubbs' body somewhere?"

"Yes. But I'm blessed if I know how or where. My men have searched that sixty-five acres and there's no trace anywhere of disturbed earth, and I should say that by now we've rooted under every bush there is! Still, say he did manage to hide the body, he could have thrown her hat into the river as a blind. And Marlene Tucker saw him and so he disposed of her. That part of it's always the same." Inspector Bland paused, then said, "And, of course, there's Mrs. Legge——"

"What have we got on her?"

"She wasn't in the tea tent from four to half past as she says she was," said Inspector Bland slowly. "I spotted that as soon as I'd talked to her and to Mrs. Folliat. Evidence supports Mrs. Folliat's statement. And that's the particular vital half hour." Again he paused.

"Then there's the architect, young Michael Weyman. It's difficult to tie him up with it in any way, but he's what I should call a likely murderer—one of those cocky, nervy young fellows. Would kill anyone and not turn a hair about it. In with a loose set, I shouldn't wonder."

"How does he account for his movements?"

"Very vague, sir. Very vague indeed."

"That proves he's a genuine architect," said Major Merrall with feeling. He had recently built himself a house near the sea coast. "They're so vague I wonder they're alive at all sometimes."

"Doesn't know where he was or when and there's nobody who seems to have seen him. There is some evidence that Lady Stubbs was keen on him."

"I suppose you're hinting at one of these sex murders?"

"I'm only looking about for what I can find, sir," said Inspector Bland with dignity. "And then there's Miss Brewis——" He paused. It was a long pause.

"That's the secretary, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Very efficient woman."

Again there was a pause. Major Merrall eyed his subordinate keenly.

"You've got something on your mind about her, haven't you?" he said.

"Yes, I have, sir. You see, she admits quite openly that she was in the boathouse at about the time the murder must have been committed."

"Would she do that if she was guilty?"

"She might," said Inspector Bland, slowly. "Actually, it's the best thing she could do. You see, if she picks up a tray

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"One must fit in the pieces," Poirot murmured to himself, toying with the jigsaw as his mind concentrated on the murder.

with cake and a fruit drink and tells everyone she's taking that for the child down there—well, then, her presence is accounted for. She goes there and comes back and says the girl was alive at that time. We've taken her word for it. But if you remember, sir, and look again at the medical evidence, Dr. Cook's time of death is between four o'clock and a quarter to five. We've only Miss Brewis' word for it that Marlene was alive at a quarter-past four."

He paused, frowning. "And there's one curious point that came up about her testimony," he went on thoughtfully. "She told me that it was Lady Stubbs who told her to take cakes and fruit drink to Marlene. But another witness said quite definitely that that wasn't the sort of thing that Lady Stubbs would think about. And I think, you know, that they're right there. It's not like Lady Stubbs. Lady Stubbs was a dumb beauty wrapped up in herself and her own appearance. She never seems to have ordered meals or taken an interest in household management or thought of anybody at all except her own handsome self."

More briskly, he concluded, "The more I think of it, the more it seems most unlikely that she should have told Miss Brewis to take anything to the Girl Guide."

"You know, Bland," said Merrall, "you've got something there. But what's her motive, if so?"

"No motive for killing the girl," said Bland, "but I do think, you know, that she might have a motive for killing Lady Stubbs. According to M. Poirot, whom I told you about, she's head over heels in love with her employer. Supposing she followed Lady Stubbs into the woods and killed her and that Marlene Tucker, bored in the boathouse, came out and happened to see it? Then, of course, she'd have to kill Marlene, too."

"Ye-es, go on," the Major encouraged.

"What would she do next?" Bland continued. "Put the girl's body in the boathouse, come back to the house, fetch the tray, and go down to the boathouse again. Then she's covered her own absence from the fete and we've got her testimony, our only reliable testimony on the face of it, that Marlene Tucker was alive at a quarter-past four."

"Well," said Major Merrall with a sigh, "keep after it, Bland. Keep after it. What do you think she did with Lady Stubbs' body if she's the guilty party?"

"Hid it in the woods, buried it, or threw it into the river."

"The last would be rather difficult, wouldn't it?"

"It depends where the murder was committed," said the Inspector. "She's quite a hefty woman. If it was not far from the boathouse she could have carried her down there and thrown her off the edge of the quay."

"With every pleasure steamer on the Helm looking on?"

"It would be just another piece of horseplay. Risky, but possible. But I think it far more likely myself that she hid the body somewhere and just threw the hat into the Helm. It's possible, you see, that she, knowing the house and grounds well, might know some place where you could conceal a body. She may have managed to dispose of it in the river later. Who knows? That is, of course, if she did it," added Inspector Bland as an afterthought. "But actually, sir, I stick to De Sousa——"

Major Merrall had been noting down points on a pad. He looked up now, clearing his throat.

"It comes to this, then. We can summarise it as follows: We've got five or six people who could have killed Marlene Tucker. Some of them are more likely than others, but that's as far as we can go. In a general way we know why she was killed. She was killed because she saw something. But until we know exactly what it was she saw—we don't know who killed her."

"Put like that, you make it sound a bit difficult, sir."

"Oh, it is difficult. But we shall get there—in the end."

"And meantime that chap will have left England—laughing in his sleeve—having got away with two murders."

"You're fairly sure about him, aren't you? I don't say you're wrong. All the same——"

The Chief Constable was silent for a moment or two, then he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Anyway, it's better than having one of these psychopathic murderers. We'd probably be having a third murder on our hands by now."

"They do say things go in threes," said the Inspector gloomily.

He repeated that remark the following morning when he heard that old Merdell, returning home from a visit to his favorite pub across the river at Gitcham, must have exceeded his usual potations and fallen in the river when boarding the quay. His boat was found adrift and the old man's body was recovered that evening.

The inquest was short and simple. The night had been dark and overcast, old Merdell had had three pints of beer, and, after all, he was ninety-two.

The verdict brought in was "accidental death."

. . . . . .

Hercule Poirot sat in a square chair in front of the square fireplace, in the square room of his London flat. In front of him were various objects that were not square: that were instead violently and almost impossibly curved.

Each of them, studied separately, looked as if it could not have any conceivable function in a sane world. They appeared improbable, irresponsible, and wholly fortuitous. In actual fact, of course, they were nothing of the sort.

Assessed correctly, each had its particular place in a particular universe. Assembled in their proper place in their particular universe, they not only made sense, they made a picture. In other words, Hercule Poirot was doing a jigsaw puzzle.

He looked down at where a rectagle still showed improbably shaped gaps. It was an occupation he found soothing and pleasant. It brought disorder into order. It had, he reflected, a certain resemblance to his own profession. There, too, one was faced with various improbably shaped and unlikely facts which, though seeming to bear no relationship to each other, yet did each have its properly balanced part in assembling the whole.

His fingers deftly picked up an improbable piece of dark grey, and fitted it into a blue sky. It was, he now perceived, part of an aeroplane.

"Yes," murmured Poirot to himself, "that is what one

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THE DOCTOR ALWAYS DOODLED

A short short story By DANA BURNET

"Well," said Dr. Palmer to Jane, "you haven't yet given me a reason for wanting to leave."

DOCTOR PALMER sat behind his huge flat-topped mahogany desk; in front of it Miss Martin, in her white uniform sat facing him. As they talked, the doctor doodled. He had picked up a pen and was squiggling some aimless design on a piece of paper.

"So you're leaving?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"H'm-m," Dr. Palmer said, and went on squiggling. It was a habit of his. Jane Martin had been a nurse in his office for almost two years. She knew that the doctor always doodled.

She knew other things—ordinary, external things—about the big man who was her employer. She knew that he was thirty-six years old and already a brilliantly successful neurologist, as witness his spacious Park Avenue office. She knew that he had written an impressive book: The Pyramidal Tract in Apes and Men; a Study of the Factor of Consciousness in the Lower Spinal Cord Reflexes.

She knew that his first name was Jonathan, and that he had once been married to a woman who had divorced him while he was serving overseas as an Army doctor during the war.

This last she had learned from Miss Simpson, his elderly nurse-secretary, who had added that in her opinion the doctor would never marry again. Now, after twenty-three months in his office, Jane had decided that she was right.

"I must say I'm surprised," Dr. Palmer said as he doodled. "In fact, this is something of a shock. I've come to depend on you."

"I'm sorry, Doctor."

"Is it a question of money?"

"No, it isn't a question of money."

"Perhaps you don't get along with Miss Simpson?"

"I love Miss Simpson, and I've enjoyed being with—I mean working for you."

He glanced up at her with a puzzled frown. "It was my impression that you were happy here."

Her voice quavered slightly. "I guess I'm just happy by nature."

"Then Nature has been good to you, Miss Martin. Yes, I think she has. You're an extraordinarily pretty woman, for one thing."

Jane sat up straight in her chair. "Why, thank you, Doctor."

He scowled at her. "Don't thank me. Thank your ancestral chromosomes." He returned to his doodling. "Perhaps you're leaving to get married?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly.

"Now that I think of it, why haven't you married?"

"Because I've been too busy earning a living," Jane said. "And besides, I'm never going to marry except for——"

"For love?"

"Yes, for love. I suppose you think that's foolishly romantic."

"No," he said. "As a matter of fact, I think it's fundamental. I got married on a rational basis, as a matter of biological urgency, so to speak, and it didn't work. I don't blame my wife—my ex-wife—for divorcing me."

"You didn't love her?"

"No."

Jane drew a deep breath. "Doctor, have you ever loved anyone?"

He looked up, stared at her blankly for a moment, then smiled. "Yes, once. When I was eleven years old. I was in love with a girl in grade school back home in Connecticut, where I was born. She was a plump little thing, with blue eyes and blond hair—lighter than yours—and I thought she was an angel."

"Did you tell her so?"

"No. I was too bashful. The closest I ever came to it was when I sent her a home-made valentine—a picture of my heart with an arrow stuck through it."

"And did that win her?"

"No, it did not."

"How sad," Jane said. "What became of your little blond angel?"

"She grew up and married."

"I think that's very sad," Jane said.

"Well," the doctor said, "we're getting off the subject!" He started to doodle again. "You haven't yet given me your reason for leaving."

She said, "Must I have a reason?"

"Yes, you must."

"Why must I?"

"Because you're a sensible young woman. You——"

"How do you know I'm sensible? You don't know anything about me, really. I mean, all you know is that I'm an efficient nurse and—you said I was pretty—but I mean you've never really noticed me or——"

"Of course I've noticed you!"

"Not really, I mean."

He threw down his pen. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "Why are you leaving your job? You can't just walk in here—at the end of a long, hard day—and tell me you're quitting without telling me why."

"Maybe I don't know why."

"You do know."

"Why do I? Sometimes people just act on instinct."

He looked at her and then, picking up his pen, went back to his sketching. "Miss Martin," he said, "I believe you once told me you'd read my book?"

"Yes, Dr. Palmer."

"Then you know that in the human nervous system—yours, for instance—there's a bundle of nerve fibres, called the pyramidal tract, that runs from the brain all the way down the spinal cord?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"In other words, there's a connection between the cerebral cortex and the lower reflex centres?"

"And you also know," he said, doodling industriously, "that this connection means that people are probably conscious of their actions, even when they're responding to some so-called instinctive impulse?"

"Well, yes, I——"

"Miss Martin, I assume that your pyramidal tract is in good working order. Therefore, when you decide to walk out of my life——"

"Your life, Dr. Palmer?"

"I mean, my office. When you plan to walk out of my office you know what you're doing, and you know why you're doing it."

"All right, then, I do know. But I'm not going to tell you the reason."

Without looking up, he suddenly barked at her, "Damn it, why not?"

She didn't answer, and, lifting his head, he saw that her eyes were unusually large, unusually bright. "You've never sworn at me before," she said.

"I apologise."

"You needn't. I liked it. It made you seem . . . human."

He glared at her. "Have you any idea that I'm not?"

"Oh, I'm quite sure that you're human—anatomically."

"What do you mean, anatomically?"

"I mean I assume that your pyramidal tract is working, too."

"What are you driving at?"

"Well, I mean that you're probably conscious of what you're doing in asking me all these questions."

"Certainly I'm conscious. I want to find out your reason for going, so that I can try to persuade you to stay."

"You want me to stay?"

"Very much," he said.

"Why?" Jane asked.

"I depend on you. I need you."

"You need me?"

"Yes. This office has never run so smoothly as it has since you came."

"Oh," she said, "it's the office that needs me."

"It certainly does." He was sketching slowly now. "That's what I've been trying to tell you."

"I see," Jane said. She put her hands on the desk and pulled herself to her feet. "If you'll stop doodling, I'll tell you my reason."

He stopped. But he didn't look up. He was staring at the design he had drawn and his voice sounded queer as he said, "What is your reason?"

"I'm in love with you!" Jane said. "I've been in love with you for more than a year—maybe from the first day I came to your office—and I'm not going to stay here and eat my heart out. Because I know you've never thought of loving me. You've never looked at me as a woman. You're not looking at me now, and you never will. You'll probably never love anybody and I—I want to get out before I go all to pieces."

Her voice broke. She whirled around and started blindly for the door.

"Miss Martin! Wait!"

"No, no!"

"But I've got a phenomenon to show you!"

"A phenomenon?"

"Yes. Come and see."

She turned then and walked back warily toward him. He was still staring at the piece of paper on the desk before him. "It's a remarkable example," he said, "of a purposeful act that did not involve the factor of consciousness."

She stopped. "If you're going to talk neurology——"

"No! Look here!" He reached out and caught her wrist and pointed to his handiwork. "See what I've drawn without knowing it."

Jane leaned down and looked at the result of his doodling.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, Jonathan!"

There on the paper, surrounded by a border of lacelike squiggles, was the drawing of a heart—not an anatomical but a conventional heart—pierced by the conventional Cupid's arrow.

"Jonathan," she whispered, "do you mean it?"

"I must mean it, don't you think?" he said. "Because it's an exact copy of the only valentine I ever sent to the only girl I ever loved."

"The only girl you ever loved," Jane said, "till now."

"Yes," the doctor said, "till now."

Then he laughed and stood up, and took her in his arms.

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THE GIRL WHO WASN'T

MR. RICHLAND KENNEDY, of the legal firm of Blake, Marshall, and Newberry, looked at the brief on the desk in front of him, his expression that of a man who has bitten into an apple and found half a worm. He pushed the brief away and walked to the window. He looked up at the sky and thought with vast nostalgia of the beach.

The day would be warm, the surf white, and Kingsley Blake, the old goat who headed the firm, and who was probably going to be his father-in-law, would not have him chained to this desk.

He sighed, and sat down. He pulled the brief towards him and opened a large law-book.

The intercom spoke, "Hello, blue one, do you read me?"

Rich smiled inwardly and pressed a button. "Ah, Roger, read you five square." Lucy, the telephone operator, was being nostalgic herself. She had once been a control-tower operator.

"The old man wants you. Out."

Rich got up and walked down the hall and opened the door to Mr. Blake's office. The senior member of the firm motioned Rich to a chair. Rich sat down.

Mr. Blake leaned back and made a steeple out of his hands. The man was tall, grey-haired, and looked like a man of distinction without the glass. "Richland," he said, "I understand that C. Mason Torrey talked to you about a little job for him."

"Uh-huh," Rich said. "I didn't feel that it was in our line."

Mr. Blake undid the steeple. He leaned forward. "Richland, once again I will remind you that you are three months out of law school and have just recently passed your bar examinations. It is my considered opinion that the policies of this firm can be determined by the three partners. Do you agree?"

"Yes, sir," Rich said.

Mr. Blake took a deep breath. "The firm of Blake, Marshall, and Newberry have been attorneys for the Torrey family for three generations." He shook a long forefinger at Rich. "And we do not like to have a valued client spoken of as a—a doughhead."

"But he is a doughhead," Rich said. "I've known the guy all my life. I——"

"I don't care how long you've known him or what kind of head he has!" Mr. Blake screamed. "As a client he asked you to handle a simple little problem, and by the Lord Harry you'll handle it!"

"Yes, sir," Rich said.

Mr. Blake built the steeple again. "Now let's see. I understand that a man by the name of Anthony Ferrino has purchased the Harvey Ransom home down at the beach, that the man is an ex-prize-fighter who never went past the third grade. He was raised in the slums of Detroit, and Mr. Torrey and a group of nine other residents desire to acquire the property and are willing to pay twenty-five thousand, giving Mr. Ferrino a twenty-five-hundred-dollar profit for the month he has owned the property."

"Uh-huh," Rich said. "And I think it smells."

"You aren't paid to think!" Mr. Blake yelped.

"Well, I don't know anything about Ferrino. For all I know he may be one of nature's noblemen. Just because a doughhead like——"

"Stop calling C. Mason Torrey a doughhead!"

"Yes, sir."

"Furthermore, I don't care if Ferrino is a Supreme Court judge. I want you to go down to the beach tomorrow, stay at your place there, arrange to meet Ferrino and, if possible, let him believe that you are making an offer on the house because you like it and want it for your own use and for no other reason. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Blake sighed and looked at Rich. "Sometimes I wonder why Jennifer—— Well, never mind. Today is Thursday. You should have made some progress by the end of the week."

Rich left the office. O.K., so Mr. Blake wondered why Jennifer wanted to become Mrs. Richland Kennedy. Sometimes Rich wondered himself. His sister, Sheila, often pointed out to him that he could do much worse than marry Jennifer. She was blond, she was beautiful, she was rich. He wondered how much worse he could do.

Rich was a brown-haired young man with serious eyes and the body of a middleweight. He was also a Kennedy, with many pictures of his ancestors here and there, and they were a thieving crew addicted to mutton-chop whiskers and piling up vast sums of money.

Time, however, had given them the status of empire builders, and their larceny was remembered only by a few diligent historians, who did not count. Time had also taken the control of the empire out of the hands of the Kennedy family, and Rich had to work for a living.

He conceded that Blake, Marshall, and Newberry were the second most successful law firm in the city, overshadowed only by Donato and McGowan, and that he was fortunate to be starting in their office with a junior partnership in the future—if he married the boss' daughter. Sometimes he wondered whether it was worth it.

On Friday morning at eleven o'clock Mr. Richland Kennedy walked the beach and he was as happy as a clam at high tide. He was carrying a clam shovel and a drag bag, and the day was really a day—the air soft and warm, the sky blue and the surf white as soapsuds.

Mr. Blake might have thought that Rich was playing fast and loose with the firm's time, but, after all, he could run into Mr. Anthony Ferrino here on the beach. It was a conceivable possibility, and his mission took a certain delicacy, a touch of diplomacy. Running into the man casually would be a much better beginning.

Thus he rationalised, and therefore was happy, and then he saw the footprints. They were small and bare. Absently he followed them. They went in a straight line for some time, then there was a cluster of prints in a circle, as if they were made by someone dancing, and then they went into the surf and emerged again, angling up towards the driftwood.

Idly, he followed them to two logs, and in front of one large log were a white linen skirt, a salmon-colored cashmere sweater, and some small shoes. Then Rich saw a pair of feet—very small feet—protruding from the end of the second log.

He stood quite still, looking at the garments and then at the feet. He fought a short, silent, rather savage battle with his conscience and then peered around the end of the second log.

There she was, face down, a golden goddess in a yellow-and-black swimming-suit. Her hair was as black as a new phonograph record, gently waved and streaming down her back.

Rich remembered Mr. Blake, he remembered his purpose in being at the beach, and briefly he remembered Jennifer Blake. What you should do, Kennedy, he told himself, is turn around and walk quietly away and go dig yourself some clams, that's what you should do. So he said, "Hello."

In one beautiful, fluid motion she turned over and looked at him. Her eyes were such a dark brown they were almost black, and her eyelashes would easily have held a cigarette. I knew it, Rich thought; I should have walked quietly away.

She sat up and braced herself with her arms straight behind her. "Hi."

"Uh—were you asleep?" Rich said.

"Not really—just dozing."

There's still time, he thought. I could say it's a nice day and then walk out to the bar and dig some clams and go home. He swallowed. "It's a nice day."

"Lovely." She smiled at him. A dimple appeared on her left cheek.

That does it, he thought. He said, "Well, the tide's about right. Good-bye." He turned away and walked maybe ten yards with dragging steps. Then he turned around and walked back. "I changed my mind," he said.

Her eyes twinkled. "So I see."

"I decided that I wasn't being very friendly, walking away like that."

"Oh, that's all right, I understand." The eyes twinkled even more.

"I was thinking that maybe your husband is away somewhere and that you might be lonesome and we could visit for a few minutes."

"You felt that it was your civic duty?"

"Something like that." So she had a husband. He might have known.

"If you're trying to pick me up," she said, "you aren't doing very well."

"I'm not?"

She shook her head and her hair moved gently in the sunlight. "You should use a more direct approach. Do you want to try again?"

He peered at her. He had the impression that she was laughing at him. He sighed. She was lovely. "Well, my name is Richland Kennedy," he said. "My family has had a summer home here for thirty-three years. I am single, sober, reliable, a Republican, kind to dumb animals, and I am on my way to the surf to dig some clams. Would you care to join me?"

She laughed and the entire world seemed joyous. She stood up and curtsied. "How do you do, Mr. Kennedy. My name is Nancy Ferrino. I am single, twenty-one, in good health, had my teeth checked just last week, my father has owned a summer home here for four weeks, and I accept your offer."

Rich had the sensation of hooking a forty-pound Chinook salmon, bringing it up to the boat and seeing it throw the hook and take off down the Columbia. He could cheerfully have taken C. Mason Torrey and his nine friends out into the ocean and drowned them. So he was supposed to offer this girl's father twenty-five thousand to get off the beach. They should have offered a like amount to keep her on the beach.

"Is anything wrong?" she said. "You look as if you had a stomach-ache."

"I had the flu last week. Maybe that's it."

They walked out into the surf and Rich waded out to the bar. She followed him, pushing carelessly through the water, splashing like a child. Rich started tapping with the handle of his shovel, finally scooped down once, reached in the sand, and flipped a clam into his drag bag.

She leaned over close to him as he walked along. The scent of her hair, clean and warm, made nerves pull in his legs. Normally he could have dug his limit in less than forty minutes. Today it took him over an hour.

They waded off the bar and walked up on the sand. "Well, thank you very much for the lesson," she said.

The rest of the day was before them, bright and shining. "Look, don't you want some of these clams? I'll split with you."

"All right."

"I'll show you how to prepare them, and then later we could go for a swim, drive up the beach or play some golf, or just sit in the sun on the country club porch and drink lemonade. Then, after dinner, we can go to a drive-in movie, and then tomorrow——"

"Hey," she said. "Did I say that you should use the direct approach?"

"You certainly did."

"I didn't think you were going to be carried away."

"For heaven's sake, Nancy, I have to go back to town Sunday night—I think. Now that I've picked you up I have no intention of dropping you."

"I see. Well, for a starter I guess we could do the clams."

They walked up to the former Ransom home and went in through the kitchen. Rich emptied his bag into the sink. From somewhere inside a man's voice said, "That you, Nancy?"

"Yes, and guess what?"

Rich heard a chuckle. "Don't tell me you picked up another stray dog."

She looked at Rich speculatively. "No, a stray—I mean a man picked me up, dug three dozen clams and we have half of them."

They walked into the front room and then out on to the glass-enclosed porch overlooking the ocean. Standing before an easel and wearing an old pair of trousers and a T-shirt was Tony Ferrino. He was taller than Rich had pictured him. His hair was salt-and-pepper around the edges, and Rich looked carefully for the signs of a fighter. There were no marks.

"This is Rich Kennedy, Dad," she said.

Tony Ferrino shook Rich's hand. "I thought she had picked up another puppy. Used to drive us nuts. She'd come home lugging every stray she found."

As the man spoke, Rich looked at the painting on the easel and got his second shock of the day. It was a seascape . . . a turbulent sea, a yacht, its sails filled with a high wind . . . alive and vibrant, you could almost smell the sea in it.

"My gosh, that's good," Rich said. He looked curiously at Ferrino.

"I fool around with my painting," he said. "It's relaxing, even if it's no good. You live around here, Mr. Kennedy?"

Rich explained about the Kennedy summer home.

"It's great country," Ferrino said. "Once when I was fighting as an amateur a club

To page 36

"This is Rich Kennedy, Dad," said Nancy, introducing me to Tony Ferrino, who was working at an easel.

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WANTED

The more he thought about it, the more he knew it was an impossible situation . . . a sophisticated romance

BY STEVE McNEIL

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

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Colinate your hair and make it silkier, softer and so easy to manage . . .

Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carrying off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff. Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. Price 3/9

COLINATED
Coconut oil *Foam*
SHAMPOO

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY

Velmol keeps the most unruly hair in place all day without looking stiff or greasy. Your perms and home-sets will last longer when you "damp-set" with Velmol. Velmol is a tonic as well as a hairdressing—prevents dandruff, too. Give your hair that well-groomed look with Velmol. Price 2/9 a bottle at any chemist or store.

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THE WORLD'S BEST HAIRDRESSING

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Why suffer from spots, pimples and rashes? Now you can really treat such troubles.

A new balm called Valderma gives rapid relief from your skin trouble—leaves your skin clear, healthy.

MAKE THIS 5-DAY TEST

SKIN troubles like eczema, spots, and rashes don't heal unless you get at their cause—germs beneath your skin. Valderma, the new antiseptic balm, gets right under pores, allows septic matter to escape.

See for yourself how effectively Valderma Balm works! Try this simple five-day test on *your* skin.

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Valderma Balm at chemists and stores: Tubes, 2/6; jars, 3/6.

For clear, healthy skin use Valderma Balm

D2-62

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I WOULD like to extend a very sincere welcome to the Hungarian refugees. As we never actually have experienced war on Australian soil, most of us cannot realise what a tragic thing it is to have to leave home, and often a family, to flee to a new land where the language and customs are so different, and then to start a new life beginning from scratch.

I'm sure that when any of us meet one of these refugees we will treat him or her as a brother or sister—because we have so much and they so little.

£1/1/- to Rosalie Hardy (15), 67 Newton Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

I WAS amazed to learn that the sales tax on handbags is 25 per cent. Every woman will surely agree that a handbag is an absolute necessity and not a luxury. Surely one of our organisations would take up the case and inaugurate a fight for a reduction of sales tax from this unrealistic figure.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Bruce, 45 Wheeler St., Ormond, Vic.

WE in South Australia have, I think, the national song sought by those who were disappointed by the playing of the National Anthem for Australians during the Olympic Games. I refer to "The Song of Australia," written many years ago by a Mrs. Carleton. It has been taught in our schools for well over half a century, but somehow doesn't seem to have been adopted outside our own State. To me it seems very suitable, both in words and music.

10/6 to "South Aussie" (name supplied), Gawler, S.A.

MANY people have to wait hours daily for treatment at the outpatients' departments of public hospitals, often aggravating their condition. Alleviation of this unnecessary suffering — much of it endured by elderly pensioners — would be possible if State Health Departments established clinics with doctors in attendance at all major suburban areas. Or better still, why not a mobile health clinic covering regular routes and appearing at a specified location in each suburb on certain days.

10/6 to "Mobile Clinic" (name supplied), East Gordon, N.S.W.

I'VE never before come across a clock in a bathroom, but I've got one in mine. Its presence gives no excuse for dawdling when others are waiting. Until it was put there I never realised how much time one could take.

10/6 to Mrs. Nellie Player, 4 Young St., Albany, W.A.

PEOPLE might be expected to show more consideration for new mothers. On the day after the birth of my first baby I was swamped with visits from well-meaning relatives and friends. My husband was disappointed at not being able to see me alone, and by the end of the day I was exhausted by the effort of forced brightness and conversation. Surely these visits should be postponed until the new parents have had time to share their happiness together.

10/6 to "Blossom" (name supplied), Dubbo, N.S.W.

MOST of us turn up our noses at the aroma of the garbage truck — and at the garbageman, too. The real culprit is the housewife who puts matter likely to decompose inadequately wrapped in the garbage-bin. Actually the garbageman is an unsung hero.

10/6 to Mrs. Agnes E. Brown, 18 Balmain St., Wooloowin N.3, Qld.

MANY of us keep our most cherished and beautiful possessions away in cupboards, taking them out only now and again to dust and admire them. I spent six months of last year with my eyes bandaged following a series of operations. During this time my material possessions became worthless—I could neither see them nor use them. Now that I have my sight back I am determined to make use of everything I own, and my advice to all women is to use and enjoy their treasures to the full. For sudden affliction can render them useless.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Hopkins, 31 Park St., Pascoe Vale, Vic.

WE are apt to complain of the things our local councils do not do, such as mending roads and cleaning gutters. But one service they provide deserves the utmost praise and gratitude. It is the free lending library, where everyone may borrow a good book, fiction or non-fiction, according to his fancy. It is a great joy to watch senior citizens turning the pages of pictorials that bring a new world to their dimming eyes.

10/6 to Elizabeth Ainsworth, 3 Crichten Ave., Garden City, Port Melbourne S.C.7, Vic.

MUCH is said about the old-age pension not being adequate for the pensioner to live on. I think something more should and could be done to help the pensioner of tomorrow as well as the pensioner of today. I think every wage earner should be compelled to take out a policy similar to a superannuation scheme. It could be supplemented by a government pension to bring it up to a liveable amount. It would provide security for workers in their old age, and at the same time wouldn't be such a drain on government resources.

10/6 to Mrs. E. J. Ross, Grogan Street, Mossman, Nth. Qld.

IT seems to me there is something very nice about the of affectionate nicknames and I wonder if other read share my liking for them. I call my husband "Two-g (his name is Pete, or Peter). My son David, or Davy call "Crockett," and my daughter, who is Mary, "M Muffet." If our next baby is a girl I am going to call "Jenny Wren" instead of Jenny or Jennifer.

10/6 to "Tiger Lily" (name supplied), Gleneagles, S.A.

THE Federal Government should provide special loans all young couples intending to marry. These l could be for a period extending over three to five years, nominal interest, which would automatically reduce year. Repayable on easy terms, such loans would be a g boon to engaged couples, who, because of the housing short and home-building costs, find it virtually impossible—in m cases—to embark on marriage.

10/6 to Miss G. Hyman, 166 Macpherson St., Cha Cross, N.S.W.

Changing for dinner

I WAS interested in the letter (19/12/'56) about wives ch ing their dresses before their husbands arrive home f work. From the man's angle it is greatly appreciated. S men say they work hard and are too tired to change, to start work at about 6 a.m. and finish at about 6 p.m., ha my own business, but I always get washed and changed be the evening meal, and thus leave my work behind. I like moving into another world. A husband who remain his working clothes at the end of the day does not appre his wife's company.

10/6 to "Husband" (name supplied), Canowindra, N.S

I, TOO, like "E.A.G.", have read numerous articles on to keep your man, and my deduction is that if he hard to keep he's not worth having. Send him on his

10/6 to "Send Him" (name supplied), Beerwah, Qld.

I CANNOT agree with "E.A.G.'s" letter (19/12/'56) in ing at "how to keep your man" articles. Starting at beginning of my marriage I made the habit of bathing changing each afternoon, and still do so, though I now two children. They are bathed and changed, too. My husb has had plenty of opportunity to stray, but is too proud his children to do so. No man likes dirty, bedraggled chil or wife, and no matter how poor or busy you may be, a effort to be fresh will go a long way towards making a h marriage.

10/6 to Mrs. W. McGown, 6 Watson St., Booval Ipswich, Qld.

Baby bank

AN air-letter arrived from my daughter-in-law in Eng which seems to answer the query raised by Mrs. cannon (19/12/'56) re leaving children unattended. daughter-in-law wrote: "We have quite an organised sitting scheme round here—about 15 couples belong to is called a Baby Bank. Four points are credited to account if you baby-sit for four hours, and four point debited when you call someone in for four hours. The sch works very well, as by sitting for someone else you inc your own credit." This scheme could be copied in districts, especially the newer ones, where there are so m young couples.

10/6 to Mrs. G. M. Richardson, 12 Myra St., Wahro N.S.W.

Family affairs

MY daughter developed very decided views on wh foods she liked and disliked. I never forced the she disliked upon her, but when we had anything s said she hated, my husband and I made a point of marking how delicious it was. As a result, next time had lambs fry and bacon she just had to try to fi out why I adore it. Soon it was eaten without a murmu

Though our daughter is now 16, the plan still work This week she said the baked parsnips were gorgeo Dad and I just grinned and made no comment.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Alva M. Kenny, Boatsheds, Alb Park Lake, Sth. Melbourne S.C.5.

● ***Each family is faced with problems that must given a workable solution. Each week we will p £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved yo family problem.***

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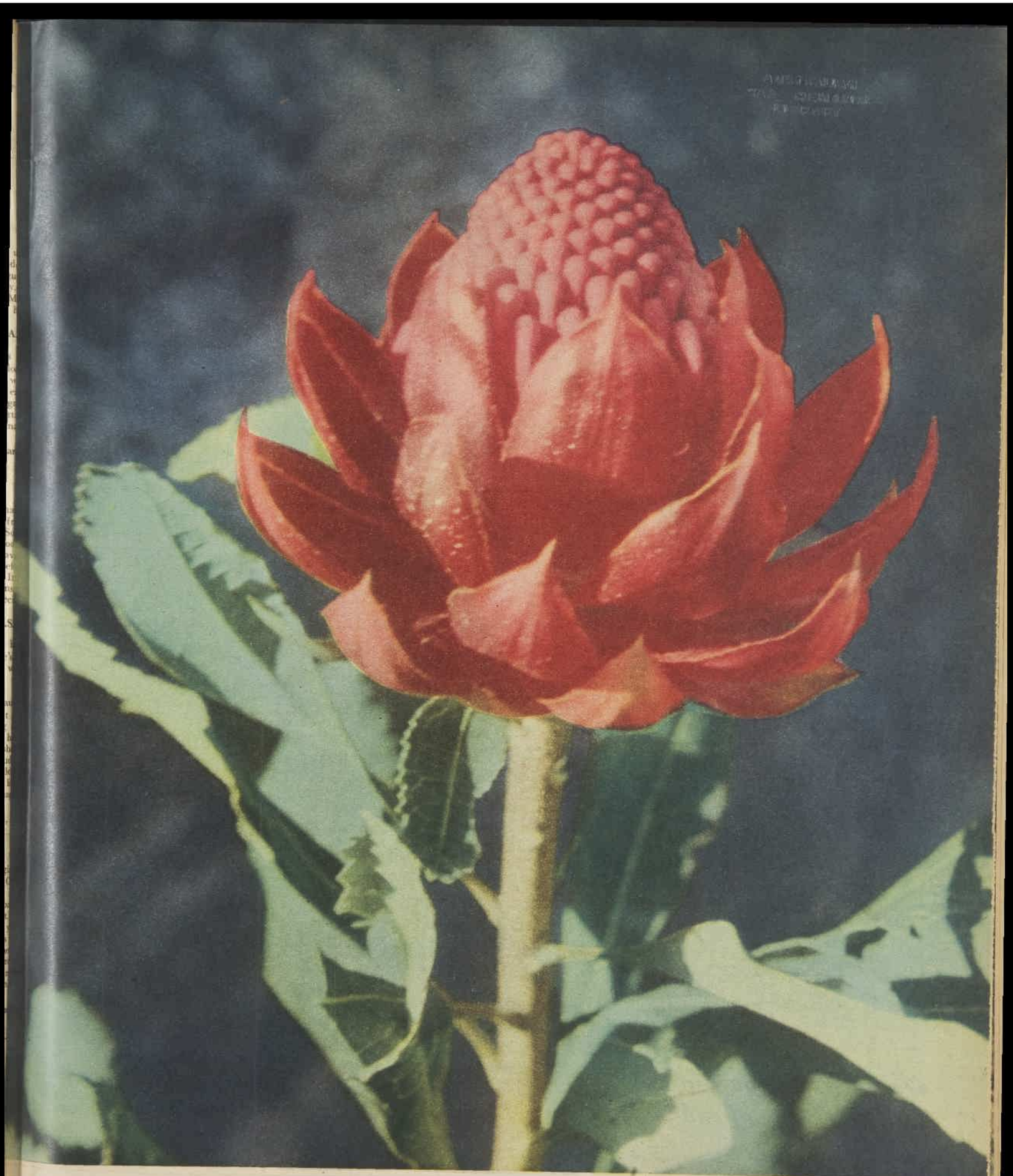

THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN

(Third of a series)

***WARATAH.** One of the most striking of all native flowers, the waratah pictured here (Telopea speciosissima) is the common New South Wales variety, and the State's emblem. The plant grows to a height of ten feet or more on the sandstone hillsides in coastal and highland districts in the north of the State. Another species, similar in appearance, T. mongaensis, is found in the ranges near Braidwood, N.S.W. The Gippsland waratah, T. oreades, is a tree which grows to 40 feet high with a trunk diameter of one to two feet. This variety extends from Victoria to the far south coast of New South Wales. It has smaller flowers than T. speciosissima. The Tasmanian waratah, T. truncata, has flower heads which are smaller still and more loosely composed than those of the other species. This photograph was taken by Mr. A. McDougall, of Dee Why, New South Wales.*

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Worry, rushed meals, anxiety, cause . . .

INDIGESTION

DeWitt's Antacid Powder gives quick, sure relief

It is common medical knowledge that many of our aches and pains today are caused by a troubled state of mind. This is particularly true of indigestion. When the mind is upset, it seems to follow naturally that the stomach will be upset also. When this happens to you, get DeWitt's Antacid Powder without delay. This wonderful, well-balanced formula rapidly neutralises excess stomach acidity and ensures prolonged relief from pain and discomfort by spreading a soothing protective coating over the troubled stomach lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water is usually all that is required to restore normal digestive balance. From chemists and storekeepers everywhere.

"I recommend DeWitt's"
says Nurse R., Hurstbridge, Vic.

"I have been a private nurse for 20 years and have recommended DeWitt's Antacid Powder to patients all round the various suburbs in which I work. I have taken DeWitt's Antacid Powder regularly myself for nervous indigestion with great success."

The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.

When away from home always carry DeWitt's Antacid Tablets. Packed in handy, tear-off cellophane strips, these pleasant-tasting tablets give quick, sure relief when dissolved on the tongue.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER AND TABLETS

POWDER . . . 7/- large economy size — Regular size 3/6
TABLETS . . . 3/3 large economy size — Regular size 1/9

Behind a veil of Sno-Mist you can't offend

Sno-Mist Powder Deodorant stops odour instantly and gives lasting protection. It's cleaner and more easily applied because it's a powder — much better than messy pastes and liquids. Sprays on direct from the patented puffer can, without mess or waste.

SM 47

SNO-MIST POWDER DEODORANT

THE NEW HEADLINES

ABOVE. Up goes the hair in a chignon deliciously bound with a striped ribbon and bow. Choose it if your hair is really long, or if you have difficult, growing ends, in which case they will tuck neat as a pin away behind a false bun. Choose it if you have a pretty young profile. A secret: this is one of the easiest hair-dos of all to keep tidy.

RIGHT. Long and wide goes the hair in the bouffant line that is the newest of them all. Choose it if you have strong hair with plenty of body. Choose it if you have a narrow face, for the style gives width. Wear it as soon as your hair has grown past the tips of your ears. It doesn't need to be longer. Use rollers for home settings.

ABOVE. Growing a short cut? You loved it at first, but now you wish it were inches longer. You want to try the new length, the new width, but you've no hair to experiment with. While it grows, brush all your hair forward; let the back hair take care of itself. Brush every curl across the ears to your forehead and the bouffant look is yours. And tip the ends with a few light streaks for glamor.

Variety spices the pony-tail

PRETTY choice for the young beauty for parties is this pony-tail banked and partly circled with small flowers.

ANOTHER pony-tail steps out with renewed charm. Here a clump of spiky blooms adds a touch of glamor.

SIMPLER version of the flower theme features a half-hoop of pale blossom as back interest.

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Hair longer, softer, more feminine

● There's a major new fashion in hair styles that, at first blush, looks rather startling. It introduces hair that is longer than it has been for some time; there is a wide difference in its shape, too. Taken together, these change the entire silhouette of the wearer's head and neck. On these pages are pictured several striking versions of the new trend. Those at left are by English stylists, and the ones below are from France. Sydney stylist Paul Loraine gives the perennial pony-tail a pretty twist in the strip of pictures at the foot of the page.

THE NEW LOOK in this hair-do is obtained with two movements. The first sweeps the hair back from the forehead. The second brings the hair over the ears and against the cheek. Choose it if you have a good brow or hair growing off your forehead in a widow's peak.

ABOVE RIGHT. Femme fatale is an asymetrical hair-style created in France. The hair must be expertly cut and kept beautifully brushed for the proper effect. A single drop-earring balances the whole picture. If you can wear it, you will be the belle of any ball.

PONY-TAIL comes forward on the brow, goes up at the back into a delightful figure 8.

FLYING PONY-TAIL, lightly curled and elegant. Hair is just long enough and thick enough.

COMBED AND CURLED with deceptive skill, this smooth, shining hair is yet another version of the forward line. Choose it if you have hair that is naturally biddable and holds a light perm. A medium-long style, it goes back from the brow and forward over the temples and cheeks.

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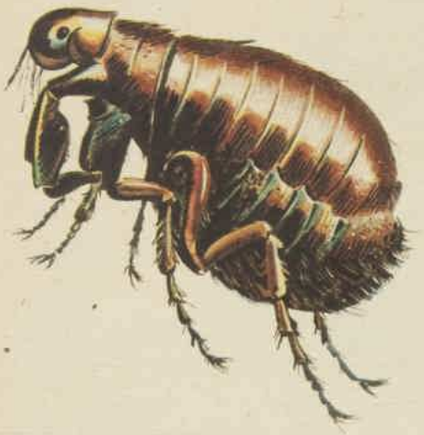
They're dangerous and they're annoying

MUSCA DOMESTICA
Common Housefly

CULEX FATIGANS
Mosquito

PULEX IRRITANS
Flea



CTENOLEPISMA LONGICAUDATA
Silverfish

PERIPLANETA AMERICANA
Cockroach

Get rid of ALL insect pests with

Mortein

KILLS 'EM ALL STONE DEAD!

MORTEIN PLUS is the world's most powerful insect spray. As a result of its outstanding effectiveness, safety and economy, Mortein Plus has become the most popular insect spray to be sold in any country.

Even in America, there is no similar insecticide with total sales equalling those of Mortein Plus in Australia. You cannot buy another insect spray as good as Mortein Plus: but you can now buy this famous insecticide in an ultra modern and highly efficient automatic container—Mortein Pressure*Pak.

Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure*Pak for 15/11 or an 8-oz. bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/3, you will get the best insecticide that money can buy, so the important thing is to *insist on Mortein* and "When you're on a good thing—stick to it."

MORTEIN INSECT POWDER will quickly kill silverfish, cockroaches, ants and fleas. Mortein Insect Powder is specially recommended for the destruction of fleas on dogs because it is non-irritating. The original Mortein Insect Powder was the forerunner of all household insecticides in Australia and the new improved Mortein Insect Powder is the most modern in the Commonwealth to-day.

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WIFE, MOTHER, AND JUDGE

Happy home is first thought of Rose Heilbron, "first lady" of English law

● A happy home is still the first monument to a married woman. This is the belief of Mrs. Rose Heilbron, Queen's Counsel, who was appointed Britain's first woman Recorder (a magistrate at Burnley, in Lancashire), and thus became Britain's first woman judge.

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

SHOPPING and running a home in a Liverpool suburb for her husband, Dr. Nathaniel Burstein, and their daughter Hilary, aged eight, the brilliant 42-year-old Rose Heilbron looks like any other housewife.

She dresses neatly and smartly, but her clothes are very plain. Her face is composed, she is dark-haired and petite.

Few people recognise her as one of the first two women in Britain to be made a Queen's Counsel.

"She is a very thrifty shopper," say the stallkeepers in the Liverpool markets, where Mrs. Burstein likes to spend a morning marketing.

"No matter how important the brief she may be taking, the doctor's wife says she must find time to see that all is going well at home," says one of her Liverpool neighbors.

This is the woman who has fought one dramatic legal battle after another and who five times has saved a man from the death sentence, a woman who is such a great name in British legal history that lawyers and barristers crowd a court where she is to appear.

Away from the courts Rose Heilbron is happy if she can mix with people without being recognised.

Nothing will induce her to be photographed. "It spoils the fun," she says, and photographers have to rely on quick snaps when they are lucky enough to see her.

She has never given a Press interview and her extensive fan mail includes requests for a photograph of her in her judge's wig. All are refused.

In the privacy of her home, Rose Heilbron is said to have many a good laugh at her fan mail, which includes admirers in Africa and America.

A friend told me: "Rose is pleased to be acclaimed for her legal work, but dislikes anyone thinking it is due only to her feminine charm."

Says Rose: "Charm today will never appeal to a jury. The only way to succeed is to appeal to their sense of justice. That is what I strive to do."

Yet it is as a woman that Rose Heilbron has done enough to be already a legendary figure.

The daughter of a boarding-house keeper, she became the first woman to lead in a murder trial, the first woman to plead a case in the House of Lords, and Britain's first woman Recorder (a magistrate with criminal and civil jurisdiction).

Top of year

A SCHOOL friend said: "When Rosie, aged 7, won a gold medal for elocution at the Liverpool Festival and went on to gain distinction as a pianist, we were sure she would go on the stage."

Instead, she stayed at school and matriculated, was top of her year as a law student at Liverpool University, and won a first-class honors degree at 21.

It was at the Beverley School for Girls in Liverpool that little Rosie shook her dark curls and insisted on studying law.

"In some strange way she was convinced that a new era for women barristers was dawning," a family friend said.

"She was sure she would succeed, and her parents backed her faith.

"Rosie's father is blind now and in a nursing home, and the news that his daughter had become a judge was read to him by a nurse."

The real test of Rose Heilbron was when she was called to the Bar at the age of 25. Male barristers were helpful, but pessimistic. At most, they thought she would get a few cases because of her charming appearance.

"After all, we thought it would go down well with a jury," one said.

When, after World War II, Rose Heilbron married a surgeon, it was taken for granted that her legal career was ended. She loved her home, cooking, and housekeeping.

"Young Mrs. Burstein was radiantly happy," one of her husband's patients said.

When her daughter Hilary was born, few thought of her as a promising young barrister. But home life didn't end Rose Heilbron's career. It was the beginning.

"Our Rosie," as she is known to Liverpool dockers, pleads magnificently.

Once, a thousand strong, they cheered her to the echo. It was after the Liverpool dockers case, when they were acquitted on a major count.

With her first big triumph behind her, Rose Heilbron went back to her home and her husband; back to the upright piano where for relaxation she played Chopin as the crowds outside cried, "We want Rosie!"

Helps others

SHE wants no wild acclaim.

From the famous houseboat twins case, in which Mrs. Vikki Wright was found guilty of manslaughter, Rose Heilbron went from her brilliant defence to Gray's Inn to attend a masque performed for the Queen.

At home in Liverpool, she spares no effort to advance the ambitions of any girl willing to follow in her footsteps.

Many of them know her better as Mrs. Burstein, meet her at the golf club, at musical evenings, or even call around to watch television in her home.

Rose Heilbron's fellow "silks" say she is a fighter and a worker.

"She has fought prejudice against her sex by the greatest of all weapons—genius," an eminent Q.C. said of the new judge.

There is nothing flamboyant about her, though she is such a brilliant and colorful counsel. She has a quiet, persuasive courtroom manner, which is deceptive, for under it is a rapier-like thrust.

She uses no rhetoric, no flowery phrases, and her pleading to the judge and jury is not emotional. Her cross-examination is precise, and for that reason is all the more effective.

Her colleagues regard this as unusual in a woman. "But look under the wig and you will find a woman's personality," they say. "Her integrity and her logic make her a great advocate."

From her simple background Rose Heilbron's rise has been tremendous.

The basis of her summing-up in defence has been "Judge for yourself. I have no doubts." And there have never been any doubts about Rose Heilbron's ability.

ONE OF THE FEW PHOTOGRAPHS of Mrs. Rose Heilbron, Q.C., Britain's first woman judge, taken as she was leaving Westminster Abbey after the service that marks the reopening of the Law Courts. She will not pose for a photograph.

Model ambassador

● One of Australia's most successful "ambassadors" will return to Melbourne this month after nearly two years abroad.

SHE is Beverley Prowse, "Miss Victoria 1954," a former Melbourne model, who plans a new career in Australian television.

In England Beverley publicised Australian products from wine to eggs. After representing Australia at the "Miss World 1955" contest she travelled Britain to appear at festivals organised to advertise Australian wines to the British public.

With other pretty Australian girls Beverley handed out Australian apples at the British Fruit Fair, then helped to publicise Australian eggs.

Beverley had a busy time in England. She studied dramatic art with a Royal Academy of Dramatic Art teacher and made several TV appearances.

She studied singing and appeared at the fashionable Blue Angel night-club in Berkeley Square.

Round of parties

AFTER attending a Buckingham Palace garden-party, a gay social season followed. She met many Mayfair personalities, including the Royal photographer Baron and actress Sally Ann Howes.

Beverley was introduced to Annigoni, who painted the famous portrait of Queen Elizabeth in her Garter robes, and was asked to sit for him. "But I was returning home before he was free to start the painting," she said.

She did the round of country house-parties, went pheasant shooting in Lincolnshire, shared the box of Lord Alexander of Tunis at Lord's, was photographed with Keith Miller, and received nearly as much fan mail as the cricketer.

"More people remembered me from that photograph with Keith than from any of the modelling I did in England, yet I appeared in all the glossy magazines in sportswear and casual clothes," she said.

Once home, she hopes to combine modelling with TV work.

BEVERLEY PROWSE, "Miss Victoria 1954," in the frock she wore to a garden party at Buckingham Palace. This was one of the last portraits done by Royal photographer Baron before his death.

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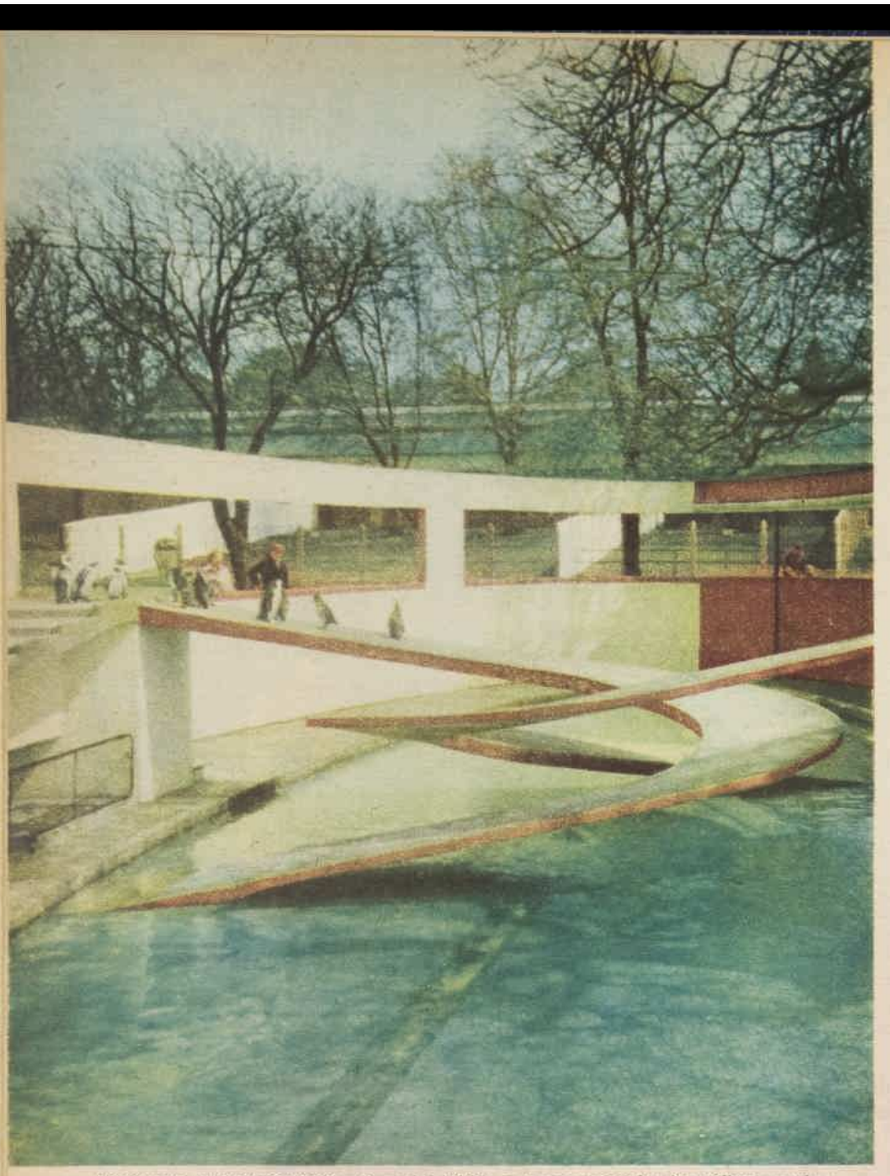
Zoos around the world

EVERY year one of the holiday "treats" for school-children is a visit to the zoo. For youngsters it means studying the exotic inmates and feeding them. In many instances — nearly always for the small ones — it includes a ride on the elephant.

A day at the local zoo is of interest to adults, too. It is invariably included on a tourist's itinerary in countries throughout the world.

On these pages are pictures taken at British, Scottish, Italian, and American zoos as well as Sydney's Taronga Park, acknowledged as one of the most beautiful in the world.

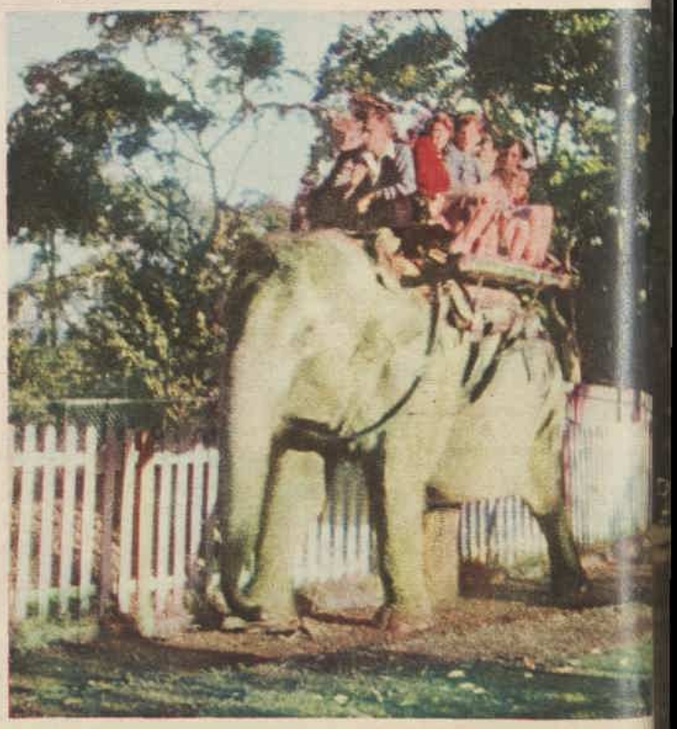
The picture at London Zoo was taken by Mr. A. I. Ferrier, of Brisbane; the other pictures are by Dr. Allen Keast, of Sydney.



PENGUINS AT LONDON ZOO. Opened in 1828, and now visited by five million people a year, the zoo is at the north end of Regent's Park, and covers 37 acres in the heart of the city. In 1954 Taronga Park sent the zoo a gift of 131 Australian birds, mammals, and reptiles.

FEEDING TIME for the penguins at Edinburgh Zoo always draws a crowd to watch these quaint and endearing visitors from the Antarctic. The penguins were brought by a British Antarctic Expedition to Edinburgh Zoo.

TAME DEER are fed by visitors in the park of historic Knole House, Kent, England. Knole House was handed over to the National Trust by Lord Sackville in 1947. Although now a museum—with 365 rooms and 52 staircases — Knole is also the dwelling of the Sackville-West family. Henry VIII is believed to have courted Ann Boleyn at Knole.



RIDE ON THE ELEPHANT for visitors to Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, where two Indian female elephants, Sarina and Jill, plod good-naturedly on the job. More than a million people a year visit the Zoo. Taronga's recent acquisitions are a kiwi from New Zealand and Sadie, a chimpanzee.

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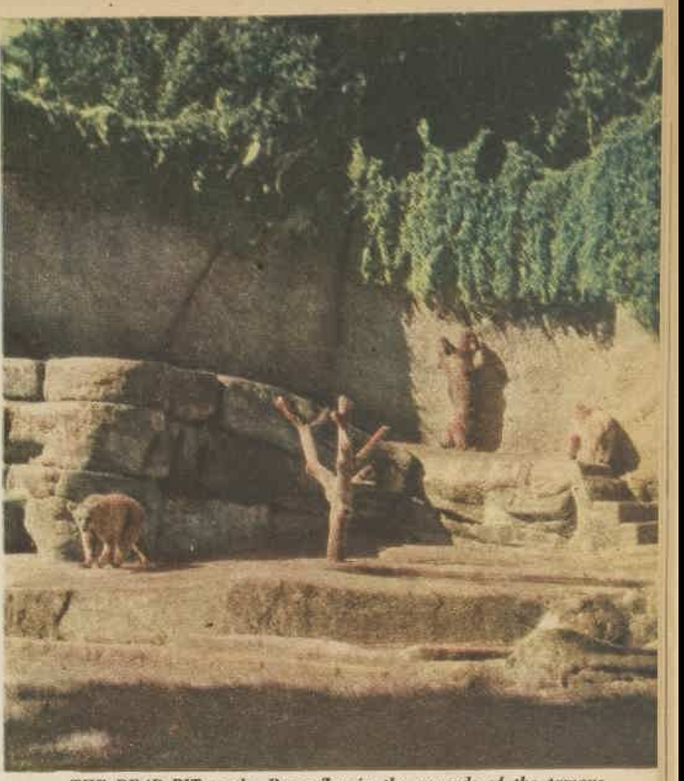
BIG "CATS" televised at the Children's Zoo at Lincoln Park, Chicago, U.S.A. Marlin Perkins, the best-known zoo-keeper in the U.S., conducts a half-hour "Zoo Parade" programme every Sunday afternoon, which is one of the most popular throughout America and in Canada.



THE BEAR PIT at the Rome Zoo in the grounds of the famous Villa Borghese. This zoo is among the richest in Europe, and has a collection of dingoes, koalas, emus, and kangaroos.

MINIATURE TRAIN, one of the features of Chicago's Children's Zoo at Lincoln Park. The Children's Zoo is the smaller of the two Chicago zoos, and besides the animals provides special entertainment for children.

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TELEVISION PARADE

● Millions of children in England received some news last week that meant as much to them as the re-opening of the Suez Canal would mean to their parents.

THE news was that the Government - enforced "Toddlers' Truce" was to end on February 16.

"Toddlers' Truce" is a ban on television transmissions between 6 p.m. and 7 p.m.

British commercial television has been fighting this compulsory shut-down ever since it began operations. Official reason for the shut-down was that it helped mothers get their families to bed.

However, ITV (Independent television—name of the commercial set-up) carried out surveys and found that when mothers want their children to go to bed they go—television or not. In many homes they found children watching television until 10 p.m. because their parents just didn't seem to care.

In Australia the A.B.C. closes down for the six-to-seven hour, but commercial TV ploughs ahead.

The controlling body of commercial television, the Australian Broadcasting Control Board, attempted to foist a "Toddlers' Truce" on commercial licensees, but the suggestion was stoutly resisted.

Now that big brother in England has dropped "Toddlers' Truce," there is no doubt that there will be a move afoot at the A.B.C. to do likewise.

Only trouble is likely to be interference from the Commission, that august and remote body which includes several people who live in States where there is, as yet, no television for them to be august and remote about.

VICTORIA (JEANETTE ELPHICK) SHAW will appear on Australian television on January 16 with Roger Smith, her American husband.

Victoria's first Hollywood film, "The Eddy Duchin Story," has just been released in Australia. She will appear on Channel 9 and scenes from her film will probably be shown too.

Miss Shaw arrives in Australia on January 15 on a short visit.

BY the way, after a wonky beginning English commercial television is now firmly established. Last October advertisers spent £1,127,305 on the commercial screens, an increase of 61 per cent. over the previous month.

Unofficial estimates give November and December even better figures.

The biggest advertisers in English television are:

1 Daz (soap).
2 Tide (soap).
3 Omo (soap).
4 Sunblest Bread.
5 Persil (soap powder).
6 Surf (soap powder).
7 Daily Mirror (newspaper).
8 Hotpoint (washing machines).
9 Nescafe (coffee powder).
10 Murraymints (sweets).

LEFT: Del Cartwright with Ted Gattenby on Channel 7's "Your Home" show. Del conducts the show and Ted comes in every week to give viewers gardening advice. RIGHT: Director of "The Home Show," Neil Andrews, discusses the script with producer-compere Judy Ann James. "The Home Show" is seen on Channel 9.

★★★

THE HOME SHOW (Channel 9).
Tuesdays and Thursdays 3 p.m.

HATS off to Judy Ann James, compere of this pleasant little show.

It is a programme presented for women twice a week and the show reviewed featured a demonstration of informal shoe fashions, a demonstration on how to make a pie from the Christmas ham leftovers, and a talk and demonstration on the "soothing" pastime of keeping goldfish.

Miss James gives the show a pleasant and unassuming air. As a compere she is efficient without being intrusive. She is also one of the few women in Australia who know how to dress attractively for television.

The programme reviewed had two faults. The audio at times was difficult to decipher and there was too much background noise "off-camera."

However, the show is now being produced in TCN's new studio and these faults should be eliminated.

STAR RATINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Good
★★ Average
★ Mediocre
No stars, very poor

★★

YOUR HOME (Channel 7). Mondays to Fridays 4.30 p.m.

DEL CARTWRIGHT has a big job to do with the "Your Home" show. She presents this show five afternoons a week for half an hour.

Despite this she manages to keep the quality of the show at a reasonably high level.

On the night reviewed, the show consisted of an interview with the stage manager and one of the singing stars of the Elizabethan Opera Company, a talk on gardening, a lesson in hand weaving, and a few household hints from Del herself.

I am not suggesting that Miss Cartwright is hogging the camera, but I see no reason why she should be "on-camera" during the entire show. It's a bit like having too much of a good thing.

—R. C. PACKER

"Don't argue" is their motto:

Seventy years of happiness

● At Mullumbimby, in the banana and dairying district of northern New South Wales, a remarkable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Arnold, recently celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary.

By AUDREY BUDD

BOTH will be 92 this year—Mr. Arnold on February 6 and Mrs. Arnold on September 24—and their minds are as active and their outlook as optimistic as people a quarter their age.

In their years of married life they have worked out a wise philosophy for happiness.

"If everyone has as happy a married life as we have had, they will have no need to complain," Mr. Arnold told me when I called at their cream-painted house with its white fence and neat garden.

"We never think about being old," said Mr. Arnold. "We have outlived most of our contemporaries, but we are surrounded by good friends and neighbors, and while we are happy we'll keep on living."

Mrs. Arnold said proudly, "We have never had a cross word in 70 years."

Here is Mr. Arnold's advice to young men, on "how to be happy though married":

● Don't argue. If my wife starts to argue, I keep quiet, and she can't keep up a quarrel with herself. Words said in the heat of an argument are hard to forget.

● Don't ask your wife what she's done with the housekeeping-money. If the house runs smoothly, the money must have been spent well.

● Try to do everything together. You strengthen your relationship when you rely on each other.

● Don't have long separations. We have never been parted for long, and then only when it has been absolutely necessary.

The proof of the success of this set of rules is Mrs. Arnold's comment: "He is a wonderful husband. I can't fault him at all."

Her advice to young married women is:

● Don't take each other for granted. There's no reason why a man can't help dry the dishes and there's no reason why a woman can't clean a man's shoes, if he's tired from working hard to keep her comfortable.

● Always try to have some money in the bank, however little, in case something happens to your husband's job. Then you don't have to depend on charity and your husband doesn't feel he's let you down quite so much.

● Look on your job as a wife as a profession, and try to be a good housekeeper and manager and to cook, sew, mend, and iron as well as you can.

● Remember your husband's good points before you start criticising his bad ones.

And Mr. Arnold said: "She's a wonderful wife and companion. She's looked after me well, and I think I've looked after her, too."

Here are Mr. and Mrs. Arnold's views on:

Rearing children

● Try to make time to play with your children when they're young. They soon grow up and you lose them completely.

● Teach a child to be useful, from as soon as he's old enough to dry spoons. It's the best way to prevent a lazy mind.

Growing old

● Don't think about age and keep busy. If you start sitting around the house all day you will be old.

● Don't keep talking about "the good old days." When you think things aren't as good as they used to be, it usually means that you are not as good as you used to be.

● Don't fear old age. It's really quite pleasant. The memory of happy days is sufficient. Few people want to go through a second time the trials that accompanied their happiness.

● When you're growing older, don't think too far into the future. While we're happy and healthy, we think only about today.

● Don't feel sorry for old people you see sitting quietly on their verandahs in the evening. They're enjoying themselves.

Modern youth

"We think they're wonderful. We have no criticism at all. Young people today have the same basic troubles as we had — getting a home together, rearing a family, keeping a job, and looking after their health.

"They manage very well. They are better educated, they see more and learn more, and they live a lot longer."

Mr. Arnold, 6ft. 6in. tall with a big frame and snow-white hair, still mows the lawns and the grass on the adjacent allotment every week, keeps the household in vegetables from his garden, and does the shopping.

Mrs. Arnold, slim and upright, with her silver hair drawn back into a bun, has a shining and spotless house. She does all the housework.

"If I got someone in to help me I'd be old," she said.

She told me how she met her husband.

"I served Bill his supper one night at Bacchus Marsh, near Melbourne," she said.

"It was 1886, when we were both 21. We took to each other straight away and were married three months later.

"I wore a long, grey cashmere dress. I thought it was beautiful. My wedding ring wore out 10 years ago, and Bill bought me another wide, gold ring.

"We lived for a long time in railway tents, then went to Sydney when the North Shore line from Milson's Point to Hornsby was being built. Bill was an overseer.

"After that, we moved about Victoria and New South Wales, wherever a new railway line was opening up the country."

The Arnolds settled in Mullumbimby in 1901, when Mr. Arnold was made an inspector of railways between Murwillumbah and Coffs Harbor. He retired 30 years ago.

He was Mayor of Mullumbimby for three years, and they both have taken an interest in civic affairs, and have been staunch workers for the Methodist Church.

They lost two of their five children, and have two grandchildren.

When we had finished talking, when the mellow afternoon sunlight was slanting into their living-room, they walked with me to the gate of their house, and I left them, sitting on their verandah, as so many old people do, "enjoying themselves."

MR. AND MRS. BILL ARNOLD, of Mullumbimby (N.S.W.). 70 years married, who have their own rules for a happy life.

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Nothing else gives you the same concentrated washing energy as Trix!

CONCENTRATED ENERGY FOR WASHING-UP

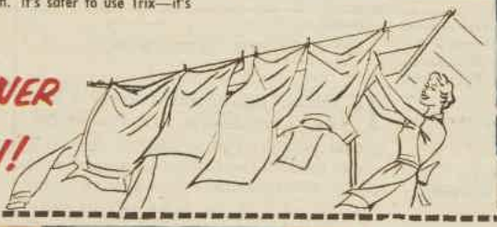
UNTIL you wash-up with Trix, you'd never believe that washing-up could be so quick, so thorough, so utterly **efficient.** With ordinary soaps and powders, you have a sinkful of lazy suds that leave a germ-laden film on every dish. But Trix is non-sudsing—it's all **concentrated washing energy!** It instantly dissolves grease, then absorbs the greasy particles. It leaves the dishes so very clean, with no streaking, no greasy film—and no germs! Better still, when you use Trix you can **throw away** that tea towel (it's another germ-carrier). Just stack the dishes—and they dry sparkling-clean, hygienically clean, Trix-clean. See for yourself!

NO DRYING-UP!

CONCENTRATED ENERGY FOR WASHING-MACHINES

TRIX doesn't waste its energy in useless suds that "joy-ride" on **top** of the water. The **concentrated washing energy** of Trix stays **deep down** in the water—gets right after the dirt in the clothes. Your wash comes out REALLY clean—not half-clean. Remember, too, that a washing machine cannot be truly efficient if thick suds smother or slow down the free "swishing" action. With Trix there are no heavy suds—it's **all** energy, **concentrated washing energy.** Next wash-day use Trix (and Trix alone!) in your washing machine. Then see the difference—whites twice as white, coloureds twice as bright!

P.S. Many a washing machine has been put out of action by suds billowing over into the mechanism. It's safer to use Trix—it's "non-foaming."



A CLEANER FAMILY WASH!

CONCENTRATED ENERGY FOR NYLON, SILKS, WOOLLENS

WITH all its **concentrated washing energy**—there's nothing so **safe and gentle** as Trix. As you yourself know, woollens washed in suds tend to become hard and matted. But Trix-washed woollens stay soft, fluffy and "in perfect shape." Nylons and silks never need rub-a-dub scrubbing—for Trix just **soaks** them clean. Try it. Dip your soiled nylons in a basin of warm Trix-in-water. Straight-away the water will cloud up—proof positive that Trix **absorbs** dirt and grease **out** of the fabric **into** the water! Again—Trix makes rinsing easier and more complete. There's no soap scum—no harsh powdery deposit to weaken fabrics and give them a dingy look!

SO SAFE AND GENTLE!

Insist on TRIX the non-foaming detergent with concentrated washing energy.

3/3

TRIX IS A PRODUCT OF SAMUEL TAYLOR PTY. LIMITED, THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS MORTEIN.

* Price slightly higher in some country areas.

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New

FLOWER FRAGRANT

MUM

Now stops odour 24 hours a day American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—
Safer for Skin—
Safer for Clothes

New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

MU44A

Blended as only a Chef knows how!

Long tasty strands of Spaghetti, cooked to perfection and blended with fully matured cheese.
Rosella Spaghetti with Cheese is an excellent "no work" meal ready to serve heated for every mealtime occasion. Enjoy it often.

Also
CURRIED SPAGHETTI
VEGETABLES with
SAUSAGES

Rosella
SPAGHETTI
WITH CHEESE

YOUR SHOES NEED
MELTONIAN
CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS
So good for shoes

All Fashionable Colours

... ALSO IN HANDI-TUBES

BUTCH

"I didn't think of it as stealin', Ma. Lots of people take towels when they visit new places."

MOTHER

"It makes ice-creams, frozen sweets, frosty cold drinks. . . . Hmmm. Have you got one with a lock and key?"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

A LADY named Mrs. Jo Bull, stylist for the retail paint and wallpaper distributors of America, recently delivered some specially interesting advice on interior decoration.

The most fascinating piece of it was her claim that in order to get a suitor to propose it was helpful to entertain him in a room featuring either red or yellow.

"These colors, when bright, arouse the emotions and provide a good background for a proposal," she said, adding that, if more subdued, the same shades were suitable for rooms in which friendly groups were entertained.

Blue and green, she remarked, were cool colors which would help cool off an importunate suitor.

The difficulty is that young ladies of marriageable age often live at home and while mothers may agree to some repainting of the sitting-room in order to get daughter off expeditiously, fathers are notoriously uncooperative about this sort of thing.

In any case, both parents may feel that in a small house it is too much to expect that the sitting-room be redecorated for the express purpose of inciting a daughter's suitors to proposals.

An effective compromise could, of course, be achieved by the use of removable chair covers and screens.

But a small brother invalidates the whole idea. He would be sure to blow the gaff.

* * *

THE present-giving season is over but you might like this thought to put in your diary for next year:—

A New York store advertises a mink duster.

More chic than feathers, isn't it?

And so handy for dusting your old diamond necklaces.

* * *

LIVE and learn department: Did you know that to determine the number of goldfish you can have in an aquarium you allow one inch of fish per gallon?

A couple planning an aquarium learned this from an English garden magazine.

They worked out that the aquarium contained 120 gallons of water and are now undecided whether to have 120 fish one inch long or 30 fish four inches long or ten whoppers at 12 inches.

Or, of course, you could have had five at six inches and . . . well, those are the kind of calculations they are making in this household.

"In measuring goldfish," states their source of information, "one never measures the tail."

It strikes me that a maximum of display for a minimum of water could be obtained by using those fish with long waving tails like veils, but on such a specialised subject one hesitates to rush in with advice.

THERE was a time when the term "serious music" was used to distinguish a Bach fugue from, say, a hit-parader like "Hot Diggity."

But if the term "serious" means music that is taken seriously, then the classification is not good enough, as I realised when listening to a session of popular numbers not long ago.

The man conducting the session was announcing a record of "The Birth of the Blues," sung by an American group of singers.

"I feel that if I were to let this programme go without letting you hear them it would be a great pity," he said. "They possess the freshest and most progressive sound in any group today."

This reference to "progressive" sound was way beyond me, and I listened to the number without getting any clue. I don't doubt there are plenty of people to whom the description means something, and every enthusiast is entitled to his own language to fit his enthusiasm.

But it did seem rather highbrow.

* * *

IN Osaka, Japan, cotton spinners have asked a psychiatrist, an Olympic gold medal winner, and a country doctor to judge their "Miss Cotton Contours" contest. A committtee spokesman said, "We're tired of the same old beautiful girls picked by panels of artists and movie producers."

An athlete and a psychiatrist and a doctor
from out of town
Met to consider their duties with a joint
portentous frown.
"We must choose some worthy woman,"
said one, with the faintest leer,
"With qualities each admires appropriate
to his sphere."

The committee had felt that beauty was
inclined to become a bore,
"We want," they had said, "a female who
possesses something more.
A girl that is healthy, athletic, and able to
use her mind."
And that was the type that the judges
most earnestly sought to find.

At last they selected the winner. The
doctor and athlete agreed
That her figure, curvaceous and healthy,
was built both for grace and speed.
The psychiatrist said, "And she's
charming! What a mind! It's a
positive pearl!"
The committee, astonished, cried
"Heavens! It's the same old beautiful girl!"

AGING ECTOR

Too old at forty!

THE MOMENT Bill Evans saw Mr. Crowther's face he knew he hadn't got the promotion.

"Nothing's been decided, Bill," said Crowther, "but there was a lot of opposition when your name was proposed as Sales Manager. Er . . . several Directors said we need a younger man for the job."

"Younger?" roared Bill. "D'you mean to say a man's too old at **forty**, these days?"

"Bill, believe me, I speak as your friend . . . you've been irritable and nervy lately. Your work has been erratic! Why not see your doctor—maybe he can help you."

• • •

Bill felt sick with disappointment as he drove home. "It's true," he thought. "I can't do anything right, these days . . . always so darn tired, even wake up tired . . . suppose I **should** see the doc . . ."

Bill's doctor said there was nothing organically wrong. "But," he added, "your constant tiredness and nerviness could be due to 'Night Starvation'! While you sleep your heart and lungs go on demanding energy from your body. Your sleep is probably not truly restoring and refreshing, therefore you wake tired and become nervy. Drink a cup of hot Horlicks at bedtime, every night!"

Mr. Crowther soon noticed the difference in Bill. One morning Bill found a memorandum from Crowther on his desk. It was addressed to "Mr. Evans, Sales Manager", and read: "I couldn't tell you at the time, but the Board left the final decision to me . . . Congratulations!"

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the jar, Horlicks contains **protein** — essential to the growth of the body . . . **carbohydrate** — probably our best source of energy . . . **mineral salts** to help build tissue and regulate body activities . . . **calcium**, to build sound bone and good teeth . . . **Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D.** Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink **for all the family.**

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MY LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

Victoria Shaw reviews her success on eve of home visit

Former Sydney model Jeanette Elphick, who will return to Australia for a short visit on January 15, is expecting a baby in July.

Jeanette was a film "unknown" when she went to Hollywood 18 months ago. Today her stage name of Victoria Shaw is in the world's cinemas. This is her story . . .

AS VICTORIA SHAW, Jeanette posed for this publicity still while filming "The Eddy Duchin Story."

By VICTORIA SHAW, as told to Donovan Pedelty

WHEN I came to Hollywood about 18 months ago—it seems like a million years, so much has happened—I was on a three months' visitor's visa.

I did not expect to stay longer. I planned to study television so that I could work in Australian TV when I arrived back home.

I didn't know anyone except Bob Hope and his Press agent, Mack Millar.

I had worked with them in Australia, and decided to get in touch. I picked up the phone and asked for Bob Hope's number. The operator laughed.

That was my first Hollywood discovery. Film stars' telephone numbers are not handed out to every stranger who asks for them.

You know the rest—how I eventually met Mack again, and he introduced me to Bob's agents, who got me a screen test with Columbia.

Columbia changed my life by giving me a contract and having my visa changed to a work permit, and casting me as co-star with Tyrone Power in "The Eddy Duchin Story."

For the next four months, except when I was on the Duchin set, I was a very unhappy and lonely girl. Not because of the picture work—though that terrified me at first.

They were filming the story out of sequence, and on the first day there was a big love scene with Tyrone, in which I had to propose to him on a New York river bank.

We were shooting outdoors—with nearly 2000 spectators.

I was nearly petrified when I saw them. Tyrone put me at ease by telling me how nervous he was on his first day, and how the leading lady put him at ease by telling of her first day, and how the leading man dispelled her fears by telling her . . .

This story made me laugh, and I quickly lost all nervousness when I saw that I wasn't the only one who took 20 takes to do a scene.

What made me unhappy during my first weeks in Hollywood was that I found I had to make friends.

American girls are amazing. They can walk into a room, sit beside a stranger, and, within ten minutes, exchange life histories.

I'm not like that. I must be formally introduced, and know a person really well before I get to those terms.

And American men! You just can't have men friends in America as girls do in Australia.

You either work with an American man or have a romantic relationship with him. There is no in between.

My American husband was baffled when, after our marriage, I continued to write to two or three Australian men friends.

I had known them since I was 14. I was never engaged to them. I treated them more like brothers.

But Roger was horrified. American girls just did not do that sort of thing, he said.

I explained that the practice was perfectly natural, normal, and proper in Australia, and it was a while before he could grasp this.

But I'm getting ahead of my story . . .

My first fortnight in Hollywood was spent in a studio club. It was like a high-school girls' dormitory. I felt old among those girls.

They kept talking of sororities, non-existent in Australia. And when I said that I'd graduated from high school at 15, they thought me a "brain," and avoided me.

So I moved to an apartment, but it was still lonely. Not wanting to become "involved," I hadn't made any men friends, and I couldn't understand the girls.

Then Roger Smith came along and changed everything.

Roger is a young American, born and raised on the Mexican border of Arizona. He was brought up with a great love for the Spanish guitar.

While he was in the Navy at Hawaii, he met James Cagney, another passionate guitar fan.

They became friends, and Jimmy advised Roger to go to Hollywood, where he also got a contract with Columbia.

Then Universal asked for Roger on loan to play with Jimmy in "The Man With a Thousand Faces," a biography of film actor Lon Chaney.

Jimmy and Roger used to play guitar duets off the set between scenes. One day the director heard them and insisted that Roger play and sing in the picture.

Jimmy (he's a close family friend now) believes there's a whole new career ahead of Roger.

But again I'm getting ahead of my story.

I met Roger at the Columbia Drama School, where, together, we had to play the famous beach love scene from the film "From Here To Eternity."

There was something about Roger that I admired immediately. Here's one American male I can understand, I thought.

But Roger said I was too stiff and proper on the scene, and sarcastically suggested that we drive to the beach and rehearse with the waves. I agreed.

Instead, he drove in the opposite direction, and decanted me in Disneyland. It's impossible to be prim soaring on the Moon Rocket or Peter Pan's Pirate Ship.

He sent me a diamond ring on my birthday, and I put it on the third finger.

Then, at a party thrown by Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, Eddie asked me, "When are you two going to get married?"

I told him Roger hadn't proposed. Thereupon Debbie insisted that Roger propose immediately.

There was a lot of discussion about the "correct" form of a proposal, and Roger finally knelt and said, "Will you marry me?"

We were married in July, and lived in an apartment until I felt that the walls were closing in on me.

I was used to a big house in Australia with lots of people dropping in and always an extra guest sleeping on the couch.

We couldn't afford to buy, but we finally rented an Italian-style house called "Pink Mediterranean."

It's about 30 years old, has walls two feet thick, a living-room 30ft. by 20ft., a den, and a brick fireplace.

We have a Siamese cat named Tuppence—a wedding present—who rules our lives, travels hundreds of miles in our car, and swims in all our friends' pools.

Roger and I don't give "Hollywood-style" big parties. We just have a few couples around most evenings, like Steve Rowland and Kathleen Case.

IN HOLLYWOOD. Jeanette and her husband, Roger Smith, after their marriage in St. Charles' Roman Catholic Church. He is 24 and Jeanette is 22.

Roger plays the guitar, and we all sing, or play Monopoly or other childish games. We have lots of fun.

Roger says I'll never learn to cook, so he'll hire a cook when we're rich. I really loathe cooking, anyway. I always burn myself or tear my fingers opening cans.

However, ready-cooked frozen dinners are wonderful. In one respect that's where California beats Australia.

Our baby will be born in July. If it's a boy, we'll call him Alexander Francis. If it's a girl, I would like her christened Stephanie Anne. Roger prefers Karen, and the family demands Jeanette.

Seven more children

Why haven't I made a film since "The Eddy Duchin Story?" Well, firstly my pregnancy prevented me taking part in "The Notorious Landlady," to be filmed in England with Glenn Ford and David Niven.

Then Columbia is anxious to maintain the super standard of the Duchin film, and would rather keep me off the set than endanger that standard.

I may possibly play in "Bell, Book, and Candle" and "The Last Hurrah," the story of a Boston political boss.

If success comes, Roger and I plan to live on a ranch in Arizona and commute to Hollywood.

Arizona is the nearest thing I've seen to Australia. It's warm, spacious, and full of neighborly, friendly people.

We plan to bring up the baby there—and have seven more.

I want their childhood to resemble mine. I was born in Sydney, but moved to a sheep station because of the war.

Why are we coming to Australia? I want to revisit all the people and places that I love and show them to my husband.

Especially I want Roger to see the big cities, the beaches, and the Australian desert—so like America's, especially Alice Springs, which has a big piece of my heart.

Three years from now I shall seek American citizenship because I mean to settle in Roger's country.

But fundamentally I'll never change. I will always be proud of being an Australian.

IN AUSTRALIA. Jeanette (third from right) met Bob Hope during his show at the Sydney Stadium.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning January 14

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in an honor conferred.	★ Resist temptations to buy non-essentials if your finances are lean or if you have more important projects in view. Stop small leaks which run away with the cash.	★ Are you one of those people who rarely see a visitor for weeks on end because of the work involved? Try offering simple refreshments. Become a sympathetic listener.	★ Make your entrance dramatic. Wear your most becoming dress. Make-up and hair-do should be flawless. This could be one of your most glamorous evenings.	★ Be sure that social gaiety does not endanger economy, cause you to neglect work, or make inroads on your health through late hours. Moderation is the safest rule.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in an advertisement.	★ If still on holidays, attend to private affairs and prepare to get back on the job. If already back, look around for labor-saving methods.	★ If caravanning or holidaying in temporary quarters, allocate tasks so that all may join in the fun. When leaving, make sure the place is neat and clean.	★ Your persistence should overcome either shyness or social awkwardness on the part of the pen-friend who may find himself in an unfamiliar environment.	★ If you are meeting people of a different type, that is all to the good. These associations may not continue for long. Regard them as beneficial.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in communication.	★ Figure out that little scheme all by yourself. Go over details, decide on the best time, and consider finance. Next week set the wheels in motion.	★ Many of you stop in the middle of one project to start on another, following your inspiration of the moment. It's a transformation you are after.	★ Don't gamble with love—you'll pay in heartbreak. You are highly critical of the best beloved, more given to blame than praise. Unless you are tactful you may lose.	★ Some co-operative plan in which expenses are shared may appeal to your imagination and you are just the one to persuade friends to join in. Get facts and costs straight.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in companionship.	★ Protect your privacy from snoopers and time-wasters. Your financial affairs are no concern of others. Polite but evasive replies will give them the brush-off.	★ In consultation with the marriage partner you may reach an important decision in regard to your home, the children's education or future career.	★ Marriage bells chime either for you or for someone close to you. You will revel in preparations. Your beloved will gladly join in with your plans.	★ Happy-go-lucky cross currents give a picturesque quality to social interests. You may find yourself in new stunts among people you know only slightly.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in being chosen.	★ Keep plugging away at daily tasks, but reserve your leisure. Creative talents may lie hidden. A hobby can sometimes be turned into a profitable sideline.	★ If a parent, watch over the family's health, particularly the storing of food. If camping, get rid of flies and mosquitoes. If the water supply is suspect, boil it.	★ If it's a weekend houseparty, you and your beloved may be tempted to be alone when you should be with the crowd. Nobody will grudge you time off to say good-night.	★ You are inclined to be a little snooty. If you flaunt your superiority you'll risk being passed over in favor of less gifted but more modest folk.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a game of chance.	★ If job-hunting, luck will be with you in an interview or application. If you covet a suddenly vacated post where you are employed, it may be handed over to you.	★ You entertain pals or your children's pals in your own home or in a holiday cottage. Sing-songs and dancing on the verandah will top the popularity poll.	★ The vacation is nearly over, and you both promise to get in touch as soon as you are back home. Don't be surprised if it remains just a promise.	★ After this week social pressures ease off and you'll be left in a peaceful backwater. Carry out present plans, return hospitality, pay social debts.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a happy ending.	★ The do-it-yourself idea appeals to your money-saving instincts and your creative urge. As an amateur this week you could carry out tasks with a professional finish.	★ You wrap your four walls around you. Your leisure will be devoted to the pastimes you personally prefer. Some members of the household are likely to be away.	★ If your friends breeze off and leave you home alone, that will be the moment a fascinating member of the opposite sex moves in or comes to visit next door.	★ Some decide to retire from a group or an activity because they have done their bit. Others, returning from holidays, want to settle down again.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a brainwave.	★ If you are still vacationing, that Scorpio brain will be more active than ever. You weigh and consider, but the results will not be evident just yet.	★ Good resolutions for 1957 begin to bear fruit. You cash in on one of them handsomely. If intending to study home arts and crafts, investigate possibilities early.	★ Travel certainly makes the heart susceptible. Few journeys are undertaken alone, or, if they are, friends are soon made. Many of you meet a congenial spirit.	★ That casual occasion still has an appeal for you, especially it it requires no preparation. Short jaunts to see familiar people and places will be pleasant.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in buying and selling.	★ It may be difficult to collect sums due to you or to pay off your own obligations. Clear summing-up of the position and systematic effort can work wonders.	★ You may become so charmed with a resort that you are determined to acquire a permanent stake in it. Plans for building a shack might fill many an evening.	★ Moral support from the one you love best plays a part in your career just now. If you feel you are not alone, you'll be willing to tackle the toughest project.	★ Social life may recede while you bargain-hunt for the home or wardrobe. There is the probability of running into friends likewise so employed.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in your personality.	★ Ambition may be gratified if you are game to grab opportunity as it comes. Many of you may be put in charge. Take care to be strictly impartial.	★ Cut those grand projects down to size. Go at plans for home improvement by degrees, finishing one job before commencing the next, and you'll hit the target.	★ This is where you come to an understanding. A permanent friendship may be revealed as a romantic attraction. Getting better acquainted is thrilling.	★ You set the wheels going. If you serve on any committee, you'll have your hands full, but you will be doing an excellent job along pioneering lines.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a new venture.	★ Do not push responsibility on to associates. Some of you may be obliged to work overtime in order to complete work. Be co-operative now and receive a reward later.	★ Should you be struggling with problems concerning your home, noisy neighbors, badly brought-up children, or neglected pets, be patient a little longer.	★ If temporarily separated or too busy to meet often, you can wrap your love in idealism. Take care lest this romantic conception could be ruined by reality.	★ A fresh project is brewing in your mind. A modest success might encourage you to enlarge the scheme. Consultation with friends will get you down to brass tacks.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in vitality.	★ A friend may try to persuade you to join a money-making project. If carefully investigated and facts are checked, there is more than a fair chance of success.	★ Hasty, unplanned invitations can be happier occasions than elaborate, long-planned parties. This week you throw open your front door more than once to friends.	★ You meet him on the sports field; take care not to outplay him. A boy's vanity is precious. Many a deliberately lost game has resulted in getting a happy husband.	★ Make the most of your playtime. Get all the outdoor recreation you can, build up health and vitality in order to face greater responsibilities and new plans soon.

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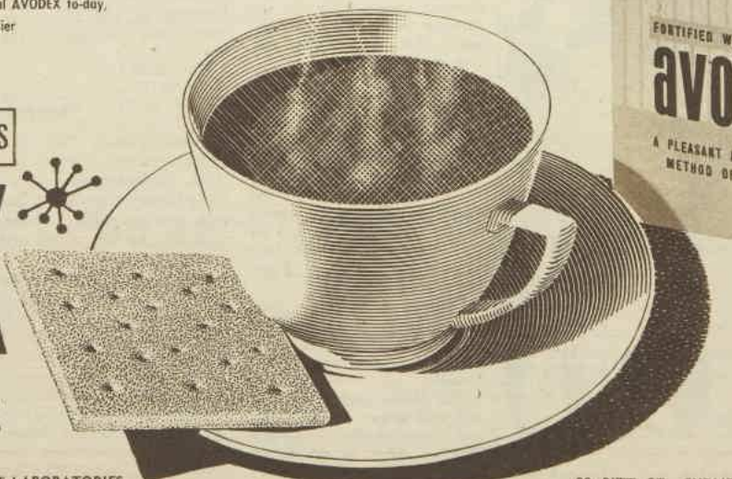

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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

Kisses banned for man-trap brunette

★ Dusky Dorothy Dandridge, the vital, chocolate-colored body (not voice) of "Carmen Jones," has stepped into a movie in which she is not permitted to exchange a single kiss with her leading man.

ATTRACTIVE DOROTHY DANDRIDGE, the sultry, 32-year-old singer of smouldering songs and the actress who played Carmen Jones in the film, says there is no such thing as sex appeal, just vitality and good acting.

THE film is "Island in the Sun," based on Alec Waugh's controversial novel. Dorothy plays a tempestuous West Indian girl who is courted by a white man.

English actor John Justin is the British military officer who falls in love with Dorothy in the film.

The reason for Hollywood's kiss ban, which also affects negro actor Harry Belafonte and Joan Fontaine, the secondary couple in "Island in the Sun," is to prevent any ruffled feelings overtaking the race-conscious moviegoers in America's southern States.

They say that any screen love scenes between the negroes and the whites could be most upsetting.

For Miss Dandridge, whose arrival in London's Savoy Hotel for a four weeks' singing engagement a few months earlier was announced in a blast of gasping superlatives, all this has been quite a jolt.

Not even the staidest representative of the Press could resist her frank appeal. "Eyes like flame-throwers," said one. "Her lips are not just a trap, they're an ambush," admitted another.

"When she walks," gushed a famous columnist, whose thoughts were obviously not those of a schoolboy contemplating his candy, "it's like a spoon moving through warm toffee."

But nothing they said could begin to come up to Miss Dandridge's own autobiographical comments. If there's a vote for the most co-operative, hold - nothing - back,

From our London office

give - the - newspaper - boys - what - they - want personality of the year, Miss Dandridge can't help but win it.

As a symbol of this attitude, to say nothing of an unerring publicity sense, white-gloved page-boys with knowing looks delivered cellophane-wrapped blood-red roses to one hundred newspaper desks on the morning of her first appearance.

Her Press reception in the lushest, plushiest Savoy Hotel manner was but a warm-up session for the dozens of intimate interviews which followed. These, held singly in her own suite, had the hardest boiled newshounds gushing like Trafalgar Square's fountains days before she sang her first note into the microphone.

Miss Dandridge, encased in clinging toreador pyjamas, sometimes with a flowing chiffon overskirt, sometimes not, made each one feel that only he could make her day.

"Come and sit over here on the sofa," she would start. "It's so much cosier than that chair," and she would pat the spot beside her invitingly.

"It's too light in here. I'm not good at daylight," and with an undulating glide she would be over at the windows pulling the drapes until every sign of daylight was gone.

"I don't respond to electric light," she purred, flicking half a dozen switches off in quick succession. "You see this candelabra here? I take it everywhere with me. I had this long before Liberace thought of it. I think candlelight gives you something, don't you?" And, looking at Miss Dandridge, every interviewer was convinced it did.

With the intellectuals, Miss Dandridge was eager to explain why she's given up all opportunities of jazzing up more operas for the movie magnates who wanted to cash in on the success of "Carmen Jones." "I'm an actress and I want to be a sincere artist. I don't want to be typed and I don't want glamorous parts. I don't approve of sex as a commercial asset. I don't want to sell myself under silly labels like that.

Smooth line for publicity

"What I have is a vivid excitement, an enthusiasm that comes from within. It's not just sex appeal, although the less intelligent may call it that."

For the commercially conscious there was wide-eyed joy at her good fortune.

"Nobody could pretend that I'm not thrilled with the success of 'Carmen Jones.' It made a terrific difference to my life. Now I have a seven-year Hollywood contract for sure, and I can still make independent films when I like.

"My cabaret earnings have skyrocketed. Before the film I made only £20,000 a year. Now I can get £70,000 for the asking. I've had film offers from Britain and France. I travel in style. No one but a fool could fail to appreciate all this."

All this, however, can go unmentioned when the human-story, analytical reporter is on the scene (which, incidentally, is the same, candelabra and all).

Then the spotlight is thrown back to Dorothy's marriage to dancer Harold Nicholas, from whom she was divorced in 1950. Now we hear of her interest in Freud and the fact that she brought one of his books with her.

"I used to go to a psychoanalyst, like most Hollywood stars. I had regular consultations in an attempt to get rid of my inhibitions. Now I find the same treatment in working for pots of money and at the same time maybe doing something for the people in the audience. I give them the vitality that's lacking in their lives. You'd be surprised how many tired and exhausted people there are in an audience."

As he staggers towards the office later the reporter isn't at all surprised, but he's impressed enough to rave about Miss Dandridge.

Then there's the direct, pure Carmen Jones approach for another type of publication.

"I can understand that Carmen. She's the woman every woman wants to be, but most of them don't dare. If there wasn't a part of me just exactly like her I couldn't have played her convincingly. Of course, conventional society won't allow us to admit this. Women have got to be ladies. But there's generally a way around it.

"If a woman wants a man enough she can usually persuade herself she's in love with him. Often it's just a handy excuse. But it makes her feel better about it."

If the reporter doesn't look as if he can take this, she's prepared to water it down: "I'm not altogether like Carmen. Just a little. Sure, I can be abandoned, but I've usually got it under control."

For the more homely, maybe married writer whose assignment is to take Miss Dandridge to lunch, there is another angle which is bound to sweep him right into her life in a sentence.

"Whatever shall I wear?" she asks. "Do you think this would do?" This time it's pristine white toreador pants, covered with a flowing, filmy negligee.

Twice running the answer was an eager "Come as you are; you look wonderful." And Miss Dandridge would thank him and explain her problem.

Six swains in offing

"You see, it's always so difficult to know. In the winter I wear only black or white. In the summer I may go in for a dash of pink—but that's all." At this her escort finds himself worrying with her, having forgotten completely that he read only the day before that she arrived with 500 pounds of excess baggage, and all of it clothes.

To the gossip columnist who plucks up enough courage to ask if there is a particular man in her life, Miss Dandridge is quite straightforward. "There is someone, I'll admit. But nothing irrevocable. Actually there are six in the running at the moment—one lawyer, two film executives, one doctor, and two writers. No princes."

"Well, which one is in the lead?" she's asked. But Dorothy is not telling yet.

Her first show at the Savoy was packed. When Princess Margaret arrived after she had been to hear Louis Armstrong, the opening was complete.

Miss Dandridge's appearance was well up to the standard of her audience. Her slinky, strapless, white sheath gown with its flying panel was diamond studded and valued at £1200. It was designed by Travilla, who creates Marilyn Monroe's models.

But after that first night the publicity dwindled. The critics described her real voice as "Pleasant but unambitious."

Her season was cut short by a week by a "sudden attack of pain" and with her toy dogs—a cocker spaniel with a pink collar, two white poodles, and a bulldog—Miss Dandridge made a quiet exit.

But none of this could take away the lady's right to the title of London's most electrifying visitor, nor diminish the quarter of a million pounds she earned last year.

A BLISTERED TOE bothered singer Dorothy Dandridge considerably during her first London cabaret rehearsals.

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ABOVE: Something troubles Anastasia (Bergman) as, holding her tiara in her lap, she sits beside Bounine (Brynner) near the Empress' throne in a hotel where she had just been acknowledged as the genuine Princess. Tongue in cheek, the rascally Bounine announces that he is leaving, and she can now claim for herself the huge Romanov fortune.

LEFT: Prince Paul of Denmark (Ivan Desny), left, to whom the real Anastasia was affianced as a child, is charmed by this latest claimant to the title (Ingrid) when they dine a deux. Truth to tell, he does not recognise his ex-fiancee. They are watched sardonically by Bounine (Brynner), at back, who has carefully arranged the whole affair to look casual.

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Bergman in royal role

There are some grains of truth as well as fiction in the story "Anastasia," in which 20th Century-Fox returns Swedish actress Ingrid Bergman to the world screens.

FOR her comeback vehicle, the talented Miss Bergman chose a picture with a fascinating, enigmatic theme.

It is based on the life of a woman who still lives in Germany, and it was photographed on colorful locations in Paris, Copenhagen, and London.

The story opens in Paris after World War I, where Anastasia (Bergman) is found, ill, destitute, and half out of her mind, wandering near the river Seine.

Though troubled and careworn, the waif bears a marked resemblance to Her Imperial Highness, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, a daughter of the tragic Royal family of Russia.

This strange likeness gives four Russian rogues an idea. It is to provide an Anastasia whom exiled aristocrats will accept as the real princess and so get control of the 10-million-pound fortune which the late Czar, realising that the Imperial regime was doomed, had deposited in an English bank in his daughter's name.

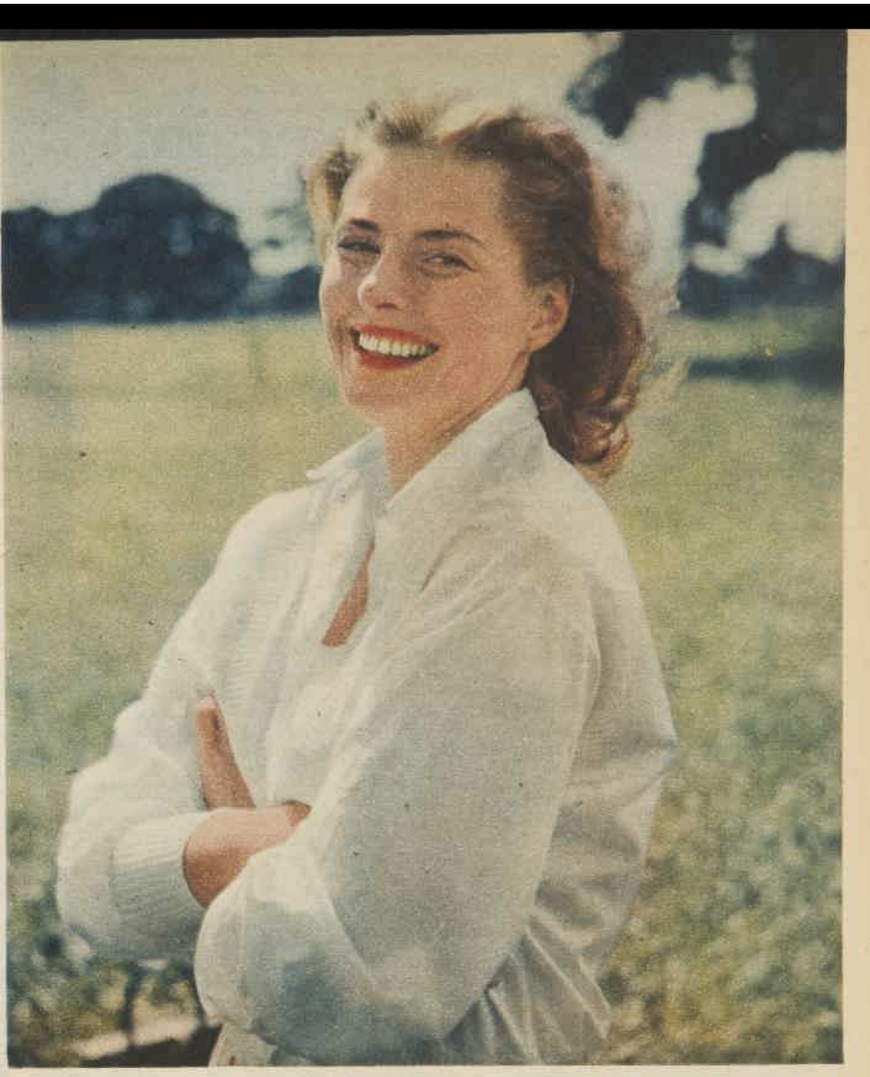
Once the scheme is under way, the plotters set about drilling Anastasia in all the requirements of her royal role.

But a very odd thing happens. Not only does their pupil fit the part perfectly, she also shows a surprising knowledge of the Royal family.

Gradually the suspicion grows in their minds that perhaps she is actually Anastasia.

Star Yul Brynner has the role of the plotter-in-chief, and distinguished stage actress Helen Hayes plays the Dowager Empress who settles the future of her puzzling granddaughter.

Film Fan-Fare



RIGHT: Candid shot of Swedish actress Ingrid Bergman, taken during the filming of her new picture "Anastasia." Ingrid is said to be brilliant in her first film for America in many years.

BELOW: On the way to present Anastasia (Ingrid Bergman) to a one-time chamberlain who may be able to identify her, plotter Bounine (Yul Brynner) crosses his fingers for luck.

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Epic French version of "The Hunchback"

● The cult of the gigantic film is sweeping Europe. For it is the big wide-screen epics which are coining the film fortunes today.

SINCE "Quo Vadis," "War and Peace," and the Italian-made "Ulysses" were made in Rome, the French have caught the fever. They have just completed their biggest-ever film spectacle in Paris.

They are making their own version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," starring the fabulous Gina Lollobrigida and Anthony Quinn.

Anthony Quinn, a Hollywood player who came to Europe several years ago, is now a major star of Continental films. He has won his place primarily on talent supported by a hulking physique and gorilla good looks.

For the role of the Hunchback Quasimodo, one of the greatest figures of fiction, Quinn has the artistic equipment to challenge the memorable performance of Charles Laughton in the pre-war Hollywood version.

Remakes of film classics are notoriously pallid echoes of their originals, since they cannot hope to achieve the impact with which the story first burst upon the screen.

But there have been exceptions, and the French epic version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," in color and CinemaScope, promises to be an outstanding one.

It has assembled not only some of the most brilliant acting and technical talent in France, but it is under the guidance of Jean Delannoy, a director gifted with the poetry and depth to match against Hollywood's somewhat stereotyped polish in historical sagas.

In a French studio, medieval Paris has come to life again; it is the world of Victor Hugo's sombre masterpiece, "Notre Dame de Paris" — the violent, sublime, grotesque world of the Middle Ages.

By BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

And perhaps even more than for the Hunchback, this film offers the role of a lifetime to the fabled Lollobrigida, whose final graduation as an actress of fire and intelligence surely came in the de Sica comedy "Bread, Love, and Dreams."

She has the role of Esmeralda, the young gipsy dancer whose beauty enthralled every man who set eyes on her.

It is probably Gina's last screen role before she retires to prepare for her baby.

Quasimodo, the monstrous bellringer of Notre Dame Cathedral, is ordered to abduct the beautiful gipsy. He is flogged in public for it and lies exhausted at the mercy of a crowd — but the young dancer, torn with pity, revives him with a drink of water. Thereafter he becomes her adoring slave. Even in death he remains with her.

Studio reports say that "Lollo" plays the part with superb ease.

But it was different for Anthony Quinn, the star who suffered most during the making of "Notre Dame de Paris."

For his transformation into Hugo's monstrous hunchback he had to be at the studio two hours before any other member of the cast.

In this time they strapped on him a false hump of leather. They stretched a big rubber band around his body to keep his shoulders crooked; fitted on huge shoes with the toes and heels cut askew, so that he walked with twisted feet, gave him false ears and a false rubber eyelid completely covering one eye; they also moulded on a false nose and finished him with false teeth which hung fanglike over his puffy lips.

On top of that, director Delannoy, a fanatic for detail, took Quinn aside and briefed him on his gait. Anthony is tall, strapping. Said Delannoy, "Of course you know that the average man in those days was shorter than today. And a lot of the cast are on the short side."

And so, to top everything else, Quinn had to play the entire part crouching almost on his knees.

ABOVE. Gina Lollobrigida makes friends with a goat which appears with her in several sequences of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

RIGHT. Anthony Quinn as Quasimodo, the Hunchback. Ordered by an evil master to abduct Esmeralda (Gina), he ends by dying for her.

NEW LIFT FOR JADED NERVES!

Can you honestly say that you've never felt better? Have you the joy and vitality of life within you — or are you missing the precious boon of abundant health?

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It is a delicious full bodied wine, with a measured dose of Glycerophosphates, fortified with vital beef and malt extracts. A stimulating, heartening tonic. A good drink and wonderfully good for you. Start taking Wincarnis right away—you will be delighted with your new found health and strength. Remember, WINCARNIS makes you fit and keeps you fit.

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TONIC WINE

The tonic that makes you fit and keeps you fit

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "Private's Progress," comedy, starring Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, Dennis Price. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Ladykillers," technicolor crime-comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Katie Johnson, Cecil Parker. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Heidi and Peter," juvenile adventure in color, starring Elsbeth Sigmund, Thomas Klameth. Plus "The Naked Sea," documentary in color.

LIBERTY.—★★ "High Society," technicolor VistaVision comedy with music, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "My Sister Eileen," color CinemaScope musical comedy, starring Janet Leigh, Betty Garrett, Jack Lemmon. Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR. — ★★ "Smiley," technicolor CinemaScope adventure-drama, starring Ralph Richardson, John McCallum, Colin Petersen. Plus ★ "Miracle on 34th Street," comedy-drama, starring MacDonald Carey, Teresa Wright.

PALACE.—"The Gold Rush," comedy, starring Charlie Chaplin, Mack Swain, Georgia Hale. (Re-release, review unavailable.) Plus "Gun the Man Down," suspense thriller, starring Gene Evans, Anita Louise.

PALLADIUM.—"Rock, Rock, Rock," musical, starring Alan Freed and his rock-'n'-roll band, La Vern Baker. Plus "Return from the Sea," Navy drama, starring James Sterling, Neville Brand.

PARIS.—★★ "Robin Hood," technicolor period adventure, starring Richard Todd, Joan Rice. Plus ★★★ "The Living Desert," technicolor feature-length true-life adventure.

PLAZA.—★★ "Lady and the Tramp," Walt Disney's all-animated technicolor CinemaScope feature. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Pardners," technicolor VistaVision comedy with music, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Jackie Loughrey, Lori Nelson. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "The King and I," color CinemaScope 55 musical drama, starring Yul Brynner, Deborah Kerr, Rita Moreno. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Meet Me in Las Vegas," technicolor CinemaScope comedy with music, starring Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "French Can-Can," French-language technicolor musical comedy (English sub-titles), starring Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, Francoise Arnoul. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Written on the Wind," technicolor drama, starring Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "My Wife's Lodger," comedy, starring Diana Dors, Leslie Dwyer.

VICTORY.—★ "Francis in the Haunted House," comedy, starring Mickey Rooney, Virginia Welles, Paul Cavanagh. Plus "Congo Crossing," adventure-drama in technicolor, starring Virginia Mayo, George Nader, Michael Pate.

Not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Gun for a Coward," Western drama in Eastmancolor, CinemaScope, starring Fred MacMurray, Jeffrey Hunter, Janice Rule. Plus "Edge of Hell," suspense-drama, starring Hugo Haas.

LYRIC.—"The Mole People," thriller, starring John Agar, Cynthia Patrick. Plus "Abbott and Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." (Re-release, review unavailable.)

Talking of Films

★ Written on the Wind

IN "Written on the Wind" Universal spins a high-pitched, widescreen melodrama about the miserable fate of a smart-set family with too many millions and a weakness for the fleshpots.

This picture has plenty of what "Variety," that bible of American show-business, would call "sock values."

These include an attractive cast, plushy technicolor settings, and spacious backgrounds of New York, Miami, and Texas.

But, stripped of all the glamor trappings, "Written on the Wind" is just another grubby tale about a group of people who should know better, anyway.

Oil is the root of all evil for the newly rich Hadley family of Texas. While dredging the stuff out of the earth Father Hadley (Robert Keith) loses touch completely with his children.

They are Kyle (Robert Stack), a neurotic playboy with a passion for corn liquor, and his sister Marylee (Dorothy Malone), a mink-clad floozie who roars around the town in search of diversion with her father's workmen.

An unpleasant, mixed-up couple, these two hate each other and themselves.

Poker-faced Lauren Bacall is the noble ex-secretary who foolishly marries Kyle in a hurry and fails to reform him.

Good-looking Rock Hudson, of course, is the film's main attraction.

As a childhood friend and employee of the Hadleys, Rock moves through the action with a kind of glum dignity that's quite appealing.

At least, most of the women in a matinee audience seemed pleased with him.

In Sydney—State.

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1 *SAYING GOODBYE to Simone (Barbara Darrow) and a passing romance, discontented Christopher Teller (Robert Wagner) seeks an escape from village ties to find a new life in the outside world. Then news reaches the town of an aircraft disaster high in the Alpine peaks and a rescue party is formed. There is not much hope of human survival, but some valuables might be salvaged. Christopher, with loot in mind, asks to join the party, but he is refused.*

Adventure Classic: "The Mountain"

2 *OMINOUS weather stops the rescue, but Zachary (Spencer Tracy), Christopher's brother, once a dauntless guide, is persuaded against his wishes into making the climb with Christopher.*

● Filmed in color VistaVision on authentic locations, "The Mountain" (Paramount) is based on Henri Troyat's prize-winning novel about a disaster in the French Alps in 1950 when an airliner crashed in a storm and all on board died.

In the screen version of "The Mountain," which has a Cain and Abel theme, veteran Spencer Tracy and Robert Wagner play brothers of contrasting nature who work out their destiny during a dangerous mountain mission.

3 *TENSION takes its toll as the climb continues. Zachary's nerves start to crack when he nears the spot where years before he met disaster.*

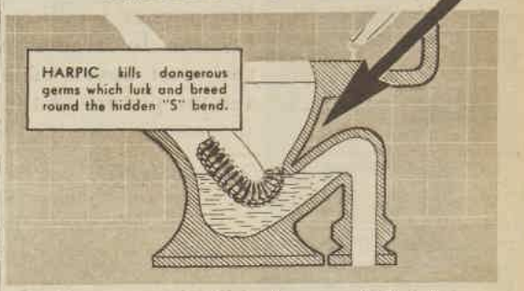
4 *LEFT. Fall that nearly costs Christopher his life is prevented when Zachary, with torn hands, pulls his brother to safety. This act is Zachary's personal fight against the mountain.*

5 *RIGHT. An open clash occurs on discovering a badly injured Hindu woman at the scene of the crash. For his own greedy reasons Christopher would leave her to die, but Zachary gives her aid.*

6 *THE DESCENT is a nightmare for strong Zachary, craven Christopher, and the patient. Christopher meets his death by falling into a crevasse with all his stolen wealth. His sorrowing brother can only continue with his charge.*

7 *OBLIGED to tell the story, Zachary tries to assume his brother's guilt. But his friends and neighbors know what he is doing. As he starts for home with Marie, who loves him, the priest tells Zachary not to forget church on Sunday.*

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND



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"DOG TALK" No. 7 AND RESULTS OF No. 4

● What is the dog saying? Prizemoney totalling £100 can be won by readers who send the most appropriate captions for the picture of the dog waiting outside the telephone box.

"I AM smiling!"

PRIZEMONEY each week is made up of one award of £50, three of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

Think of a saying the dog would use if only he could talk—and this week's picture should provide plenty of ideas.

Captions should have a light touch and general appeal and be no longer than 15 words. In the thousands of entries received in the "Dog Talk" contests so far, the judges have found that the shortest are usually the best.

Prizewinning entries in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 4, at right, will give you the idea.

Remember that you can send as many entries as you please, but each group of entries must be accompanied by the coupon on this page. Make sure that the name and address on your entry can be easily read and that you include the State in the address.

Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 7 will close on January 21, and results will be announced in our issue of February 6.

There will be another dog picture and another £100 prizemoney to be won next week.

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian Women's Weekly
"Dog Talk"
Contest No. 7
January 16, 1957

CONTEST RULES

1. **Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture (left) on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.**
2. **Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.**
3. **Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.**
4. **Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 7 will close on JANUARY 21. Winners will be announced in our FEBRUARY 6 issue.**
5. **The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.**
6. **Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.**

A whimsical entry from a Canberra reader won the £50 first prize in our "Dog Talk" Contest No. 4.

THE entry, from Miss C. Lindsay, No. 9, Married Quarters, R.A.A.F., Canberra, was: "I AM smiling!"

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. S. I. Jamieson, 4 Gardiner Ave., Warradale Park, S.A.

"And if I catch you two young shavers again . . ."

Mrs. M. Donovan, 46 Martin St., Haberfield, N.S.W.

"And now, son, I'd like to use my own car today, IF you don't mind."

Mrs. R. Matthews, Flat 23b, Copeland Drive, East Belmont, W.A.

"Gad, Sir! I doubt if you are even a member of the Kennel Club."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. R. Dunn, 19 Batman St., Braddon, Canberra.

"Can't talk, dearie, got a mouth full of pins."

Mrs. F. Suthers, McLean St., North Ipswich, Qld.

"You will use the Canal on my terms!"

Mr. James M. Griffin, 8 Carpenter St., Maffra, Vic.

"Start at nine, sharp! Including executives. In doing a day's work here, nobody pulls rank!"

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Miss Vera Fisher, Parratah, Tas.

"I know I should, but, you see, my dentist's on vacation."

Mr. A. M. Rush, 357 Warrigal Rd., Burwood E.13, Vic.

"You're not in the school team with that haircut!"

Mrs. L. J. Clifford, 5 Arthur St., North Hobart, Tas.

"Yes, I am the manager, what did you want to see me about?"

Miss I. Friend, 5 Pickering Lane, Woollahra, N.S.W.

"Tonight we go on warpath. Take many scalps. I, Chief Thunder Cloud, have spoken!"

David Douglas, "Miora," Mitchell, Qld.

"Can't you read the sign, mate?"

Popular roles for the dog were those of Sir Winston Churchill, an irate father, a Nasser-hater, a thug, and Boris Karloff.

In this contest, Churchillian sayings took the place of the usual song titles as popular entries.

Make sandwiches quicker, easier with tasty KRAFT SPREADS

Can you imagine a delicious sandwich filling that takes only three seconds to prepare? Well picture this . . .
Dip a knife into a Kraft Spread glass. Now with one sweep, spread the sandwich or savoury biscuit. That's all there is to it. And Kraft Spreads give wonderful variety for all sorts of sandwiches and savouries.

Free: Each spread comes to you in a beautiful fluted tumbler at no extra cost—made from fine quality clear glass.

Have you tried all these delicious Kraft Spreads?

Choose from: **Cream Cheese Spread**—a smooth, creamy delicate flavour . . . **Smokey**—a distinctive cheese with a smoked "ham" flavour . . . **Gorgonzola**—rich, piquant flavour and nip . . . **Cheese Spread**—a fully matured "tasty" flavour . . . **Danish Blue Cheese Spread**—a blend of fine cheese with a rich, full flavour . . .

Sandwich Relish—a delicate blend of gherkins and spices in a creamy spread—a flavour with a difference.

Cheez Whiz—different from any cheese flavour you've ever tasted.

It's a "whiz" in the kitchen—you can spread creamy-thick Kraft Cheez Whiz on biscuits, toast, rolls—fix a snack in a jiffy.

P.S. "Cheez Whiz" has dozens of other uses. Here's 3: *spread* it on sandwiches, *heat* it for a quick cheese sauce, *spoon* it over hot vegetables or into mashed potatoes.

And Velveeta—the cheese food in a packet that spreads like butter

In fact, when you spread Velveeta *you don't need butter. Saves* money — *adds* extra nourishment to sandwiches. Velveeta puts back the milk sugar, some of the milk minerals and Vitamin B_2 lost in ordinary cheese making. That's why Velveeta means extra value—because of those extra food values.

THIS IS YOUR KRAFT SHOPPING GUIDE TO ECONOMICAL SANDWICH AND SAVOURY VARIETY

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CHEQUE PRESENTATION. Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere (left), president of the Elizabethan Ball Committee, presented a cheque for £3000 to Dr. H. C. Coombs, president of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust. With Mrs. Dekyvere are Mrs. Charles Moses and Mr. Hugh Hunt, executive director.

WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Seaman after their wedding at Holy Cross Church, Caston, Norfolk, England. The bride was Margaret Fischer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fischer, of Woollahra. The attendants are (from left) the bride's cousin Jane Morfoot, the groom's brother Richard Seaman, and the groom's twin sister, Mrs. C. Darby. Newlyweds will live in Suffolk.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

LOTS of Sydney people will be interested in the latest news of two popular Australian girls who are now living in Great Britain.

Mr. and Mrs. John Keeling (she was formerly Robin Stanton, of Bellevue Hill) spent a white Christmas with John's parents, Sir John and Lady Keeling, at their Sussex home.

Mrs. Stanton tells me that her daughter will fly out to visit her in Sydney next October.

The Alistair Hunter Thorburns (she was formerly Diana Scott-Waine) spent a quiet Christmas at their home in Peebles, Scotland, and in the true Scots fashion gave the New Year a rousing welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Viney stayed with Diana and Alistair over the holiday period, and also Eleanor Fell, of Warrawee, who is doing a post - graduate occupational therapy course in England.

• • •

NICHOLAS HARCOURT are the names that Patricia and Richard Sherwood have christened their young son. Pat and the baby are now visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed, at Vaucluse, and will return home to "Brooklyn," Tamworth in a few weeks' time.

• • •

NEWLYWEDS Judy and David Dickins will be very busy for the next few weeks settling into their new home at Vaucluse. Judy is the younger daughter of the R. J. Vicars, of Woollahra.

YOUNG THEATREGOERS. Jon Phipps and Francoise Renault were early arrivals at the Empire Theatre for the opening night of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe."

THEY'RE engaged . . . Sue Hill, elder daughter of Mrs. M. Hill, of Gordon, and the late Mr. D. R. Hill, to Graham Vaughan, of Warrawee. Graham is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Vaughan.

ATTRACTIVE Joan Acott was guest of honor at a dinner-party at Princes to celebrate her coming-of-age. Joan wore a primrose-yellow dress and a necklace which was the gift of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Acott, of Kent, England.

• • •

FASHION notes . . . Mary Stephen's short - skirted dress of garnet-red delustred satin has a deep scoop neckline back and front. Mary wears it with high-heeled satin pumps in exactly the same shade . . . Mary Tancred's graceful floor-length gown of white silk taffeta printed with palest pink roses has a flowing scarf of white chiffon falling from the square neckline . . . Kirstin Alexander wears a glowing red taffeta ballerina which is shirred in spiral tiers and cuffed in delustred satin.

• • •

AN heirloom diamond engagement ring is being worn by pretty Shirley Forsyth, of Edgecliff, who has announced her engagement to Dr. Bob Talbot. Shirley is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stan Forsyth.

Anne

ENGAGEMENT PARTY. Leonie Cramer and Don Grattan celebrated their engagement at a party given by Leonie's parents, the Minister for the Army, Mr. J. O. Cramer, and Mrs. Cramer at their Wollstonecraft home.

ATTRACTIVE HOSTESS Barbara Still (right) with Faye Elliott and John King, of Hawthorn, Victoria, at Barbara's coming-of-age party for 100 guests at Glen Ascham. Faye will celebrate her coming-of-age with a party this Monday, January 14.

KEEN RACEGOERS. Dr. and Mrs. John Excell at the Tattersall's Club meeting at Randwick on New Year's Day. The Excells are returning home to London soon.

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I SLIMMED BY HYPNOSIS

• Slimming is a case of mind over matter, says the author of this story, who tells how, by practising self-hypnosis, she has solved her problem of being overweight.

By PAT FRYER

ON August 28, 1955, I was 10 stone 5 pounds. I'm only 5 feet 2 inches in my nylons, so I looked really tubby. Now I'm 8 stone 6 pounds. I got slim by having hypnotic treatment, given me by a doctor-hypnotist.

Why hypnotic treatment? Because I'd tried everything else and failed. I'd tried to diet, and each time, after some hungry, bad-tempered days, I'd given up the attempt. I started taking tablets, but they had such peculiar side-effects I didn't finish the box.

The theories I'd read on why fat women are fat seemed reasonable enough. Because they're lonely, bored, frustrated, insecure, unloved, they over-eat to comfort themselves.

Dieting didn't work

Then one day I realised that in my time (at different times, of course) I'd been all those things, too, and at every stage I'd been plump, because I liked the taste of fattening foods. But I didn't like being fat.

The thing to do to get slim and stay slim was to lose, permanently, my taste for fattening foods. Who wants the bleak prospect of battling forever against a weakness for apple pie?

Hypnotic treatment was the answer. I saw Dr. X three times. Each time he put me into a light trance, and during it implanted certain ideas in my subconscious mind.

Eat only food that will make you slim and healthy, he said — lean meat, fish, fruit, vegetables. Cut down on butter and fats, eat only three slices of bread a day, cut out altogether potatoes, fried dishes, cakes, pastries, and sweets.

It worked. From OS my measurements went down to 36, 24, 34. Nothing to start the modelling agencies beating a path to my door, but after being overweight for so long it seemed wonderful to me. Still does. I even take a size smaller in shoes as well as in stockings.

When the hypnotic treatment was finished and I was on my own there was still one big question to be answered: Now that I'm reasonably slim, how do I stay that way?

Would Dr. X's suggestions last? Or would they lose force, so that I'd be tempted once more to eat too much of the wrong things and get fat again?

Some time after I'd stopped having treatment it became plain that most of Dr. X's suggestions had taken root deeply and had become auto-suggestions. That is, I absorbed his slimming ideas so thoroughly that they ceased to be his ideas and became mine.

At first I didn't eat fattening foods because he'd told me to avoid them. Now I don't eat them because my taste for them is gone. And, of course, with each week that passes the habit of not eating them gets stronger.

But gradually I realised that Dr. X's suggestions about bread, buns, and cake were weakening. He'd told me my limit was three slices of bread a day, but I could have eaten more. I had to make an effort to control the old urge.

Power of imagination

By practising self-hypnosis during pregnancy and childbirth I'd learned to control fear and pain—that is, emotion and sensation. I decided to use the same technique to reinforce Dr. X's suggestions and gain control over what remained of my appetite for fattening foods.

Most of the work in this method of staying slim is done by the subconscious mind, the powerful, underlying part of the mind we are not normally aware of. It controls the bodily functions, the emotions, the glands, and the muscles over which we have no voluntary control.

But it cannot reason, cannot argue. It accepts everything it is told. It can be contacted and influenced only when the upper, conscious mind is drowsing or made passive, as it is under hypnosis.

Controlling the subconscious, which in turn controls the appetite—or, if you like, thinking oneself slim—doesn't seem so fantastic when one remembers those who can "think" themselves awake at a certain hour.

There are others who try to "think" themselves awake and oversleep. Success depends on how the "thinking" is done. The failures try to push the thought into their subconscious minds. That is wrong. It should be eased in gently.

There is a part of the mind that doesn't like being ordered about, even for our own good, and that is the one that wins if you rouse it.

Emile Coue, the French-man who pioneered in the field of auto-suggestion, put it this way: When the will and the imagination are at war the imagination always gains the day.

That is something you can see with the help of a little gadget you can make yourself. It is properly called Chevreul's Pendulum and it shows that by thinking along certain lines, literally, it is possible to move an inanimate object along those lines.

Chevreul's Pendulum looks like a toy fishing-rod. The handle, about eight inches long, can be made from a pencil or a needle. The line, about the same length, can be made of thread.

The bob, which should be round and shining, about the weight of a shilling, is attached to the end of the thread.

On white paper draw a big circle and right through it draw two bold lines, AB and CD, crossing at right angles in the centre. Put the paper on a table and stand over it.

Making sure that your arm is quite free, hold the handle over the circle so that the pendant is about two inches over the centre of the circle and blots the centre out of your vision.

Use your willpower to keep the hand holding the handle absolutely still.

Now, while never losing sight of the shining bob, mentally follow the line from A to B, backwards and forwards, and keep on doing so.

First learn to relax

Without straining, imagine the bob moving along the line. Soon it will, slowly at first, then making faster and longer sweeps.

Stop thinking about AB. Let your mind range, instead, along the other line, CD. The bob changes course and then follows the imagination along CD.

Stop thinking about CD and this time let your mind go round and round the circle. Let nothing else into the imagination while doing this.

The bob will stop moving along CD, change course, and move in a circle. For some people it will simply whizz round.

You can elaborate by ranging the letters of the alphabet above a straight line, propped up in front of you. Stand with the pendulum a few inches away from the row of letters, and imagine the bob moving towards a particular letter.

The pendulum will respond, swing away from you towards the letter, and back again to you. You can get it to spell out words.

You will not be aware of the tiny spasmodic movements of the hand by which the pendulum defies your will. Indeed the movements of your hand or fingers may scarcely be perceptible to the onlooker.

To have a shining thing as a bob is not a "must," but it helps to induce a light stage of self-hypnosis and shows the best state of mind for making effective suggestions to oneself.

It is no use being half-hearted or half-determined about staying slim by self-hypnosis. I had to achieve the state of mind in which I could say to myself and mean it, "You want to stay slim, so be prepared to give up everything that's fattening."

It helps greatly if the emotions are tied up with the desire for a figure that's worth whistling after.

The woman married to a keen admirer of a trim figure, who wants him to stay home nights; the girl who wants to stay slim because she's convinced nobody loves a fat girl; the career woman whose slender figure is a necessary asset — all these have much more chance of staying slim by self-hypnosis than the woman who thinks, tepidly, that it's rather nice to have a good figure, but not terribly important.

For successful self-hypnosis one should be comfortable and quiet. The best times are just before falling asleep at night and first thing (or should I say first "think"?) in the morning, in those moments between sleep and waking.

I get thoroughly comfortable in bed and relax completely. Go limp all through, breathe deeply and evenly.

Lying on my side, I gaze steadily at something bright or shining. A nightlight on the bedside table would be ideal. I use the ring on my finger, or simply — the method I used in preparation for childbirth — I gaze steadfastly at my hand.

Whatever I look at is in such a position that I have to direct my gaze slightly upwards. That helps to tire the eyes. At the same time I count five slowly.

Then I tell myself that I feel very sleepy and my eyelids feel heavy. So they do, for, by that time — being a quite practised performer by now — I'm in a light trance.

No, there's nothing frightening about it! A self-induced trance is a serene, relaxed, dreamy state in which one ceases to worry about the daily round, the common task.

Now is my chance, when the conscious mind is rendered passive, to get slimming ideas through to the subconscious without opposition.

I say to myself, "Your appetite will be curbed in every way." I repeat this sentence several times. Repetition is important. It plants the ideas deep in the subconscious and also helps to shut out aimless reverie.

"You will eat only three slices of bread a day," I go on. "Buns and cakes will be repulsive to you," so I keep telling myself.

The nightly trance merges into natural sleep. While I'm asleep the subconscious, which never sleeps, keeps working on the suggestions I have made to it.

Next morning, while still in the drowsy state, I go through the procedure again and repeat the same slimming suggestions to myself.

Afterwards I wake up gradually, telling myself that

Awake fit and alert

by the time I've counted five I'll be wide awake, feeling fit, and alert. To snap quickly into full consciousness is apt to bring a headache.

I'm not a particularly good hypnotic subject and I am not, I think, naturally gifted at inducing self-hypnosis, but at the latter one improves with practice.

The sessions with the hypnotist lost me a stone and a half. My five-minute sessions of self-hypnosis night and morning have lost me a few more pounds.

Do I regret the pleasures of the table that I once enjoyed? I can honestly say "No."

I'm reconciled to the fact that I'll always have to stick to a "maintenance diet," and it doesn't worry me. But I never mention the word "diet." That way at a party I can nibble a dry biscuit and nurse a solitary drink without being made to feel I'm anti-social and an old meanie.

My willpower about eating has always been weak. Also, willpower entails effort, effort creates tension, and tension has no place in hypnosis, which demands relaxation.

I have proved for myself that a thought held exclusively in the subconscious mind during self-hypnosis will produce a visible reality.

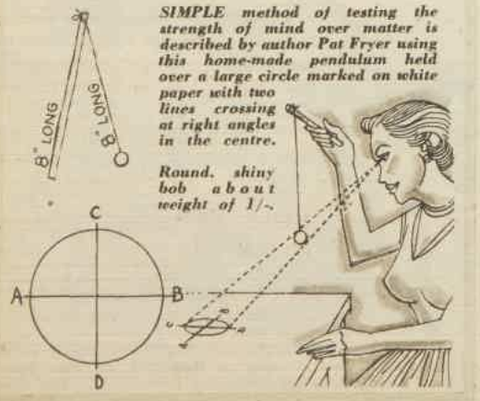
How the subconscious mind controls my appetite is as much of a mystery as how it controls the Pendulum. All I know is that it really works and that the imagination, not the will, is its master.

TRY THIS TEST

HOLDING pendulum still, with bob obscuring centre of circle, follow the line AB or CD with your eyes only. Soon pendulum should begin to follow the same line as your eyes, although you haven't moved your hand.

SIMPLE method of testing the strength of mind over matter is described by author Pat Fryer using this home-made pendulum held over a large circle marked on white paper with two lines crossing at right angles in the centre.

Round, shiny bob about weight of 1/-.



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For Teenagers

Here's your answer

By *LOUISE HUNTER*

Career problems are facing many teenagers now. It is indeed rare to find girls or boys of 15 who know exactly what they want to do with their business lives.

IF you are undecided, try to choose a job that may be a help later in any case. For instance, shorthand and typing can help you in almost any profession, as well as being by itself a means of earning a good living.

First out of the mailbag this week was a letter from a girl who is wondering about modelling as a career. Here is her letter:

"PLEASE give me a candid answer. I am leaving school next year and I have not yet decided what to do. I will be 15½ when I leave. Do you think it would be worth while taking up a modelling course after I leave school as I am very keen about modelling and love clothes? My figure measurements are 36-24-36, and I am 5ft. 8in. in height. I have a round face, blue eyes, and blond hair. My hair is straight but has a little wave in it. Do you think I would be all right as a model?"

"Job Hunter," Perth.

Many things go to make a good model and you appear to have the necessary specifications. But, of course, the prime requisites are to be photogenic and be able to wear clothes; good looks and the right measurements do not always mean that you have these two important things. I always feel that modelling is what I describe as "hobby" work—unless you are exceptional you can't depend on it for a regular income. Ideally, I think, you should have a regular job and do whatever modelling jobs present themselves in your spare time.

If you can afford to do so, though, I would certainly take a modelling course. Even if you never work professionally as a model, the deportment lessons and the clothes and make-up know-how taught are a great help to a young girl leaving school. About your hair—there is a vogue at present in high fashion circles for hair like yours. Don't wave it whatever you do.

"ALL my girl-friends have boy-friends their own age, yet these boys to me seem silly and juvenile. They don't like me and I don't like them. Yet older boys seem to like me very much (I am considered very pretty) and I enjoy their company. Is it very unnatural for a girl to dislike boys her own age, yet like older boys? How can I make the acquaintance of more older boys?"

"Mature," N.S.W.

Increase your circle of friends by taking up new interests, and you should, according to the law of averages, meet a percentage of older men. There is nothing unnatural about liking older men—most girls like all men: some men more than others. You obviously like the older age group best.

"A WHILE ago I met a boy who seemed to like me, but I was rather cool towards him. I now realise how fond I am of him, and whenever I see him on a bus I feel thrilled, but although he always looks at me and I am fairly certain he likes me, he is too uncertain of my feelings towards him to speak to me. What can I do?"

"Starry-eyed," N.S.W.

You must be the one to speak. It is not uncertainty about your feelings that makes him avoid greeting you; it is simply good manners. No well-brought-up boy (and his actions prove him to be this) will ever address a girl first. He knows that etiquette protects a lady from unwanted attentions by commanding that she speak first to the males of her acquaintance, if she wants them to talk to her. What you must do is to smile and say "Hello" to him if you want his friendship.

"MY parents think I am too young at 14½ to have a boy, go to country dances, or to wear lipstick. Above all, they will not let me be hugged or kissed by any of my friends of the opposite sex, which I think I should be allowed to do. It is only good, thrilling fun. I want to know what you think. If you say 'No,' I would like you to tell me what is the right age to start doing these things?"

"Troubled," S.A.

Let us start with the lipstick. As a schoolgirl, which I take it you are at 14½, I don't believe you should wear lipstick regularly, but I think a little pale pink lipstick for social occasions becomes a young girl. But if your parents say "No," that's that. Country dances at 14½ would be all right occasionally, depending on the custom of the place you live in, but I think it is more exciting to wait until you have learned to dance well and are able to "come out" in a pretty dress.

Kissing and hugging between those of the opposite sex is fun. I couldn't agree with you more. But it depends on what kind of kissing and hugging you indulge in and what your age is. Some kissing can awaken emotions that are not seemly at 14½, and I agree absolutely with your parents about this. I'd set the kissing and hugging age at not before 16.

A word from Debbie . . .

● You remember a few years back when you used to embroider slogans on your sail-cloth hat? Well that fad has gone to the feet. Embroider your flatties if they're made of material, or paint them with nail polish if they're leather. In America "way far out" is a jazz phrase that is currently being sported on the toe-cap. It means anything extraordinarily good. Others are "Rock-'n-Roll," "Hep Cat," "Ask Dad," and of course your telephone number.

● That man's been talking again. He says there's only one girl in a hundred (he's modest, don't you think) who can accept a compliment gracefully. Instead of a pretty thankyou, according to him, she simpers, bridles, and says something like "you look wonderful, too, in that suit." This sort of matched answer dries his complimenting up, he says.

● Another thing he points out rather plaintively is that when a man says "Has anyone ever told you you have beautiful eyes?" he doesn't want a literal answer. He wants a "Thankyou" and the full benefit of your orbs on him.

DISC DIGEST

JOHN RAITT is a name to watch in the recording world. If you've heard the original Broadway cast recordings of "Carousel" and "The Pajama Game" you will have already been impressed with his robust baritone voice and fine personality. I don't want to offend you Gordon MacRae fans, but I do think he's a far better singer—and that's saying plenty. John's newest LP, "Mediterranean Magic" (T.714), is going to win him many new admirers, and if his picture on the cover is a true likeness he'll become a pin-up.

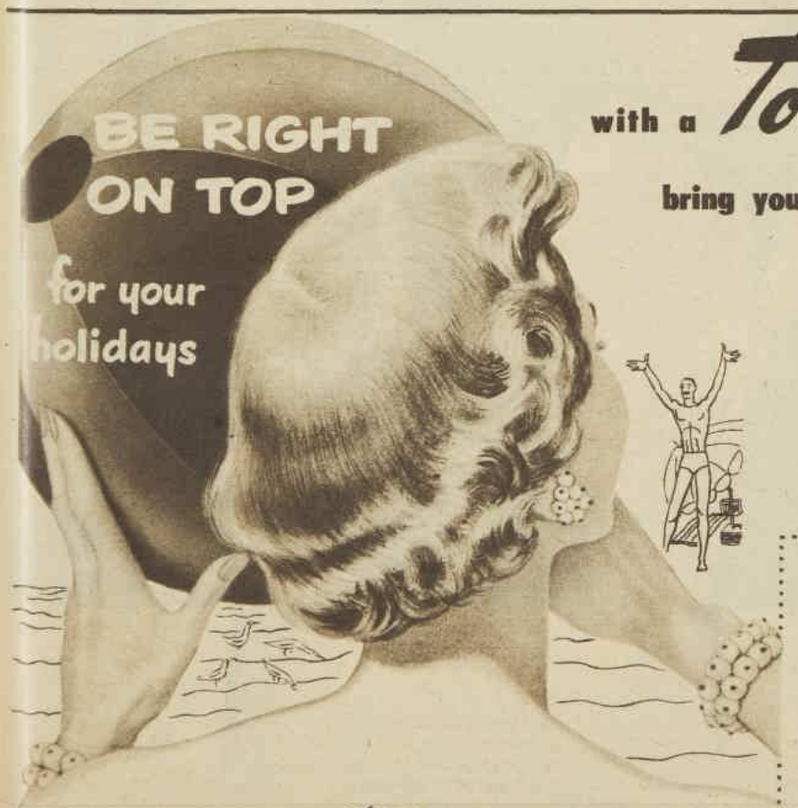
Raitt sings twelve Italian and Spanish styled numbers on this platter, including such favorites as "Come Back To Sorrento," "Lady Of Spain," "O Sole Mio," and "Serenade In The Night." Better make room up there on the top rung of the ladder, Howard Keel and Gordon MacRae!

HERE'S a short quiz for ballet collectors: Have you heard the "Namouna" ballet suite, and, if so, who wrote it? I'll come clean myself and say it was unknown to me until I heard it on LXTA.5114. It was written by Lalo, who is known principally by his "Symphonie Espagnole" for violin and orchestra, one of the standards of the concert hall.

THE first performance of exotic "Namouna" took place in 1882. The public thought it barbarous, the dancers thought it was too "symphonic" to dance to, and the musicians found it too hard to play. It was withdrawn after 15 performances, and some years later Lalo prepared the two orchestral suites which are on this brilliant hi-fi record. You'll be reminded strongly of "Scheherazade" in parts, but generally speaking the score throughout is permeated with French grace and charm. The story is set in the Greek islands in the 17th century, and it abounds with dashing noblemen, veiled slave-girls, and roistering pirates.

LISTEN to the first band on Side Two, which introduces two genuine Moroccan tunes, and, further on, the section in which twelve dancers clash twelve pairs of tiny cymbals. "Namouna" is played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Jean Martinon.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



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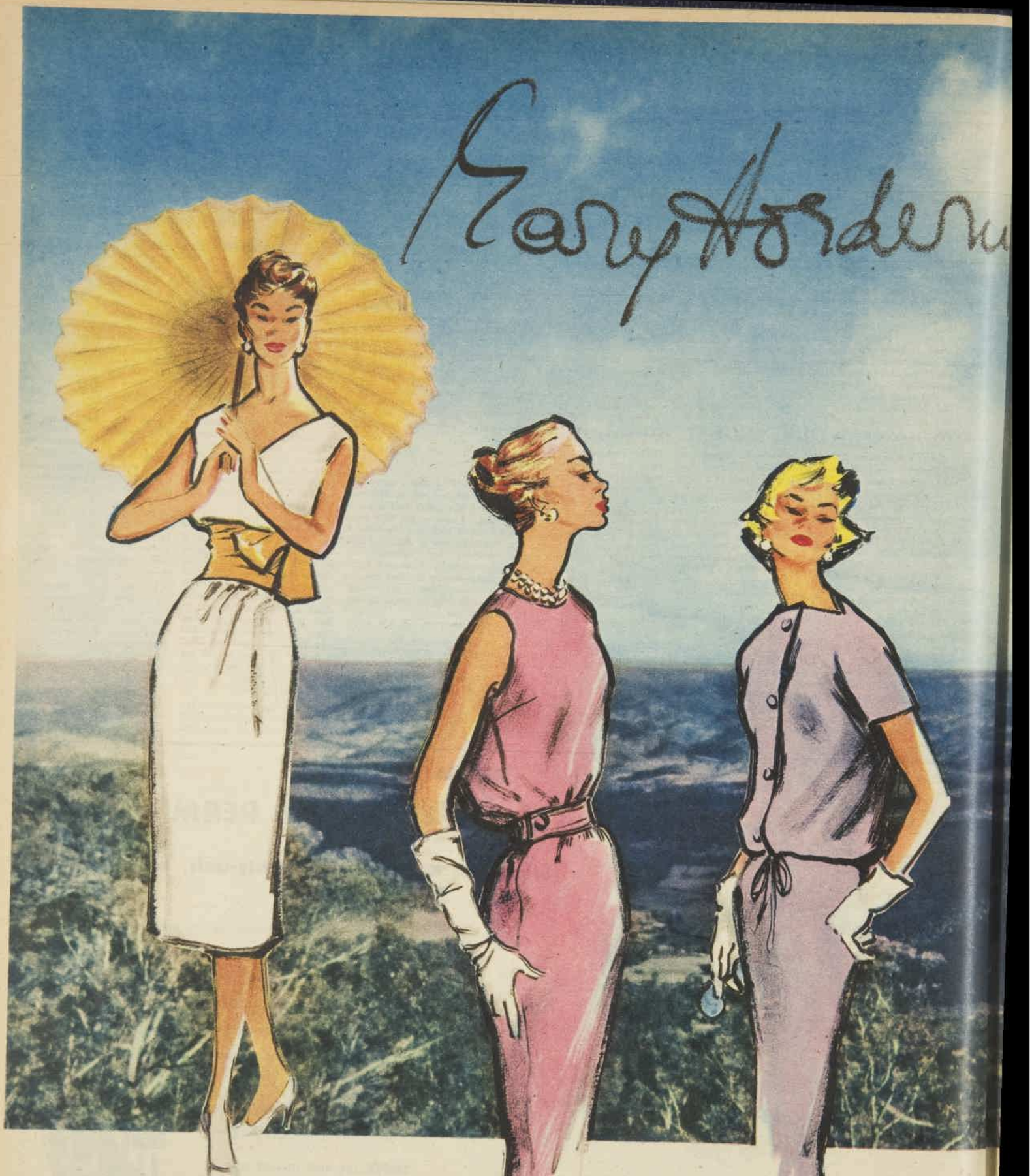

● Lanvin blouses the bodice top of a sleeveless slender-line one-piece made in white shantung and adds a yellow obi sash and matching sunshade.

● Hubert de Givenchy chooses pink linen for a slender sleeveless one-piece frock. The bloused bodice top is finished with a round collarless neckline.

● Jacques Griffe shows the new look of blousing placed low on the hips in a superbly tailored one-piece frock. The material is a lilac paper-thin shantung.

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Paris Notes

● Madame Fath designs a one-piece frock in pale blue shantung with bodice fullness below a yoke finished with a collar. The skirt is gored and panelled.

● Christian Dior chooses yellow chiffon for a late day frock made with soft flowing lines. The bodice has a cape-like collar; the skirtline is pleated.

● Christian Dior's delicious lilac-pink silk organza afternoon frock, prettily belted with a cummerbund of wide crisp ribbon in a darker shade of pink.

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● A Chinese-inspired coat in flower-printed cotton is a pretty and practical maternity fashion.

THE fashion item above answers the reader's letter below.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"WOULD you please design me a maternity coat suitable to wear during the next few months? I am having my first infant, and though I don't mind wearing a smock in the house, I feel they don't look nice for street wear."

The coat I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. The design, with its small standing collar and unbelted tunic line, is attractive and new, and at the same time concealing. For the material I suggest a flower-printed cotton. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I WOULD like you to give me a suggestion for a plain but fashionable frock to wear in autumn. My material is a fine, dark grey worsted flannel."

My suggestion is a slender-line coat-dress, front-buttoned with a blouse back. Blouse it above a narrow belt that stops just in front of the side seams.

"AS I live in the country and buy most of my clothes through a mail order, I would like you to suggest the style of frock I should wear to a party taking place between 6 and 10 p.m."

Either a pretty afternoon dress or a ballerina, depending on the formality of the occasion, is the correct fashion for a party taking place between the hours of 6 and 10 p.m. If you feel the party will be rather informal, you will, of course, choose the afternoon dress. If it is formal, the ballerina dress will be correct. In either case gloves are optional.

"I WONDER if you could help me in relation to my bridesmaids' dresses. The wedding is in the middle of next month and we don't seem to be able to settle on style, material, or color. Could you tell me something of the latest in this field?"

Delicate rosebud-pink, bluebell, and buttercup-yellow are the newest colors for summer bridesmaid wear. Diaphanous fabrics such as embroidered and plain organdie and eyelet batiste have a new look in these pastel shades. A dress featuring a two-tone effect is also new. A pretty idea would be to have dresses in pale pink organdie worn with a rose-pleated cummerbund and matching back panels of narrow pleats.

"WOULD you please suggest an idea to use 4½ yards of black satin and 1¼ yards of brocaded silk? I am fairly slim, have a 34½in. bust, and look best wearing tailored designs."

I suggest you utilise the black satin for a slender-line late-day suit, and the brocade for a vest.

"I AM writing to ask you for an unusual style suitable for a black faille skirt. The skirt is for evening wear, but it is only to be street length."

Fullness worked to sides and back from a front panel would be a smart and new idea for a street-length evening skirt. Have the front panel wide and flat, and the back fullness in the form of narrow knife pleating.

DS224.—Maternity coat in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6 yards 36-inch material and 4 yards cord. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

MAKE-UP FOR A MOUSE

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When your natural coloring is what is known as "mousy", quite the best thing to do about it is to concentrate on improving the appearance of the eyes and the hair.

MOST times a girl who has a fairish skin, blue eyes, and hair that is light brown of no special depth can boost her appearance no end with cleverly applied color.

So use plenty of eye make-up on the brows and the eyelashes as well as enough eye-shadow to really color the eyelids, not just to mist them.

Secondly, keep the hair really well-styled, and try a colored rinse to give it interest. Experiment a bit with a touch of red after one shampoo, and a dark brown rinse the next time, and see which shade suits you best.

Actually, what is usually referred to unkindly as "mousy" coloring can look quite charming out of doors. It's indoors and under lights that it seems to fade out.

In any case, always use a light make-up by day, and however fine and pretty the texture of the skin itself, give it the help of a tinted foundation at night.

Lipsticks should always have a blue-pink tone, never an orange one.

A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

Here's why: *Sparkling Andrews* refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

Effervescent Andrews is antacid; soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

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Candy Hardy FROCK SERVICE

● **Here is the newest edition of the front-buttoned sheath-dress made in check gingham and destined to be your most lived-in fashion for the hot weather still ahead. The dress is obtainable ready made or cut out ready to sew. It is exclusively ours and moderately priced.**

INFORMAL daytime dress — we called it Dianne — is cut with a dash and has the casual approach to modern living without sacrificing an inch of fashion.

The design is front-buttoned from neck to hemline, thus reducing laundering time to a minimum.

The material is British woven check gingham, washes like a dream, and is completely color fast.

The color range is superb — it includes red and white (illustrated); blue and white; mauve and white; black and white; and pink and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 67/9, 36 and 38in. bust 69/11. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 36/9, 36 and 38in. bust 38/3. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

HOW TO ORDER DIANNE

● **Dianne is available for only six weeks. Orders should be addressed to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address. Please mention Dianne, state clearly style required, and make a second color choice.**

Arnott's famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits are prominent at children's parties and dances, on the tables and also in the Fancy Dress parades.

Arnotts will send you labels and particulars to make up your own Fancy Costumes. You can show your ability in design and arrangement by the way you display them.

They have a long honour's roll of 1st prizes.

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Continuing . . . .

The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted

from page 9

up in Maine put on a boxing show. I was only fifteen and I went up with some other kid from a club the cops had formed to keep us off the streets. We stayed at a place right on the ocean."

He grinned. "After that trip I always dreamed of a home on the beach, but with one thing and another I never had the chance. After Nancy's mother died, Nancy and I travelled around—running, I guess you could say—and we hit this coast, and that was it. Friend of mine heard about this house and I bought it." He smiled at Nancy. "Frankly, we're crazy about it."

"Me, too," Rich said. He remembered his mission. "You don't want to sell it, do you?"

"No."

"Well, that's settled," Rich said . . . "Shall we tackle the clams, Nancy?"

They went into the kitchen, Nancy boiled water and Rich scalded the clams and took them out of their shells. He showed her how to prepare them, doing a dozen as she watched, and before long she had the knack and they finished in half an hour.

"I'll take my half home," Rich said, "change into trunks and be right back. We're going for a swim—remember?"

He dashed home, changed into his trunks and went down on the beach. He met Nancy by the two logs, they ran into the surf and were hammered around by the waves for a while, and then they came up on the beach and sprawled out on the sand and talked.

Rich found out that she had gone to school in New York, had once met General Eisenhower, liked the Yankees, Roquefort dressing, and Hemingway. He also learned that she hadn't met any men since she moved to the beach. Somewhat cheered by the latter bit of knowledge, but also somewhat apprehensive because of the course events seemed to be taking, he said, "Well, Nancy, let's change clothes and drop into the club before dinner."

Nancy Ferrino thought that would be just fine. Rich left her, went home and showered, shaved, and climbed into suitable raiment. He got into his car and drove to Nancy's. She opened the door and Rich's blood pressure went up thirty points.

In a swimming-suit she was sensational. Now she was wearing a gay cotton dress and she had done something to her hair, and she was freshly lipsticked and looked like a fugitive from a charm school.

Rich handed her into his car as if she were made of glass and drove over to the country club. The craning of necks when he walked in with her took an alarming turn. They went out on to the verandah and Rich ordered lemonade, and they sat and sipped them while Nancy watched the golfers and Rich watched Nancy.

Finally she said: "Rich, a blonde in the corner is looking at you as if she'd like to cut your throat. She's looking at me as if I had already cut hers."

Rich turned around and said, "Awk!" Jennifer Blake and Dorothy Torrey were at a corner table. "Excuse me for a moment, Nancy," he said. He advanced on Dorothy and Jennifer's table.

Jennifer looked down her nose. "Well," Rich said, "this is a surprise." He managed a short, humorless laugh.

"I'll bet," Jennifer said.

"I'm working on that little matter of the house," Rich said.

"H'm-m-m," Dorothy inclined her head toward Nancy. "That's work?"

"Certainly it's work," Rich said.

"You're certainly throwing yourself into it," Jennifer said.

"She's Nancy Ferrino. I met her on the beach, fortunately, have already met her father, and I'll be able to make an offer on the house without having them think I'm down here just for that purpose. Strictly business."

Jennifer thawed somewhat. "Well, what about dinner tonight then?"

"Well—uh—I think I'd better follow through on this thing. I thought I'd take her to dinner, and work around to the house gradually."

"Her father owns the house," Dorothy said. "Why don't you take him to dinner and a movie?"

"Well, I may just do that little thing. I guess I'd better get back to the salt mines. See you both later." He went back to his own table and sat down, visibly shaken.

Nancy's eyes twinkled again. "Trouble, Rich?"

"Trouble? Oh, no, no trouble at all. That's Jennifer Blake, my boss' daughter, and a friend of hers."

"The boss' daughter, eh?" Nancy said. "If I were you, I'd stop picking up strange girls. Your job could get shaky if you made it a habit, seems to me."

How right you are, Rich thought. Then he looked at Nancy. Somehow his job seemed less important than it had seemed yesterday. The shadow of Kingsley Blake was still over his shoulder, but somehow less ominous.

The golfers were nearly all in, the air was getting chilly, so they left and went over to the Copper Room for dinner. Rich created a mild sensation when he walked in with Nancy, since most of the beach crowd was there.

Joe Haroldson and Pete Frey, two members of the group which Rich was thinking of as "the unholy ten," came over to Rich's table and greeted him with a cordiality hardly consistent with past performance. Rich introduced them to Nancy, and observed with glee their shocked expressions and hasty retreat.

After dinner they went to the drive-in theatre, and when he took her home and pulled into her driveway, she turned to him. "It's been fun, Rich, and thanks so much."

A few stars glinted in the sky, but otherwise it was very dark. "I'm glad you let me pick you up," he said. He lighted a cigarette, stalling. He wanted to kiss her good-night so much that his bones ached.

Finally Nancy giggled. "Oh, Rich," she said, "if you want to kiss me good-night it's all right."

"It is?" He gave a slight leap.

"Uh-huh."

He knew he shouldn't. He knew he was asking for trouble. So he put his arms around her and kissed her thoroughly and said to himself, "There you go, Kennedy. What about Jennifer now?"

Nancy took a deep breath when he released her. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she said.

Rich was having trouble with his breathing. He finally took a deep breath and said, "Yeah."

She touched his cheek with her hand. "You're nice, Rich. 'Night." She opened the door and got out of the car.

Rich tried to remember Jennifer and Jennifer's father, and the firm of Blake, Marshall, and Newberry. But he said, "Tomorrow? Same time, same place?"

"Uh-huh," she said, and was gone.

He drove home, his brow as wrinkled as a dried prune, and came to the sudden, stunning realisation that he could easily fall in love with Nancy, and still be in the position of trying to buy her father out of his beach property because the Ferrinos were considered undesirable. He noticed two cars in the driveway and went into the house, still vastly confused.

In the front room were his mother, his sister, Sheila, her husband, George Davidson, and Jennifer Blake. "Well, this is a surprise," he said.

Rich's mother was a slender woman with violet-colored eyes and hair as white as a newly painted house. She had a deep, bronchial voice, and a great many people were frightened of her. "We took a long weekend to see how you were coming along with Mr. Ferrino, the unwanted," she said.

"I'm—uh—working on it."

His brother-in-law was making furtive motions toward his own mouth with a handkerchief.

"Never mind the histrionics," Sheila said. "Just tell him."

"The lipstick, dear," Mrs. Kennedy said. "Wipe it off."

Rich hastily took out his handkerchief and scrubbed his mouth. He turned the color of the lipstick. "Now don't jump to conclusions," he said.

"Well, if you tell me you're wearing it these days, I'll scream," his mother said.

"I'm — I'm — well—sort of softening up the opposition, you might say."

"You might say it," Jennifer said. "I wouldn't."

"Now, Jennifer——" Rich began.

Jennifer stood up. "Well, it's nice to find your work so pleasant, Rich. When I talk to Dad I'll tell him that you're just throwing yourself into your work—literally." She walked out and slammed the door.

Rich wiped his brow and lighted a cigarette with shaking hands.

"I take it that you're cavorting with this gal merely to further your mission," George said, "but you're going to have a hard time proving it."

Rich's mother snorted. "Ha! He's lying in his teeth. The girl is sensational, and he's as nervous as a thief in a police station for fear someone else will find it out."

Rich stared at his mother. "How do you know she's sensational?"

"I called on them the first weekend they moved in. It's customary. And besides, I was curious. Your father and I were in the eighth row, ringside, when Tony Ferrino knocked out Babe Corbett for the middle-weight championship. She's a beauty, isn't she?"

"That," Rich said fervently, "is a masterpiece of understatement."

Mrs. Kennedy seemed pleased. "This is some little plot." She rubbed her hands together. "Now you're making love to the opposition, Jennfer's nose is out of joint, and about tomorrow afternoon Kingsley Blake will call and want to know what progress you've made, and he won't mean progress with Nancy." She smiled at Rich. "And what I want to know is what you're going to tell him."

"I wish I knew," Rich said. "I'm going to bed. 'Night."

He went upstairs, climbed into his pyjamas and into bed. He put his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling, trying to come to some decision, but all he could see in his mind was Nancy in her yellow-and-black bathing suit, Nancy helping him dig clams, the look on Nancy's face when she was amused, the touch of her lips. He tossed and turned and finally fell asleep.

He came awake early with a feeling of anticipation, of something good that was going to happen to him, and then he remembered that at eleven he would meet Nancy down on the beach.

He could have the entire day and the evening with her, and if Kingsley Blake called, he'd just tell the old goat that Ferrino wouldn't sell, and that would be that. At least he hoped so.

He got into his clothes and went downstairs, fixed his own breakfast, and then went over to the country club and played nine holes of golf. At ten-thirty he went home to change into his trunks. His mother was on the sun porch, drinking coffee and looking up her horoscope in the morning paper.

"It says here," she said, "that I should make no decisions regarding financial matters today. They are assuming, of course, that I have financial matters." She looked at the paper again. "As for you, it says that the time is favorable for making decisions regarding your future."

"Great," Rich said.

"You keep this monkey business up and you won't have a future. At least not with Blake, Marshall, and Newberry."

"Don't remind me," Rich said. "I'll just tell old Blake that Ferrino won't sell. So what can he do? I can't sandbag Ferrino."

"I imagine that's what Kingsley Blake wants." Mrs. Kennedy tossed the paper on a table. "I also imagine he'd take a rather dim view of your distaff approach to the problem. Of course, he hasn't seen the girl or he wouldn't have sent you down here. He might know you'd fall in love with her."

"I'm not in love with her," Rich said. "Why, I hardly know her."

"That's no excuse. I hardly knew your father when I decided to marry him."

"When you decided?"

"Certainly. By the time a man's feeble brain has worked around to proposing, a woman has her silver picked out, her house furnished and her first two children named."

"Why, that's ridiculous!" Rich said.

"I know it is, but that's the way it works."

The phone rang. Rich went into the front room and said hello.

"Richland? This is Blake. I drove down to the beach this morning. What progress have you made?"

"Well, I'm working on it."

"Working on it! It's a simple matter. Have you seen Ferrino?"

"Yes, sir. He isn't interested in selling, I don't think."

"You aren't supposed to think!" Mr. Blake bellowed. "Did you offer him twenty-five thousand?"

"Well, not yet. I didn't think the time was ripe."

"Get on the ball, Richland. You are supposed to be working for me, not fooling around with Ferrino's daughter. Mason Torrey called me this morning. He has the impression that your heart isn't in your work."

"How would that dough—" Rich began, and stopped. "I'll get right on it."

Their conversation was terminated. Rich glared at the telephone and then went upstairs and changed into his trunks and put on a sweater.

He saw her coming across the dunes as he reached the two logs where they had met the day before. She was again wearing the black-and-yellow bathing suit, and she was as lovely as a spring evening.

"I'm looking for a girl to pick up," Rich said. "See any around?"

"No, but I'll help you look."

They walked hand in hand into the surf, and then came out and stretched out on the sand and looked at the few clouds chasing each other in the sky, and spoke the nonsense that boys and girls speak to each other.

After a couple of hours, Rich looked over at her and said lazily, "Nancy."

"Yes?" She turned her head and tugged lightly at his hair with her fingers.

"I think I'm in love with you."

"Don't you know?"

"Yes, but I'm not supposed to be sure, I don't think." He traced the line of her chin with his finger. "And what about you?"

"Why, I'm a brazen hussy. I've been nuts about you ever since I saw you two weeks ago walking the beach with that frozen-faced blonde. I went right downtown and almost fractured the bank roll for this suit. The salesgirl said it would be irresistible."

Rich stared at her, open-mouthed.

Nancy laughed at him. "Close your mouth," she said. "You look idiotic."

"Nancy, believe me," he said, "I am."

"You can kiss me once, lightly," she said, "and then we have to go."

Rich kissed her and then they walked up over the dunes, holding hands. "Want lunch?" he said.

She nodded.

"I'll change and pick you up in half an hour. O.K.?"

She left him and he walked home, floating lightly over the ground, his head in the clouds. He opened the front door and was jarred back to reality.

Kingsley Blake sat in the front room. "Ha, Richland, there you are."

Rich admitted that there he was. "And I have not offered Ferrino twenty-five thousand dollars to get off the beach."

"And why not?"

"Because the thing smells." Rich said. "Because Ferrino is one of the nicest guys I ever met. Because his daughter—"

"That's what I thought!" Kingsley Blake yelped. "His daughter! I send you down here to do a simple little job and you spend your time chasing some girl. Well, let me tell you, Richland, that I'll handle this thing myself, and I'll handle it today."

"You're wasting your time. He won't sell."

"Oh, he won't, eh?" Blake said. "I will point out to him in a subtle way that the country club and surf club lists are full, that the garbage people aren't taking on any new accounts, and that life here will be rather unpleasant without the approval of influential people."

"You try that sort of thing," Rich said, "and you'll be run off the beach yourself."

"By whom?"

"Me," Rich said.

The man looked at Rich as if he had two heads. "You! Ha! If you repeat this conversation, I'll say you're lying in your teeth."

"And how about me?" They both turned. Rich's mother was standing in the doorway to the sun porch.

Mr. Blake turned the color of a ripe tomato. "See here, Melinda ——," he said.

"Mr. Blake," Rich said, with relish, "C. Mason Torrey is a doughhead, you're a doughhead and ——"

"Richland!" Mr. Blake roared. "You're ——"

"I know — fired," Rich said. "You'll have to excuse me now. I have a date for lunch. Why don't you go somewhere else and gnash your teeth?"

Mr. Blake turned abruptly and left the room. They heard the door slam. "Great door slammers, the Blakes," Mrs. Kennedy said happily. "You'd better hurry. You'll be late for lunch. Don't forget to ask her the names of your first two children."

Nancy was on the patio, stretched out in a beach chair. Rich sat down beside her. "Since I left you, I was fired. Will you marry me?"

"Certainly, Rich. I knew you were going to be fired. I could see it coming on when the boss' daughter was throwing those knives at me yesterday."

"I'll have to get another job and save some money."

"How much?"

"Oh, say a thousand dollars."

"And how much do you have now?"

"Around ninety-six."

"That's close enough," she said. "You've heard of Donato and McGowan?"

"The law firm? Sure. Who hasn't?"

"Peter Donato is a good friend of Dad's. He arranged for us to buy this house. Dad called him last night and invited him down. He'll be here tomorrow. Dad also mentioned that he knew of a bright young attorney who was going to be out of work before long. Mr. Donato wants to talk to you. I think it's in the bag."

Rich peered at her. He remembered his mother's words. "You knew all along that I was going to ask you to marry me?"

"Uh-huh."

Rich looked at her thoughtfully. "And what are our first two children going to be named?"

"Richland and Susan," she said.

He nodded. "Well, Mother said you'd know." He looked over at Nancy and shook his head slowly back and forth. "But who'd have believed it!"

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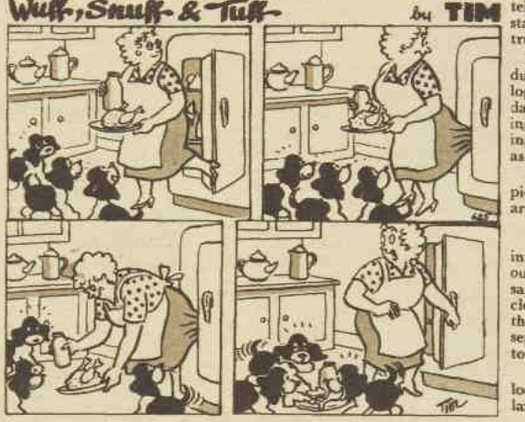
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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Worth Reporting

AFTER 36 successful years of crime — on paper, films, and stage—England's grande dame of genteel slaughter is harder to discover than her own murderers.

Agatha Christie, author of our serial "Dead Man's Folly," gives not one clue to her own whereabouts—that is, for interviewing purposes—and a whole army of agents, theatre managers, and publishers have been called up to ensure her privacy from the vulgar world of personal publicity.

For the past 10 years she has refused to see a single journalist, has turned down all offers of television appearances, lecture tours, and after-dinner speeches.

She will not discuss herself even on the telephone.

Miss Christie's flat in London, her cottage near the Thames, and her country house outside Dittisham, in Devon, are not listed in any telephone book.

When her plays are being rehearsed in London she goes to the theatre nearly every day, but sits well back in the stalls where the stage working lights do not reach.

She stores suggestions and directions for actors and directors, and delivers them with quiet authority at the end of the rehearsal.

Impresario Peter Saunders, who has been putting on her plays for the past five years, said: "I think of her in three symbolic sentences. As quiet and as English as Lord's Cricket Ground. As imperturbable as a lighthouse. As indestructible as England itself."

Agatha Christie takes from six weeks to three months to write a "whodunit," and she still produces two each year.

She ensconces herself on a Chippendale chair and, using only three fingers of each hand, she bashes out her mystery stories on a portable typewriter with as much sang-froid as most housewives dice a potato.

In private life Agatha Christie is the wife of Professor Max Mallowan, head of the British School of Archaeology in Irak.

She tries to spend several months a year with her husband in the field, helping to catalogue, tabulate, and photograph finds.

At least four of her books have an archaeological setting.

Archaeology, says Miss Christie, is her main interest. In addition she adores cooking (savories for preference), refurnishing and decorating the houses she has acquired over the years, and generally being as domestic as her busy life permits.

She is fond of quoting another archaeological wife who once said, "An archaeologist is the best husband any woman can have: the older she gets the more interested he is in her."

He worries for money

AN energetic young Englishman has arrived in Brisbane to start work as a "professional worrier."

He is 28-year-old Alan Brook, who has spent the past 12 years doing unusual things.

This includes a year in the Arab Legion, several years as an artist, peddling brushwork and pen-and-wash drawings all over the Continent, more years as a freelance journalist in India and Malaya, and the others writing short stories in South Africa and Australia.

Yet Mr. Brook is, as the Irish would say, a modest extrovert.

For him this new career of looking after other people's worries offers a new challenge.

In addition to the normal duties of a caterer, he will relieve hostesses and brides' mothers of all those extra little worries.

In his wedding service he will, we understand, arrange hire cars, make travel arrangements, and, from personal knowledge, help select ideal honeymoon spots.

Want to borrow a reliable camera for the honeymoon? What food would you like in the refrigerator when you arrive at the honeymoon flat, and what flowers on the table? Mr. Brook claims he can arrange the lot.

To cap it all, for tourists going overseas he will teach one of several languages or arrange lessons.

Mr. Brook regrets that he has not yet reached the standard set by the Japanese department store, Mitsukochi, which also supplies the groom.

Ships go cold on "iron cow"

PROGRESS has overtaken faithful sea-going milk supplier the "iron cow."

This is an ingenious machine that has mixed a formula of milk-powder, butter, and water into natural milk for ocean voyagers on Orient liners for the past 50 years.

In the leisurely days of the sailing ships, long before the "iron cow," passengers had fresh milk from live cows carried on the months-long voyage.

Today, increased refrigeration facilities have replaced the "iron cow."

Milk is carried in 10-gallon drums, pasteurised and homogenised—this means that the cream content is broken up into minute particles and evenly distributed through the milk.

About 4600 gallons is consumed by passengers on each Sydney-London run.

AMERICAN film star Skip Homeier gave us this example of real horse sense:

"I'll never forget my first Western. I hadn't done much riding, so they got me a horse called Old Blue who had been in the motion-picture business about 30 years. He was brilliant. He did everything right.

"But I caught him looking at me in a peculiar way, and I think he'd figured out which profile of mine he preferred.

"He always presented that side to the camera, no matter what I tried to do with him."

★ ★ ★

Banking from your car

WE had a sneak preview recently of New South Wales' first drive-in bank—the Burwood branch of the E. S. and A.

Especially for us the 10ft. by 6ft. mural was unveiled (unofficially) for the first time.

The sandstone wall is the perfect setting for Bernard Hesling's mural, done on baked-enamel tiles, guaranteed fadeless, and practically indestructible.

The mural depicts a banker and all the provinces in which a bank has interests.

The E. S. and A. Bank already operates drive-in banks in Victoria and Queensland. The New South Wales drive-in will open for business on January 23.

Customers will be able to deposit and withdraw money, and conduct all other banking business without leaving their cars.

Here's how it's done:

A customer drives in, stops at a teller's window (armor-plated glass), speaks in a normal voice, which the teller hears through special microphones.

A sliding drawer is pushed out to the customer, and all business is conducted through this.

Although the driver and teller can hear each other clearly, their voices will not be audible to bystanders.

If a customer's business will keep him at the bank more than a few minutes there is plenty of parking space for cars.

Indoor plants set off the modern, colorful decor inside the bank.

Outside, the drive-in path is lined with trees and shrubs.

★ ★ ★

FROM America we hear the story of a little dog who halted beside a car at a drive-in restaurant. The driver got out and found that the dog was eyeing a dollar bill.

"Finders keepers," the man decided. He ordered a dollar's worth of hamburgers, left them for the dog, and drove away to the furious wag of a tail.

"It's been exactly 13 years three days and two hours since you last said you loved me."

For clear, smooth skin like theirs . . . use PEARS

Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness — that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

Why Pears is so pure

Each tablet is matured for a full fourteen weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, *completely* pure. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too?

Pears . . . so pure you can see right through it

ECONOMICAL ! LASTS LONGER — NO WASTE !

Pears lasts longer because it's thoroughly matured, contains no moisture, never goes soggy. Even the last little fragment can be used — it fits neatly into the hollow of a new cake and becomes part of it.

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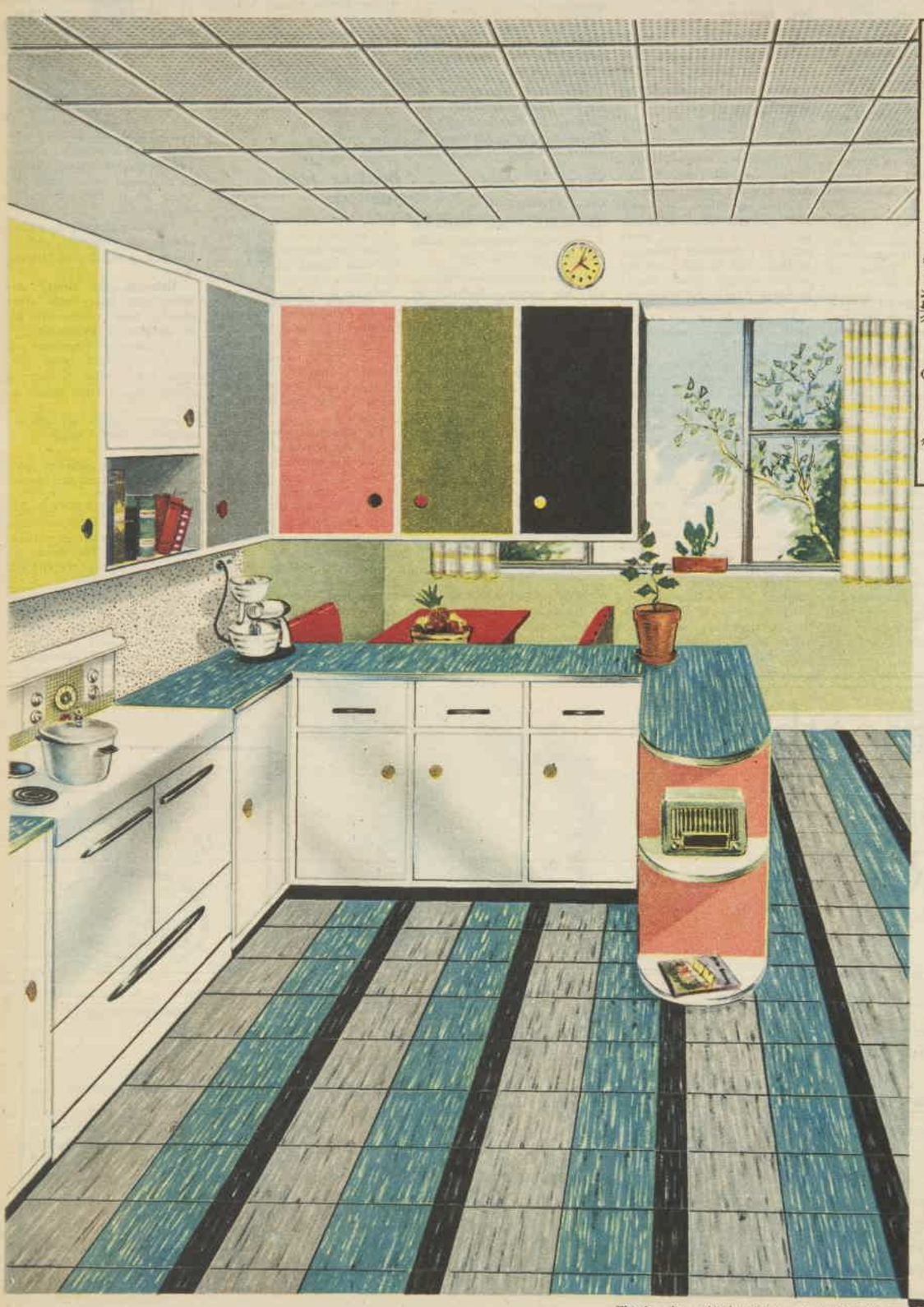
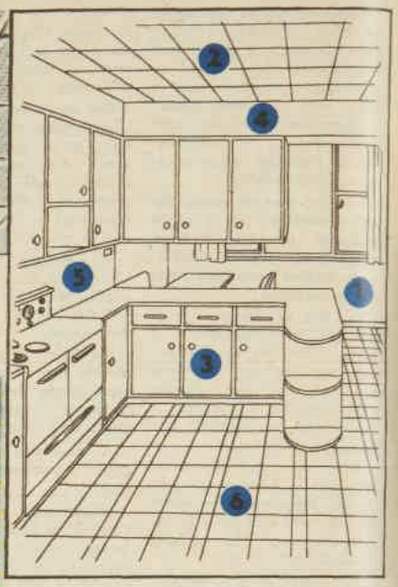
C.S.R. builds you a cooler, quieter, easier-to-keep kitchen





1 COOLER

You can't see it in this final effect, but you'll be glad of it every working day. This whole kitchen is insulated with Cane-ite Wallboard—to keep the heat out in summer and warmth in in the winter. Only Cane-ite *INSULATES* as it DECORATES. Cane-ite is so inexpensive—you can insulate a 10 sq. house for approximately £36. Imagine how little it would cost for a kitchen!

2 QUIETER

Because the ceiling is Cane-ite Acousti-Tile. 484 sound traps in every foot-square tile soak up dish pan clatter, and appliance noises. A Cane-ite Acousti-Tile ceiling saves the housewife—and the rest of the family from noise fatigue . . . that vague tired feeling . . . constant headaches. And it's so easy to apply to new or existing ceilings.

3 BETTER ORGANISED

Plenty of cupboards—cut down work and clutter. They're so easy to build, too, using easy-to-saw, grainless, splinterless TIMBROCK hardboard. So easy to paint to a glass-smooth finish. Available in 5, 6, 7, 8, and 14 foot lengths, Timbrock is 4' 6" wide—six inches wider than other boards. Handy Timbrock Shorts are available, too.

4 BETTER LOOKING

That smooth seamless wall in the dinette and above the cupboards, is lined with Gyprock plasterboard. Gyprock comes with a recessed edge that is joined with tape and flushed with jointing cement. The result is strong, beautiful with not a seam in sight. Takes paint, takes paper, looks wonderful. Square edge Gyprock is available also.

5 NO UPKEEP

The wall between the counter top and the cupboards is finished with C.S.R.'s latest building wonder—De Luxe Fibrock. This is asbestos cement given a permanent coloured finish. Scrub it, splash it, spatter it with grease, steam it, use harsh soaps. You can't hurt De Luxe Fibrock. It's ideal for kitchens, bathrooms and laundries. In six spatter finished decorative colours.

6 EASIER TO CLEAN

That handsome floor is C.S.R. Vinylflex Tiles. It cleans with damp mopping, cannot absorb dirt, is unaffected by grease, water or stains. It will outwear any other floor covering and still look as handsome as the day you had it laid. Clear, bright colours make endless individual designs possible.

This is a dream kitchen in more ways than one.

All C.S.R. building materials have been carefully developed to give the home builder quality and yet to keep expense as far down as possible.

Co-operation with overseas manufacturers and research in Australia itself ensure that C.S.R. keeps abreast of the latest developments, and brings the Australian market those materials which can contribute most to the comfort and convenience of our homes.

At all times the C.S.R. showrooms are available to show you samples and give you advice about all C.S.R. building materials. If you do not live in one of the cities in which they are placed why not write for advice. These showrooms will help you to get the best value from the money you spend building or remodelling your home. Do take full advantage of the service which they offer you.

C. S. R. BUILDING MATERIALS

CSR BUILDING PRODUCTS

Manufactured by

THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.

Showrooms at Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.

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SPECIAL REMODELLING FEATURE

NEW HOME at the old address

BEFORE reconstruction of the old stables at Point Piper, Sydney. Stable, hayloft, and adjoining garage are at the left; men's quarters at right.

ABOVE: Dr. and Mrs. Sinclair-Smith's remodelled home, with their daughter Susan in the foreground. The photograph shows how cleverly the old buildings were incorporated in the new. The grey-roofed house is painted barn-red with white trim.

Stables transformed into lovely home

ABOVE: The sitting-room from the main staircase shows french windows opening on to the terrace. This section was once the old garage. BELOW: The dining-room, once box-stalls, features a semi-circular fireplace. It was raised to give extra space and also preserve the old-world character of the house. A servery divides off the kitchen.

VIEW of the sitting-room from the entrance gallery. Here the brick walls of the old quarters are painted white, the roughcast green. The picturesque staircase leads to the bedrooms.

By EVE GYE

● On this page we begin our special feature showing how old homes have been transformed. One of the cleverest conversions was the transformation of old stables at Point Piper, Sydney, into a charming and unusual home.

WHILE retaining the characteristics and atmosphere of a bygone age, the home is modern, spacious, and comfortable.

The architect, John Amory, said the conversion of the old stables into a beautiful home was one of the most satisfying jobs of his career. The conversion was done for Dr. Bruce Sinclair-Smith and his American-born wife, who acquired the stables after a long search for an old-style home that could be remodelled as they wished.

At first it was thought that certain parts of the old buildings, comprising box-stalls and hayloft, the adjoining garage and stablemen's quarters and office, would have to be scrapped. But after a comprehensive study of the buildings the architect said, "Let's preserve the character of these old stables and their satellites right down to the last detail."

Continued on page 42

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Storage rooms become penthouse

SPECIAL
REMODELLING FEATURE

LUXURIOUS DINING-ROOM in Mr. Ted Maloney's penthouse at Rose Bay, N.S.W. A dramatic effect is created in this room by the skilful use of color and texture. The walls, ceiling, and floor coverings are a deep, dark red, which is repeated in the table napkins and candles. The tablecloth is made of pale blue velvet and falls to the floor. The chandelier and gold-painted dried flowers reflected in the mirror complete this stimulating room.

ABOVE shows the beginning of work on the beautiful balcony, and at left is the finished balcony with its panoramic harbor view. This view is the first thing seen on entering the living-room. The balcony is paved with blue tiles, and has a patch of cool-looking white pebbles by the door.

● Mr. Ted Moloney's beautiful penthouse at Point Piper, Sydney, was once the storage and boiler rooms on the top floor of a large block of flats. Clever planning and a lot of hard work were entailed in the conversion.

COLORS chosen in the remodelling of this attic-like top story were unusual—even spectacular in the dining-room, which is shown above. The overall use of one color for ceiling and walls minimises structural irregularities in both dining and living rooms.

Later Mr. Moloney decided to strip off the shoddy floor of the balcony, give it a heavy cement base, and pave it in soft blue tiles with a white-pebbled strip to simulate an old Italian courtyard. He also added cool-looking, green-lined awnings and freshly painted outdoor furniture, comfortably cushioned.

The balcony has a magnificent harbor view. On gala occasions Mr. Moloney hangs pretty lanterns from the balcony stanchions to match the glittering lights of harbor and foreshores.

Another conversion made later was to transform an ugly section at the eastern end of the living-room into a book gallery, which is reached by a small flight of steps. This gallery has its own special lighting. It formerly housed an out-dated boiler and hot-water system that served all the flats.

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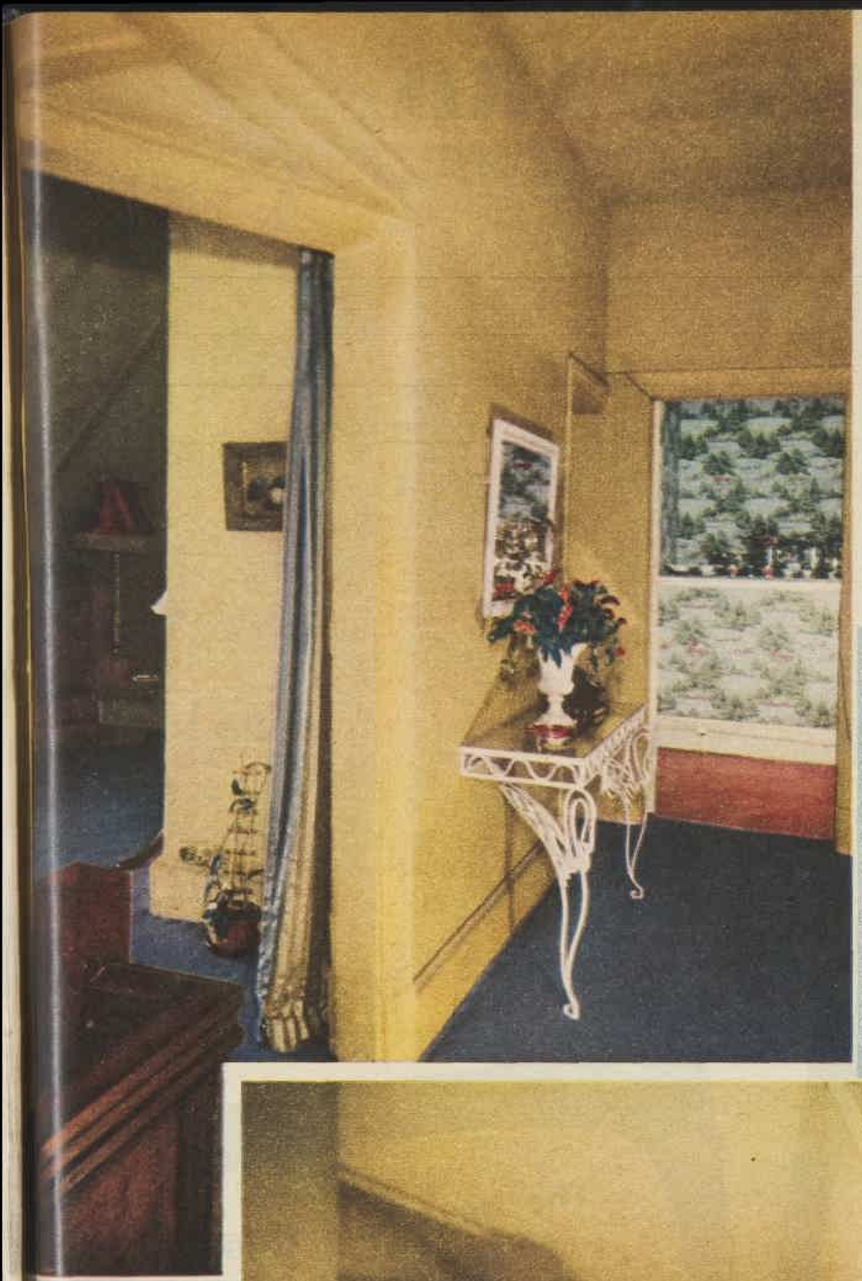

SITTING-ROOM (above, right) is shown after the recess in the wall was transformed into a book gallery, reached by a flight of steps. This gallery turns an awkward wall into an asset and makes a neat storage space for books, records, and bric-a-brac. The rose chair and books show up well against the chartreuse walls and ceiling.

RIGHT: The same part of the room before the end section was remodelled. This section, at the eastern end of the room, formerly housed the outdated boiler and hot-water system, and has been transformed into the book gallery.

ABOVE is a view of the flat from the head of the stairs. On the left is the curtained doorway leading into the living-room and the balcony, and straight ahead is the hall leading into the spacious kitchen. The walls and ceiling of the hall are chartreuse. The kitchen beyond has a display wall papered in red and grey.

RIGHT: Another view of the living-room shows the end opposite the book gallery. Note how Mr. Moloney has used indoor plants extensively to make an indoor garden. The trails of philodendron are decorated with glass baubles for Christmas. The irregularities of the ceiling are minimised by the use of one color.

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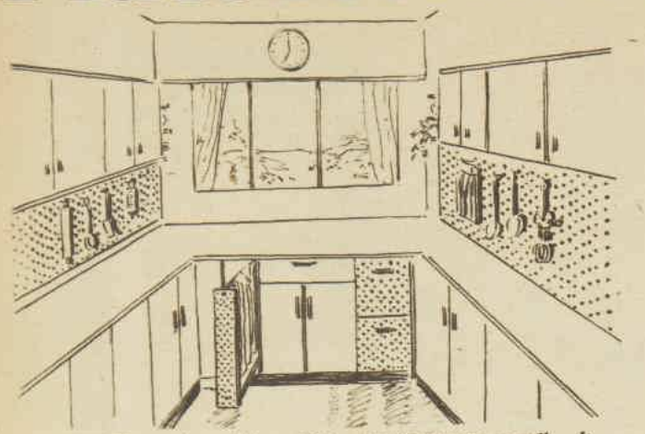
PRACTICAL PEGBOARD

● Sketches on this page show how the handyman can put pegboard to good use in the home.



PEGBOARD can be used in a kitchen for hanging up utensils. It also acts as a ventilating medium for vegetable and towel storage.

THIS versatile material is available in 4ft. 6in. by 3ft. sheets.

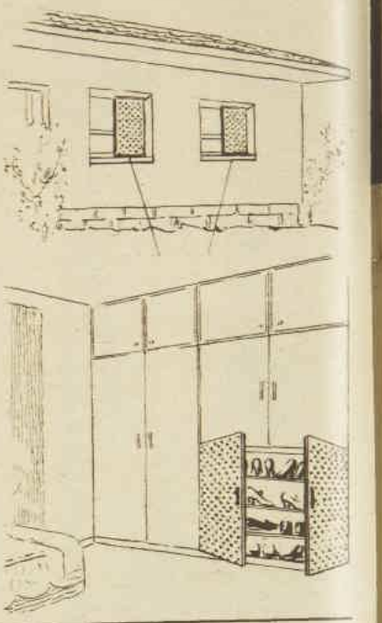
Made of perforated hardboard with a smooth, grainless finish, it can be bought painted or primed ready for painting.

Due to its perforations, pegboard provides an excellent ventilating medium for storage cupboards and drawers.

Used as surface wallboard in strips, panels, or as shelving, it offers wonderful hanging space.

The specially designed hooks or holders can be slipped into any one of the evenly spaced holes.

PEGBOARD pelmet (above) with a fluorescent tube behind it allows light to radiate with dramatic effect. Pegboard shutters (right) are designed to slide into a window cavity for ventilation and safety.



IN A SMALL ENTRANCE HALL (above) pegboard has both decorative and practical uses. In the bedroom (right) it provides a pleasant variation in storage-wall decor as well as ventilation for shoes.

Stables transformed into lovely home *from page 39*

The Sinclair-Smiths agreed enthusiastically, and so, in the remodelling, the bricks on the inside of the old building were merely repainted, the roughcast of the exterior walls was retained as part of the interior construction, and the brick floors in the dining area were waxed and polished.

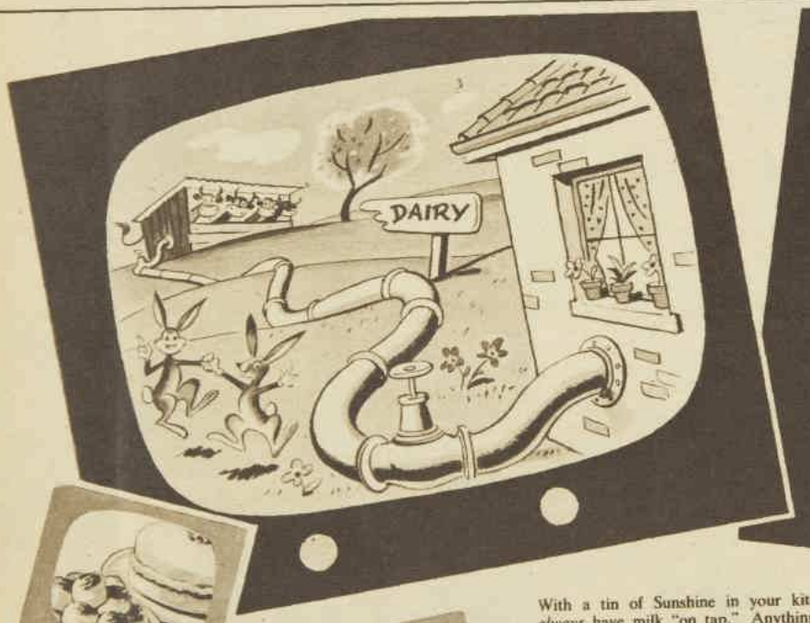
The ceilings were treated with plywood panelling. These not only make an interesting feature but are in keeping with the general atmosphere of the house, as are all the new materials selected.

Second-hand roof slates were chosen to match the old.

The Sinclair-Smiths are proud of their front door, which is a typical 17th-century American design with glass "lights" and heavy raised panelling. The old shutters, bought second-hand, are painted white and can be closed against wind and weather.

When you enter the front door you step into an entrance gallery equipped with coat cupboard (set in the old window to the stablemen's office), then walk down the stairs into the sitting-room, part of which was the old garage. Doors in this room lead into the dining and kitchen areas, once the horse-box stalls.

The main staircase in the sitting-room leads to the sleeping areas on the top floor.



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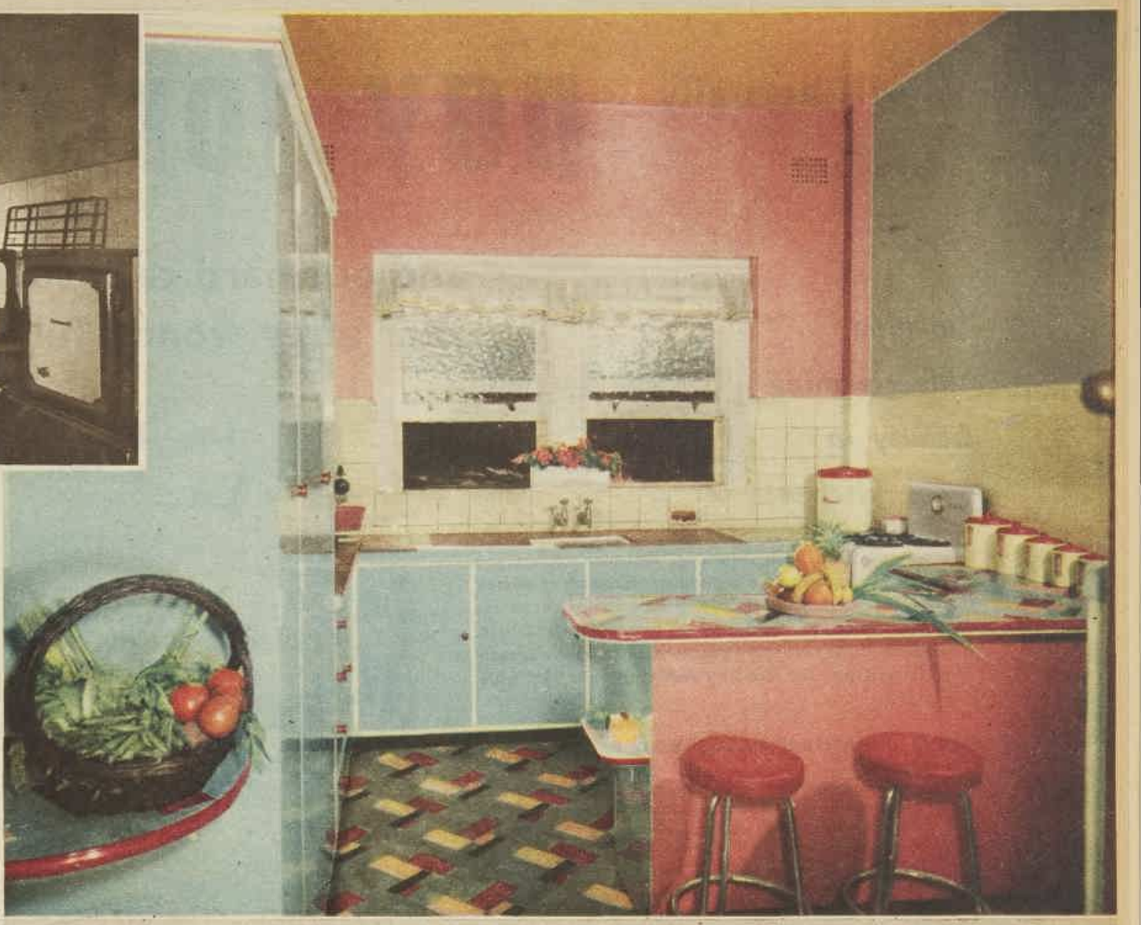
Simple but effective conversion

BEFORE: Here you see the work-worn, colorless, inefficient kitchen before it was transformed as shown in the other two pictures.

● These pictures show how a roomy but drab and inefficient kitchen was easily converted into one that is modern, colorful, and cuts chores to a minimum.

SPECIAL REMODELLING FEATURE



AFTER: Two views of the remodelled kitchen in the home of Mrs. S. R. Cleeve at Turramurra, N.S.W. The removal of the old stove and table and the installation of a modern compact stove, cupboards, and island counter made a wonderful contribution to the working efficiency of the kitchen. The selection of a bright color scheme completed the decor. In this kitchen a harmonious effect was achieved by matching the linoleum colors for walls, ceiling, and cupboards.

TO make the transformation, no structural alterations were necessary to the existing kitchen, which is shown in the picture above. It was done by adding several new features and making a radical change in the color scheme.

Mrs. S. R. Cleeve, of Turramurra, N.S.W., is the homemaker who did the conversion. She said she now wonders why she put up with her old humdrum kitchen for so many years.

"After reaching a stage where I simply hated to work in the kitchen," she said, "I decided to throw out the old stove, which took up so much wall space, and get rid of the too-big centre table, which was always in the way yet necessary because of the meagre counter space.

"I replaced the old stove with a modern type—a wonderful investment. Then I designed and had made a set of cupboards to run flush with the top of the stove, finishing in a long island counter equipped with shelves on the inner side."

The shelves hold all the china and utensils needed for quick-and-easy breakfast service. The wall area once occupied by the unwieldy old stove now has convenient counter space as well as handy cupboards.

This unit is the highlight of the kitchen. Everything can be assembled here for dining-room service. There is no clutter or confusion. It's the cook's ideal.

To complete the transformation, the color scheme had to be a complete breakaway from the old one of cream and green.

A linoleum patterned in red, blue, and yellow, with touches of black, was chosen. The wall, ceiling, and cupboards repeated the three main colors of the linoleum. Washable paint was used.

The touches of black in the linoleum were not repeated. Instead, white was introduced very deverly.

Notice the way it has been used to outline the cupboards and has been combined with the other three colors to outline the decorative beading on the china and storage cabinets.

The white organdie frill at the windows, which replaces the old cretonne curtains, is edged with strips in red, blue, and mustard-yellow.

In the corner of the kitchen (not shown in these pictures), Mrs. Cleeve had a little wall-seat built in and upholstered to match the color scheme. Here family or friends can sit and chat with Mrs. Cleeve while she cooks.

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had been the usual tourist round of picture galleries, museums, cafes, and theatres.

Distant only one air-borne hour, the Thames village where they lived now seemed a world away, its quiet and the unchangefulness of their lives. Just she and her father since her mother had died five years ago. Yvonne kept house with skill and economy, shopped, cooked well, entertained her father's elderly, bookish friends.

At twenty-four Yvonne had begun to be a shade grave and bookish herself. Her eyes often had an inward look as she got off the bus with her basket and turned into the quiet road, the road trodden so often. Her slender figure wore its country clothes indifferently. Familiar places and people demand little effort of you.

It was at a tennis afternoon six months ago that she had met David Foster, and quite soon after he had asked her to marry him. How gladly she had accepted! Their wedding was planned for September. David was good-looking, clever, a brilliant research chemist in the big scientific works that had recently opened up a few miles outside the town. Yes, marriage with David would be good, safe, and successful. And she loved him.

Still she and Sam danced without speaking. Then, feeling the silence had lasted long enough, Yvonne said: "Do tell me—my father didn't make it clear—are you French?"

"Half and half. My mother was French, from Normandy."

"Oh, Normandy? That's almost the same."

"Almost as good, you mean—you insular Britisher!"

"Perhaps I am. Do you live there?"

"For most of the year. What would you say if I told you I was a farmer?"

"Smile sceptically."

"I am, though," and he told her about his old home in Normandy, half-farm, half-manor house.

As Yvonne listened the Parisian restaurant faded out. She saw with startling vividness the place as he described it, its dovecote, its fishponds, the flushed snow of its apple orchards in the spring . . . It was all too vivid! I'm really far too impressionable tonight, she thought.

He ended: "I'm going to ask your father to let me drive you both down to see it while you're here."

She shook her head slowly. "I doubt if that'll be possible."

"Everything's possible."

"What sublime confidence."

"Bought with experience." He held her off and the grey eyes looked quizzically into hers, that glance that had so intrigued her when it met hers across the room. There was humor in it as well as admiration, a glance that seemed to say: "I know you better than you know yourself!"

Just a trifle flustered by it now, Yvonne said quickly: "So it seems your father and mine are quite ancient friends?"

"That's so. Mine lives in England, but they haven't met lately, I gather."

"Another thing he didn't say—your name."

"Oh, that? Russell."

"Any relation to the 'Rustle of Spring'?"

"Closely connected," and they laughed at her silly little pun.

But it was truer than he knew! she thought. Something of the same unaccountable excitement was in this dance with him . . . a heightening of the sense . . . a kind of thrill . . . something new and yet always wished for, although the wish had been, perhaps unconsciously, thrust down, denied its secret voice.

Again words dropped away, while the muted saxophone sighed and seemed to speak for them.

. . . .

She saw David rejoin her father, saw him catch sight of her, his look of surprise. The dance ended. She and Sam went back to the table, and after a little more chat, another introduction, he left them.

The sun shone with all-hoped-for brilliance next morning. Yvonne came out of the hotel and crossed the pavement. Then she pulled up short. "You!" she said.

Sam Russell was standing bareheaded under the plane trees, having all the air of one arrived first at an arranged meeting place. He came forward expectantly. "What's so surprising about that?"

"You said you were going back home today."

"I said I was."

"Well?"

"Well, here I am. And here at last are you."

"How did you know?"

"Last night—don't you remember? Your father and Foster talking about being all set for the Mona Lisa this morning, and the science congress in the afternoon, and you for the shops."

"Yes," she said, "but the time—how did you know what time I'd be going?"

"An hour waiting for Beauty to appear in the doorway," he told her airily, "passes very quickly."

"Beauty in search of shoes and a hat!"

"Good. There's nothing I'd rather do this morning than sit and watch you try on one bit of enchanting nonsense after another."

She was somewhat taken aback at this prospect. Part of her tried to say no, the other part hurried her on. It was as though the exhilarating lift of the morning were in her blood, the foreignness of the scene, the chairs and tables on the pavement of the cafe opposite, the pale tender height of the sky . . .

Holiday, she reassured herself: this was holiday, and let him pilot her into his car . . . forward into the maze whose velvet paths beckoned enticingly.

When they came out from buying the hat—and Sam's expert knowledge of hats was surprising — Yvonne hadn't yet told him that she was engaged to David Foster.

She still hadn't told him an hour later when, shoes shopped for, too, they sat in the restaurant together. Weakly, at first she had refused his suggestion of luncheon, but here she was, beside him on the red velvet banquette, entering into the serious three-cornered conference with the head waiter.

The conference over, Sam leant back and sighed contentedly. "Ah! this is nice. This is wonderful! This is magnificent!"

"Are you always as exalted as this?" she asked, coolly concealing a like sensation in herself.

"Pretty often," he admitted. "I plan for pleasure as other men plan their careers. Did you know that your eyes are exactly the same color as your hair? Topaz. Or a very precious Amontillado."

She hesitated only a second. "That's just what David says." Her voice was light.

"David? Don't tell me he has an eye as discerning as mine?"

"It seems so. We're engaged, you know. We're going to be married in September."

The oysters arrived and the wine. Sam flopped open his serviette and spread it over his

Continuing . . . . Holiday's End

from page 3

knee. "Ah, well, I shall just have to be like Dante! All my life having only admired you from a distance, seen you once passing down a street, crossing a bridge. Do tell me if these oysters are the way you like them?"

After lunch they got into the car, and without plans drove out into the country. Small villages succeeded the suburbs . . . straight roads, tree-bordered . . . farms and hedgerows—"So like England," she said. "So like Heaven!" he mocked.

They left the car and strolled over field paths. He linked his arm loosely through hers. "Just a bad foreign habit," he told her, "carrying no overtones. It makes one feel safer, somehow, don't you think; less at the mercy of nature, crossing open country."

No over-tones, she reminded herself, trying not to feel this thrill at his touch. Or was it that? Or just the scent of the hawthorn, and the ecstatic song of the larks rising up on either side? . . . "the rustle of spring . . ."

So the afternoon ebbed, with easy talk and laughter, and coffee at a tiny estaminet . . . and the hat that he'd insisted

> **The mere process of growing old together will make our slightest acquaintances seem like bosom friends.**
> **—*Logan Pearsall Smith.***

on her buying—a crown of cornflowers with a whiff of veiling—didn't seem a bit too frivolous for the occasion . . . and with the sunset in their faces they drove slowly back to Paris.

David and Mr. Massingham were drinking martinis in the lounge of the hotel when Yvonne got in. Crossing swiftly, she sat down and told them about her day with Sam.

David looked at her admiringly. "You look wonderful, darling, the country jaunt's done you good." He dropped a swift kiss on her cheek. "The sun's kiss has been here first!" he said, and laughed at his own flight into the poetic.

That evening they dined quietly at the hotel, and tact or tiredness took Mr. Massingham early to bed. Yvonne and David went to a film. Alone together in the darkness David held her hand in his warm, firm clasp; and to Yvonne the sun-drenched day behind her was like a troubling dream that you force out of mind on waking.

David's science business took him out of Paris for the next few days, and Yvonne flitted between her father and Sam Russell like an uneasy spirit; sight-seeing with her father, then when he went off to look up one of his cronies at the Sorbonne, hurrying away to meet Sam.

Twice a day, morning and evening, David telephoned her from Rouen, and she heard his voice, warm and eager, calling her back to the thought of him, to the brilliant career he was carving out for himself; to the house that they'd planned to build; to marriage and safety, and September.

On the last morning, after her telephone talk with David, she put down the receiver and tried to banish the quick stab of dismay that shot through her at the thought of stepping on to the plane tomorrow. To leave Paris? Not to see Sam Russell again? . . .

Right by the telephone she stood motionless, like someone who has just heard of a sudden disaster, taken possession of by that one bleak thought: not to see Sam again . . .

Then she shut down on the thought, as though banging shut a drawer, shutting away the past five days and turning the key. Nonsense! Absurd! What an exaggerated way to be feeling! She and Sam had just been amusing themselves for, what each knew to be, a brief interlude. It didn't mean a thing more than that to her. Or to him. This was what Paris was said to do to tourists, making them flighty, ready to go off the deep end at the lift of an eye.

Why, even her father was different here, took up a menu with, "What wine shall we drink with this?" At home they drank water. Stepping out of the hotel here he would instantly hail a taxi; they waited at bus stops at home. Anyhow, there was only one more day left of it all.

Tonight she was seeing Sam for the last time. Tomorrow David would be back from Rouen, and they would leave for England at midday. Once home again, life would resume its satisfactory pattern. Finis, Yvonne, she said, and no tragic ending, please . . .

That evening, soon after seven, when Yvonne and her father got back to the hotel, they found David in the lounge, returned from his trip a whole twelve hours earlier. The first few moments were swallowed up in a buzz of talk, but presently Mr. Massingham went upstairs and Yvonne and David were alone.

David pitched his overcoat on to a chair and called for a porter to take it and his bag up to his room. His mood was light, happy, his dark hair ruffled from the journey. His eyes took in with pleasure the picture Yvonne made in her light spring suit and her hat of cornflowers.

He said: "Darling, don't bother to go up and change. We'll go to some quiet little place where we can dine and dance just as we are. All right?"

"Of course, yes," she said, her voice bright with agreement. "Dad's having dinner with somebody or other. He's gone quite gay since you left."

"You both look as though you'd been going gay," David laughed.

"We have, too! I'll just run along and telephone Sam Russell. I'd arranged to have dinner with him tonight, but I'll explain that you're back."

She had taken a few steps across the lounge when David stopped her. He said: "Wait . . . wait a minute, Yvonne."

She turned back. "Yes?"

"I mean, I don't want to upset your arrangements—"

"Oh, but David, of course he'll understand."

"—and leave the poor bloke with a busted evening. Anyhow, I've got a mass of notes that have to be written up before tomorrow. I'll get into them. You go, darling, don't put it off, enjoy yourself on your last evening here."

Yvonne was surprised beyond further words. Inconsistently, she was even a shade nettled as she went up to her room to dress. Jealousy could be very boring, of course, but David's willingness to let her spend their last evening in Paris with another man was—well, hardly flattering, more, was wholly strange and incomprehensible.

She dressed and went downstairs to meet Sam, who was waiting for her on the tick of eight.

Tomorrow was twelve hours away. Meanwhile the present was all that really mattered, the unsubstantial, illusory present. The orchestra was every bit as inviting, her step and Sam's as harmonious, as on the first evening, dinner was another of those clever French dinners, and champagne with it tonight.

And Sam said: "Must give you a really good send-off, Yvonne," and smiled down at her as he held the light to her cigarette; smiling into her eyes that look that had set her heart beating oddly when it had met hers across this very room only five nights ago. Five nights and days of a dream, and now, in an hour or so, she would wake and life would go on again . . .

And now the evening was over.

As soon as the car stopped outside her hotel Yvonne made a movement to get out. No less readily Sam came round and opened the door for her.

"Well . . . good night, Sam," she said, and gave him her hand.

"Good night, Yvonne. Good night and goodbye." Her hand stayed in his no longer than it need. "You're catching a midday plane, aren't you? Foster'll be back from Rouen early, I suppose."

She said briefly: "He's back. He got back this evening before I came out."

There was a moment's pause. "Oh, did he? Successful trip?"

"Very."

"I believe he's going a long way in that outfit he's in."

"Yes, I believe so. But how did you know? Has father been boasting?"

"No. I heard it from my father."

She stared. "Your father?"

"Yes. He's the head of that business, you know, chairman of the board of management."

"Oh . . . is he . . . Is he?" Her face was curiously still in the checkered light through the plane trees.

Sam asked: "Why do you look so surprised?"

"Nothing . . . I didn't know that your father was—that. That he knew David."

"Didn't you? Well, he does. I mentioned in a letter that I'd been seeing something of you and your father and Foster, and the old man wrote back that they thought very highly of him. Apparently there's an appointment to be made shortly in the works and he said that Foster had a very good chance of getting it."

When Yvonne got upstairs she took off her cloak, folded it carefully as though for packing, and laid it on a chair. Her movements were slow, her face devoid of expression.

She picked up a comb and ran it without looking at herself through the topaz-colored hair; crossing to the window she fixed a shutter; then came back and stood by the bed, staring down at the carpet . . .

The hotel was quiet. A few sounds from the street came up, taxis with their insistent horns. There had been no light under her father's door, nor David's, when she had passed. She looked at her watch. Only ten minutes—eight, actually—since she had said goodbye to Sam downstairs . . .

Suddenly she came to life, snatched up her cloak and threw it over her shoulders, left her room and hurried out of the hotel. A taxi depositing its fare was only a step away. She hailed it and got in. Sam had mentioned a cafe near his hotel where he often dropped in for a last drink when in Paris. She gave the address of it.

It was a modest little place, almost empty at the moment. Sam was sitting alone at the far side of the room, head lowered, hands cupping the drink before him, eyes gazing down into it.

She hurried across. "Sam . . ."

He looked up, sprang up. "Yvonne!"

Neither sat down. She spoke quickly, like someone delivering a message with barely a moment to spare: "Sam, I had to see you again tonight. There's something I particularly want to ask you. A favor, really. Something I want you to do for me."

He murmured the conventional words: "Of course. Only too glad. Anything I can do. What is it?"

"It's this. Have you much influence with your father?"

Sam's expression hardened, his eyes left her face and dropped to his drink again; he put out a hand and tinkled the spoon against the coffee cup. "Yes, quite a lot, I'd say," he said shortly. "We're very good friends."

"Good. That's what I was hoping. I want to know if you could write to him—about that appointment—and put in a word for David. I wouldn't suggest it, of course, if I didn't know that David was really brilliant, and that everyone thinks so . . ."

Ah, yes, really brilliant. And ambitious.

Up in her room a few minutes ago the full extent of David's ambition had suddenly been made clear to her. It was because of this ambition that he had so willingly allowed—no, encouraged—her to spend the last evening with Sam Russell. The Russell friendship—father via son—could be of untold value to David in the future in moulding his career. Yes, that was it . . .

But? . . . but? What about herself? Hadn't she become engaged to David six months ago largely because she had looked forward to being the wife of an important and successful man? She had.

She knew now that she had. When really the only reasons for marriage were those reasons that the heart knows—this love that she had for Sam, this crazy longing that would make her follow him into the desert, live in a tent with him, go anywhere just to be with him—if only he beckoned . . .

He was saying, his eyes still avoiding hers: "It's all right, Yvonne; don't look so worried. I'll write to my father tomorrow. I will do anything for you if—if it's for your happiness."

"Thanks, Sam." And all at once she laughed a little unsteadily. "Only, it's not for my happiness."

"What do you mean?"

"It's just that I want to do David a last good turn. Give him a sort of unwedding present. I like him so much—but I don't love him—and I know now that I can't ever marry him . . ."

There, she had said it—and suddenly the doubts and anxieties of the past five days were swept away.

Sam looked up, his eyes flashed a sudden wild question, met the joy, the tears in hers. He dropped the spoon with a clatter. The table was no longer between them.

He had caught her hands and pulled her round down on to the bench beside him, had taken her in his arms and was kissing her, kissing her: was telling her that he'd loved her insanely from the very first moment; that he'd never been cut out for the role of Dante—nor she for David's wife—that she mustn't mind the publicity of his declaration or the unromantic surroundings, because only the old waiter and the cafe cat were within earshot and neither of them spoke English.

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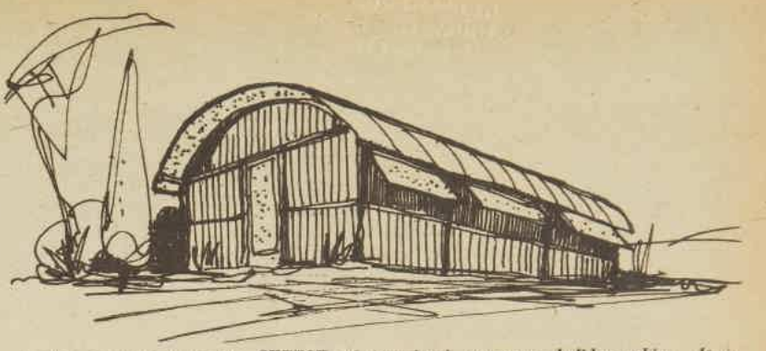
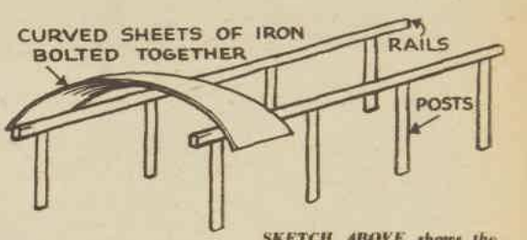
TWO BUILDING PROBLEMS

● This week advice is given to two readers with different building problems. One has asked for a plan for an economical holiday cabin. The other wants to add a room to her home.



SKETCH of completed temporary holiday cabin. It is based on the type of structure used by Army units, and the materials are sturdy saplings and sheets of iron.



SKETCH ABOVE shows the method of construction. The cabin is easy to construct.

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

NORAH GREGORY, writing from Lord Howe Island, said she had bought a block of land at Lake Macquarie, N.S.W., on which she intends to build a temporary holiday cabin.

She wants it to be the most economical type of structure possible, because it will be dismantled when a permanent holiday home is completed in about 12 months.

Special approval from a council would be necessary before building a holiday home that departs from standard methods of construction.

If the site is not next to permanent homes, I recommend a method of construction that was used by Army units in the north of Australia during the war.

The frame consists of bush-timber posts that are straight saplings about 6in. in diameter with the bark removed. These are set about 3ft. into the ground in two rows 10ft. apart. Along the top of each of these rows another post is secured with galvanised hoop-iron.

The roof consists of lengths of curved galvanised iron bolted together to form a series of arches. Each arch is assembled on the ground by bolting the curved sheets together. They are then lifted on to the rails, to which they are fixed by screws, and bolted to one another.

No other roof framing is needed, because the curve gives the roof sufficient strength to hold itself in position.

Extra sapling rails are put in at the floor and sill levels. The walls up to the sill level can be filled in many inexpensive ways.

One method is to use a thick layer of reeds or long grass between two layers of wire-netting. These are tied together with wire loops.

Another economical way is to tack a layer of hessian on to the frame. Over this hessian light wire-netting is tightly stretched and tacked. It is then cement-rendered about 1in. thick.

I suggest having a concrete floor if possible, but a clear ant-bed loam, well consolidated, is quite adequate for the camp-like atmosphere.

Shutters and doors can be made up with light - hinged frames sheeted with wire-reinforced plastic. Although semi-opaque, these will allow sufficient light and have the advantage of being unbreakable and cheaper than glass.

Mrs. W. Kane, of Redhead, N.S.W., plans to add to her present home an extra bedroom or a sunroom with sleeping accommodation. In so doing she does not want to deprive the present bathroom and kitchen of natural light and ventilation.

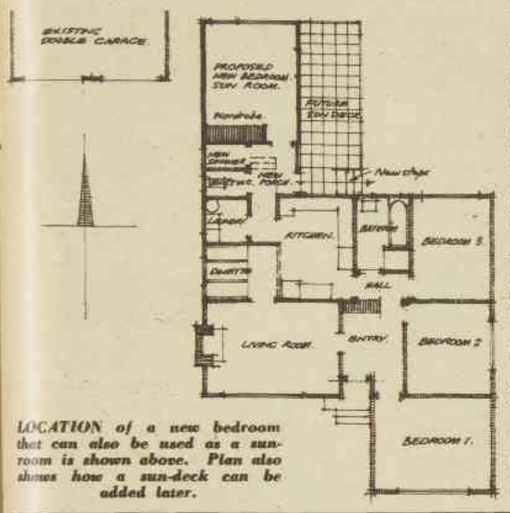
An addition to the bedroom side of the house would necessitate making a passage through Bedroom 3 (shown in the plan at left) or removing the bathroom to another part of the house.

Because both of these alternatives would be expensive, I suggest building the extra room (which could be used as a bedroom or sunroom) at the rear, and adding a separate shower cubicle to the existing toilet.

The new room would be ideal as a boy's bedroom because of the easy access from outside. A sun-deck could be added later to take advantage of the north-easterly position.

The existing back steps would be moved to another place. A new glazed porch would provide access to the new room and, at the same time, create a sunny sheltered corner for use in conjunction with the kitchen.

● Each week Mr. McMurray will answer readers' building problems of general interest from his mail.



LOCATION of a new bedroom that can also be used as a sun-room is shown above. Plan also shows how a sun-deck can be added later.

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P.145.WW765

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Make this new KRAFT TOSSED SALAD

Looks tempting — tastes fresh and delicious. So easy to prepare, you don't need a recipe — just toss in your favourite salad ingredients.

Follow this carefree way to salad success

— add the mellow flavour of nourishing KRAFT CHEDDAR — dress with glistening KRAFT MAYONNAISE

Choose Kraft Cheddar today. Get the famous blue 8-oz. packet. Three other ways to buy Kraft Cheddar, too—in 1-oz. portions (handy for lunch boxes and picnics), the economical family size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Here's all you do to capture the crispness and the exciting flavour of this Kraft Tossed Salad.

Bring your salad bowl to the table—filled with a carefree arrangement of salad ingredients and topped generously with diced Kraft Cheddar.

Dress with the "wonder-flavour" of Kraft Mayonnaise—and toss over and over with salad fork and spoon.

Use nourishing Kraft Cheddar in **all** your summer salads. Kraft Cheddar is richer than sirloin beef in strengthening protein, **plus many other food elements not found in meat**—minerals, especially calcium and phosphorus, and Vitamins A, B_2 and D.

Kraft Cheddar—a bargain in nutrition.

For extra variety try these other KRAFT favourites

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Cheese is a wonderful food — and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses

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Fresh from the Sea

• *Seafoods are the most delicious of all savory foods and are universally popular. They are equally suitable for the most formal banquet and the simplest meal.*

HERE are some recipes that suggest new and interesting ways of preparing most of the familiar types of fish and shellfish. There is also a recipe for fried rice — an excellent dish to serve with hot fish.

All spoon measurements are level.

GRILLED SOLE OR FLOUNDER

Flounder or sole, lemon, butter or olive oil, parsley.

Wash and dry fish, rub with a cut lemon. Place on greased grilling tray and dot with butter or sprinkle with olive oil. Grill gently, without turning, until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. During cooking add more dabs of butter or more oil if necessary. Serve on a hot dish, garnish with lemon and parsley.

BUTTERED PRAWNS (above), flavored with a hint of garlic, paprika, and sherry, are delicious. Serve them hot, and make the cooking dish the serving dish. Recipe on this page.

FRIED RICE (left) is a popular dish served alone or with any hot fish dish such as the buttered prawns shown in the picture above.

BUTTERED PRAWNS

Two pounds prawns, ½ cup melted butter, 1 clove garlic, ½ cup chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon paprika, pinch cayenne, ½ cup cooking sherry, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Wash and shell prawns. Melt butter, add crushed garlic, parsley, paprika, cayenne, and sherry; mix well. Add breadcrumbs, toss lightly until well mixed. Place prawns in shallow ovenware dish, spoon buttercrumb mixture over. Bake in slow oven 20 to 25 minutes or until crumbs are brown. Sprinkle with additional chopped parsley. Serve hot.

BAKED FISH STEAKS

Two pounds fish steaks (jewfish, kingfish, Murray cod, snapper) cut across fish ¾in. to 1in. thick, 1 large onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 bay leaf, ½ teaspoon chopped marjoram, pinch ground cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ cup dry white wine, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 cup water, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Wash and dry the fish steaks, grease a large, shallow ovenware dish. Peel and slice the onion, arrange on base of prepared dish. Sprinkle with parsley, bay leaf, marjoram, cloves, salt, and pepper. Place fish steaks on top. Add wine, vinegar, and enough water to just cover the fish. Cover the dish and leave in refrigerator two to four hours. Turn fish once during this time. Remove and place in moderate oven. Heat to simmering point and cook gently for 15 minutes. Pour the cream or evaporated milk around the fish and dot with butter. Cook 10 minutes longer. Serve with the liquid from the dish.

PLANKED WHOLE FISH

(Use bream or tailer)

One whole fish (about 2lb. to 4lb.), 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 to 4 cups mashed potatoes, 1 beaten egg, lemon wedges, parsley.

Wash and dry fish, leave head on, but remove eyes. Season inside with salt and pepper. Place the fish on a warmed oiled board or in a shallow greased dish (large enough to keep the fish flat). Slit skin in 2 or 3 places. Dot with butter or substitute, bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes. Remove from oven, arrange a border of seasoned mashed potatoes around edge of board. If the fish was cooked in a dish, pipe or spoon potato around the edge. Brush the potato with beaten egg. Return board or dish to oven, bake 10 to 15 minutes longer or until potato is lightly browned. Remove from oven, garnish with lemon and parsley, and serve from the board.

FRIED TASMANIAN SCALLOPS

One pound scallops, flour seasoned with salt and pepper, 1 egg, few drops lemon juice, browned breadcrumbs.

Wash scallops, remove dark pieces, drain on a clean tea-towel. Dust lightly with seasoned flour, dip in egg beaten with lemon juice. Toss in breadcrumbs, deep fry in fat or oil, drain on absorbent paper, and serve with or without tartare sauce.

RED SNAPPER AMANDINE

Six red snapper fillets, salt, pepper, flour, ¼ cup olive or peanut oil, ¼ to ½ cup blanched almonds, good ¼ cup melted butter, juice of ½ lemon.

Wash and dry fillets, season well with salt and pepper, dredge with flour. Saute in the hot oil until lightly browned on both sides. Place on base of large shallow ovenware dish. Blanch and skin the almonds, shred finely, and mix with the hot melted butter until they are well coated. Add lemon juice and spoon over the fish. Bake in moderate to hot oven until almonds are browned, 5 to 8 minutes. Serve hot.

FRESH SALMON STEAKS

Two pounds fresh salmon steaks, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 leek or spring onion, 1 cup dry white wine, 1 tablespoon evaporated milk or cream, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped capers.

Wash and dry the salmon steaks. Saute in half the melted butter or margarine for 3 minutes on each side. Place in greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with the chopped leek, salt, and pepper, and pour the wine around the fish. Cover and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Beat egg-yolks, add cream, and spread this mixture over the fish. Sprinkle again with salt and pepper. Bake 10 minutes longer.

Continued overleaf

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4932459

Sweet wins prize

● A simple banana sweet wins the main prize of £5 this week in our popular recipe contest for readers.

BANANAS give a delicious flavor to the smooth, creamy, cold dish.

It can be made with evaporated milk instead of cream, and served with custard to make a more economical dish.

A delicious lunch-box biscuit wins a consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

BANANA MOUSSE

Four teaspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups icing-sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 2 cups banana puree, juice of 2 oranges, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons cream, extra cream to decorate, slices of banana, lemon juice, cherries.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add boiling water and sugar, stir until sugar dissolves. Add mixture to banana puree. Pour into saucepan, heat to boiling point, cool. Add orange juice and beat until light and fluffy. Fold in lightly whipped cream and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into wet mould and chill. When set turn on to glass dish and decorate with cherries, whipped cream, and sliced banana (previously soaked in lemon juice to prevent discoloration).

First Prize of £5 to Miss U. Grace, 34 Palm Ave., North Manly, N.S.W.

BRAN BISCUITS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, ¼lb. butter, ½ cup bran, 1 egg, scant ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup raisins, a little milk if necessary.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg gradually, then sifted self-raising flour, bran, and raisins. Moisten with milk if too dry. Drop in small portions on to greased slide and cook in moderate oven 10 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss R. Zacher, Heyfield, Vic.

THIN SLICES of banana, scored with a fork to give fluted effect and dipped in lemon juice to prevent discoloration, decorate the Banana Mousse illustrated above. Serve it with cream or custard. See prize-winning recipe.

ROME 1960

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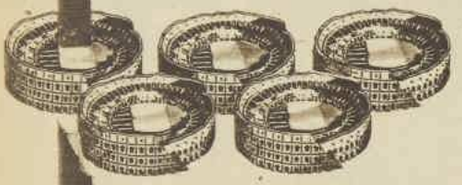

ROME 1960

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FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is a tropic meat loaf which combines steak and sausage mince, flavored with banana and pineapple. It costs approximately 7/-, and serves five or six.

TROPIC MEAT LOAF

One pound minced steak, 1lb. pork and veal sausage mince, 2 eggs, 1 onion, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons diced green pepper, 1 banana, 2 slices pineapple, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch herbs.

Combine steak and sausage mince. Add beaten eggs, chopped onion, salt, pepper, sauce, mustard, green pepper, peeled and mashed banana, and diced pineapple. Mix well. Work in breadcrumbs, parsley, and herbs. Fill into greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Serve piping hot in thick slices, with gravy flavored with pineapple juice and chopped parsley.

Fresh From The Sea

from page 49

Dot with remaining butter, lift fish on to serving-dish, pour sauce over, and top with capers. Serve hot. Delicious with fluffy rice and young peas.

OVEN-COOKED BREAM

This is a simple, old-fashioned, but delicious method of cooking fresh whole fish.

Wash and dry whole fish, leave head on, remove eyes. Dust inside and out with salt and pepper, place in a clean brown-paper bag large enough to accommodate the fish. Lightly grease inside of bag before placing fish in. Fold top of bag over, place on oven-tray in moderate oven. Bake until flesh is soft and white. Serve with parsley butter (chopped parsley mixed with melted butter).

FRIED RICE

Two cups cooked rice, 2 tablespoons peanut oil, 3 chopped fried eggs, 2 chopped shallots (including some of the green stalks), 3 rashers chopped cooked bacon, salt.

Cook rice the day before it is needed and spread on a flat plate to dry out. If the rice is not dry and cold it tends to become sticky and lumpy during cooking. Heat the oil in a shallow pan, add the rice and salt, and stir frequently while cooking over medium heat for 10 minutes. Add chopped eggs, shallots, and cooked bacon. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

ARTIFICIAL FEEDING

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

UNFORTUNATELY, some babies have to be bottle-fed from birth. If so, the milk to be used is one of the mother's big problems.

A young baby finds it very difficult to digest the fat in cow's milk. This fat has much larger and tougher globules than those in human milk.

If the baby is given cow's milk (especially Jersey milk) containing a high percentage of fat, he is almost certain to have early digestive upsets.

The milk from a mixed herd of tested cows with an average percentage of fat in it is much better for early artificial feeding than the special "rich" milks that are sometimes sold. The milk should come from a clean and reliable dairy.

Occasionally, a very young baby cannot digest fresh cow's milk, but will thrive on the more easily digested dried milks or an unsweetened condensed milk.

You will find a chapter on artificial feeding and on the various milks to be used in my parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby."

This can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops in all the capital cities. Price is 12/6, plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

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STOCKS are colorful and fragrant and make a good cutting flower. The decoration they add to a garden is shown in this massed effect at Mrs. J. Murphy's home at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W. Stocks should not be sown where they grew the year before.

SWEET-SCENTED STOCKS

● Since the introduction of improved varieties, stocks have made a comeback in garden favor as most of the new plants produce a high percentage of double blooms.

FOR filling beds, massing in a mixed border, or for cutting, the stock has few equals.

Stocks have been popular for centuries, but it was only in recent years that hybridists took them in hand and produced tall, column-like plants without the annoying branching habit.

The seed of this hybrid is sold under various names, such as Column, Columnar, Non-branching.

It is a definite improvement on the shorter, stumpier, many-branched Nice variety and the even older Ten Weeks' and Brompton types.

New colors also have been introduced, some of the most attractive being dark reds, deep carmine, apricot, purple, lilac-lavender, dark blue, yellows, and salmon-rose.

Seed-producers have found that by sowing the seed in the open ground, and then thinning out the singles and weaklings, they obtain fine spikes many weeks earlier than if seed were sown in boxes and later transplanted to the garden.

While this method may not always be possible in home gardens, it is worth consideration if you want early blooms.

Under Sydney conditions seed can be sown from December to early May. Further south the sowing season should be shortened, possibly from December to March. In cool districts, spring sowing is advised and possibly direct sowing will be best.

Well-drained, deeply dug soil that has been soundly top-dressed with lime gives the best results. Where the soil is heavy, raise the beds about 9in. above the normal garden level.

Brompton stocks flower later than the others and should be sown earlier if you want several varieties to bloom at once.

The Column types will grow to about 2ft. 6in. or even 3ft. in good soil. As they produce only one spike at a time, they can be sown closer together than Nice and Brompton stocks, which branch out or stool fairly widely and require about 18in. between plants.

For massing or colorful, rather close plantings, use the Column types, Giant Perfection, Giant Imperial, and similar upright stocks, setting the plants 14in. or 15in. apart.

Stock plants need plenty of moisture and do best in cool locations and seasons. When using last year's seed, watch the seedlings for signs of small green grubs that burrow into the centre of the plant. Regular spraying with DDT will control these pests, as well as aphids, which also crowd the young leaves in autumn.

Stocks can be a headache, as they are susceptible to bacterial blight, mosaic (an incurable virus disease), and stem rot. In all cases, infected plants should be removed and burnt as soon as they are noticed.

Continuing . . .

The Gardener's ABC

INSECTICIDES: Substances, usually chemical, that kill insects when sprayed or dusted upon them or on the plants they attack.

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS: Generally applied to plants which supplement the food they obtain from the soil and air by trapping insects in specially modified leaves or flowers. Sundews (droseras) and pitcher plants belong to this family.

INVOLUCRE: Whorl of small leaves or bracts beneath a flower or flower cluster.

JAPONICA: A specific name meaning Japanese, no matter to what generic name it may be attached. For example, Chaenomeles japonica means "flowering quince from Japan."

JASMINE: Common name for Jasminum, a genus of temperate tropical and subtropical deciduous and evergreen shrubs and climbers.

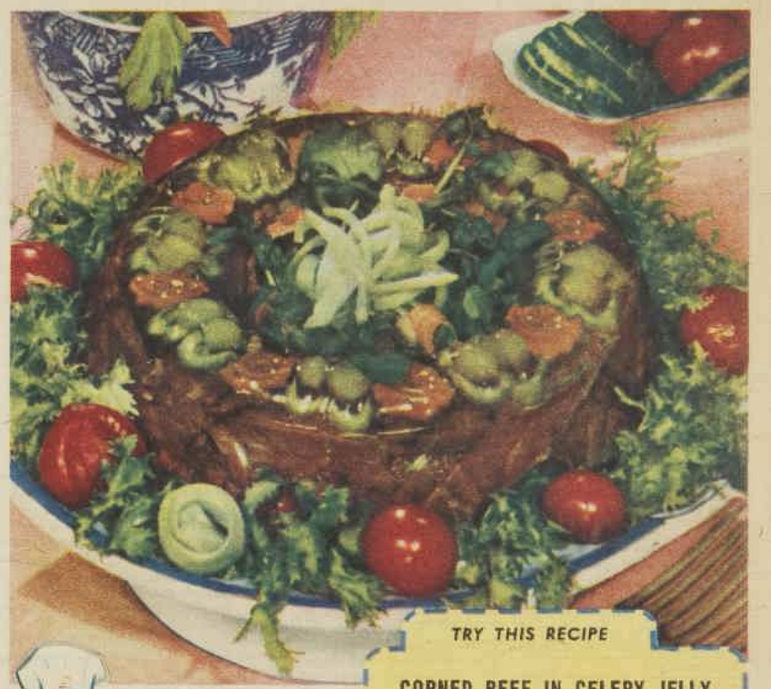
JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE: Perennial sunflower, native of North America, producing edible knobby tubers. A weedy plant in any country and difficult to get rid of once introduced.

JONQUIL: Often wrongly applied to paper-white narcissi. The name rightly belongs to Narcissus jonquilla, which has clusters of golden flowers.

Next week: Beginning with the K's.

exciting luncheon dish!

EYE-CATCHING! FLAVOURSOME!



Take a tip from the chef. Try something excitingly, refreshingly different. A meat-mould works wonders for your menu. There are so many clever things you can do with gelatine . . . especially with the aid of the new Davis Gelatine Recipe Book.

TRY THIS RECIPE

CORNED BEEF IN CELERY JELLY

1 envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in 3 tablespoons hot water, 2 cups diced celery including outside stalks and leaves, 3 cups cold water, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, green colouring if liked, 3 cups corned beef in small pieces, sliced carrot, diced celery.

Place cold water in saucepan with celery, onion, parsley, salt and pepper; cook until celery is soft. Strain, add dissolved gelatine. Colour a delicate green. Place a little in the bottom of a ring mould or cake tin; when firm, arrange a garnish of celery, small onions and carrot slices, cover with a little more jelly. Fill the mould with pieces of corned beef, celery and carrot. Cover with the remainder of the jelly. Chill. Unmould and serve with salads.

FREE RECIPE BOOK!

Simple to follow and well illustrated, **"DESSERTS, SALADS and SAVOURY DISHES"** contains many new dishes, new ways to save on food costs, how to set garnishes, how to unmould and other helpful hints. This practical book will be sent to you free. Complete the coupon below and send 4d. stamp for postage in your envelope.

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GOT THOSE

stale-air summer blues?

Quick! the Air-wick

The "good old summer time" would be *really* good if we could spend it all at the beach! But most of us have to put up with that hot, humid, breeze-less staleness at home. What to do about it? Just this . . .

You can stop any smell or staleness at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, give you *garden-fresh* air. Remember, for less than one penny per day . . .

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The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

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Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

Continuing . . . . **Dead Man's Folly**

must do. The unlikely piece here, the improbable piece there, the oh-so-rational piece that is not what it seems: all of these have their appointed place, and once they are fitted in there is an end of the business. All is clear. All is—as they say nowadays—in the picture."

He fitted in, in rapid succession, a small piece of a minaret, another piece that looked as though it was part of a striped awning, and was actually the back of a cat, and a missing piece of sunset that had changed suddenly from orange to pink.

"If one knew what to look for, it would be so easy," said Hercule Poirot to himself. "But one does not know what to look for. And so one looks in the wrong places or for the wrong things." He sighed vexedly. His eyes strayed from the jigsaw puzzle in front of him to the chair on the other side of the fireplace.

There, not half an hour ago, Inspector Bland had sat consuming tea and crumpets (square crumpets) and talking sadly. He had had to come to London on police business, and that police business having been accomplished, he had come to call upon M. Poirot. He had wondered, he explained, whether M. Poirot had any ideas. He had then proceeded to explain his own ideas. On every point he outlined, Poirot had agreed with him. Inspector Bland, so Poirot thought, had made a very fair and unprejudiced survey of the case.

It was now a month, nearly five weeks, since the occurrences at Nasse House. It had been five weeks of stagnation and of negation. Lady Stubbs' body had not been recovered. Lady Stubbs, if living, had not been traced. The odds, Inspector Bland pointed out, were strongly against her being alive. Poirot agreed with him.

"Of course," said Bland, "the body might not have been washed up. There's no telling with a body once it's in the water. It may show up yet, though it will be pretty unrecognisable when it does."

"There is a third possibility," Poirot pointed out.

Bland nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I've thought of that. I keep thinking of that, in fact. You mean the body's there—at Nasse, hidden somewhere where we've never thought of looking. It could be, you know. It just could be. With an old house, and with grounds like that, there are places you'd never think of—that you'd never know were there."

He paused a moment, ruminating.

"There's a house I was in only the other day," he went on. "They'd built an air raid shelter in the war. A flimsy sort of more or less home-made job in the garden, by the wall of the house, and had made a way from it into the house—into the cellar. Well, the war ended, the shelter tumbled down, they heaped it up in irregular mounds, and made a kind of rockery of it. Walking through that garden now, you'd never think that the place had once been an air raid shelter, and that there was a chamber underneath. Looks as though it was always meant to be a rockery. And all the time, behind a wine bin in the cellar, there's a passage leading into it.

"That's what I mean," he concluded. "That kind of thing. Some sort of way into some kind of place that no outsider would know about. I don't suppose there's an actual Priest's Hole, or anything of that kind?"

"Hardly—not at that period."

"That's what Mr. Weyman says. He says the house was built about 1790, or thereabouts. No reason for priests to hide themselves by that date. All the same, you know, there might be—somewhere, some alteration in the structure—something that one of the family might know about. What do you think, M. Poirot?"

"It is possible," said Poirot. "Yes, decidedly it is an idea. If one accepts the possibility, then the next thing is—who would know about it? Anyone staying in the house might know, I suppose?"

"Yes. Of course, it would let out De Sousa." The Inspector looked dissatisfied. De Sousa was still his preferred suspect. "As you say, anyone who lived in the house, such as a servant of one of the family, might know about it. Someone just staying in the house would be less likely. People who only came in from outside, like the Legges, less likely still."

"The person who would certainly know about such a thing, and who could tell you if you asked her, would be Mrs. Folliat," said Poirot.

Mrs. Folliat, he thought, knew all there was to know about Nasse House. Mrs. Folliat knew a great deal . . . Mrs. Folliat had known straight away that Hattie Stubbs was dead. Mrs. Folliat knew, before Marlene and Hattie Stubbs died, that it was a very wicked world, and that there were very wicked people in it. Mrs. Folliat, thought Poirot vexedly, was the key to the whole business. But Mrs. Folliat, he reflected, was a key that would not be easily turned in the lock.

"I've interviewed the lady several times," said the Inspector. "Very nice, very pleasant she's been about everything, and seems very distressed that she can't suggest anything helpful."

"Can't or won't?" thought Poirot. Bland was perhaps thinking the same.

"There's a type of lady," he said, "that you can't force. You can't frighten them, or persuade them, or diddle them."

No, Poirot thought, you couldn't force or persuade or diddle Mrs. Folliat.

The Inspector had finished his tea and sighed and gone, and Poirot had got out his jigsaw puzzle to alleviate his mounting exasperation. For he was exasperated. Both exasperated and humiliated. Mrs. Oliver had summoned him, Hercule Poirot, to elucidate a mystery! She had felt that there was something wrong, and there had been something wrong. And she had looked confidently to Hercule Poirot, first to prevent it—and he had not prevented it—and secondly to discover the killer, and he had not discovered the killer.

He was in a fog, in the type of fog where there are from time to time baffling gleams of light. Every now and then, or so it seemed to him, he had had one of those glimpses. And each time he had failed to penetrate further. He had failed to assess the value of what he seemed, for one brief moment, to have seen.

Poirot got up, crossed to the other side of the hearth, rearranged the second square chair so that it was at a definite geometric angle, and sat down on it. He had passed from the jigsaw of painted wood and cardboard to the jigsaw of a murder problem. He took a notebook from his pocket and wrote in small, neat characters:

"Etienne De Sousa, Amanda Brewis, Alec Legge, Peggy Legge, Michael Weyman."

It was physically impossible for Sir George or Jim Warburton to have killed Marlene Tucker. Since it was not physically impossible for Mrs. Oliver to have done so, he added her name after a brief space. He also added the name

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of Mrs. Masterton, since he did not remember of his own knowledge having seen Mrs. Masterton constantly on the lawn between four o'clock and quarter to five.

He added the name of Henden, the butler; more, perhaps, because a sinister butler had figured in Mrs. Oliver's Murder Hunt than because he had really any suspicions of the dark-haired artist with the gong-stick. He also put down "Boy in turtle shirt" with a query mark after it. Then he smiled, shook his head, took a pin from the lapel of his jacket, shut his eyes, and stabbed with it. It was as good a way as any other, he thought.

He was justifiably annoyed when the pin proved to have transfixed the last entry.

"I am an imbecile," said Hercule Poirot. "What has a boy in a turtle shirt to do with this?"

But he also realised he must have had some reason for including this enigmatic character in his list. He recalled again the day he had sat in the Folly, and the surprise on the boy's face at seeing him there. Not a very pleasant face, despite the youthful good looks. An arrogant, ruthless face.

The young man had come there for some purpose. He had come to meet someone, and it followed that that someone was a person whom he could not meet, or did not wish to meet, in the ordinary way. It was a meeting, in fact, to which attention must not be called. A guilty meeting. Something to do with the murder?

POIROT pursued his reflections. A boy who was staying at the Youth Hostel—that is to say, a boy who would be in that neighborhood for two nights at most. Had he come there casually? One of the many young students visiting Britain? Or had he come there for a special purpose, to meet some special person? There could have been what seemed a casual encounter on the day of the fete—possibly there had been?

"I know a good deal," said Hercule Poirot to himself, "I have in my hands many, many pieces of this jigsaw. I have an idea of the kind of crime this was—but it must be that I am not looking at it the right way."

He turned a page of his notebook and wrote: "Did Lady Stubbs ask Miss Brewis to take tea to Marlene? If not, why does Miss Brewis say that she did?"

He considered the point. Miss Brewis might quite easily herself have thought of taking cake and a fruit drink to the girl. But if so, why did she not simply say so? Why lie about Lady Stubbs having asked her to do so? Could this be because Miss Brewis went to the boathouse and found Marlene dead?

Unless Miss Brewis was herself guilty of the murder, that seemed very unlikely. She was not a nervous woman nor an imaginative one. If she had found the girl dead, she would surely at once have given the alarm.

He stared for some time at the two questions he had written. He could not help feeling that somewhere in those words there was some vital pointer to the truth that had escaped him. After four or five minutes of thought he wrote down something more.

"Etienne De Sousa declares that he wrote to his cousin three weeks before his arrival at Nasse House. Is that statement true or false?"

Poirot felt almost certain that it was false. He recalled the scene at the breakfast table. There seemed no earthly reason why Sir George or Lady Stubbs should pretend to a surprise and, in the latter's case, a dismay which they did not feel. He could see no purpose to be accomplished by it.

Granting, however, that Etienne De Sousa had lied, why did he lie? To give the impression that his visit had been announced and welcomed? It might be so, but it seemed a very doubtful reason. There was certainly no evidence that such a letter had ever been written or received.

Was it an attempt on De Sousa's part to establish his bona fides—to make his visit appear natural and even expected? Certainly Sir George had received him amicably enough, although he did not know him.

Poirot paused, then his thoughts ran on. "Sir George did not know De Sousa. His wife, who did know him, had not seen him." Was there perhaps something there? Could it be possible that the Etienne De Sousa who had arrived that day at the fete was not the real Etienne De Sousa?

He went over the idea in his mind, but again he could see no point to it. What had De Sousa to gain by coming and representing himself as De Sousa if he was not De Sousa? In any case De Sousa did not derive any benefit from Hattie's death. Hattie, as the police had ascertained, had no money of her own except that which was allowed her by her husband.

Poirot tried to remember exactly what she had said to him that morning. "He is a bad man. He does wicked things." And, according to Bland, she had said to her husband: "He kills people."

There was something rather significant about that, now that one came to examine all the facts. "He kills people."

On the day Etienne De Sousa had came to Nasse House one person certainly had been killed, possibly two people. Mrs. Folliat had said that one should pay no attention to these melodramatic remarks of Hattie's. She had said so very insistently. Mrs. Folliat——

Hercule Poirot frowned, then brought his hand down with a bang on the arm of his chair.

"Always, always—I return to Mrs. Folliat. She is the key to the whole business. If I knew what she knows . . . I can no longer sit in an armchair and just think. No, I must take a train and go again to Devon and visit Mrs. Folliat."

. . . .

Hercule Poirot paused for a moment outside the big wrought-iron gates of Nasse House. He looked ahead of him along the curving drive. It was no longer summer. Golden-brown leaves fluttered gently down from the trees. Near at hand the grassy banks were colored with small mauve cyclamen.

Poirot sighed. The beauty of Nasse House appealed to him in spite of himself. He was not a great admirer of nature in the wild. He liked things trim and neat, yet he could not but appreciate the soft wild beauty of massed shrubs and trees.

At his left was the small white porticoed lodge. It was a fine afternoon. Probably Mrs. Folliat would not be at home. She would be out somewhere with her gardening basket or else visiting some friends in the neighborhood.

She had many friends. This was her home, and had been her home for many long years. What was it the old man on the quay had said? "There'll always be Folliats at Nasse House."

Poirot rapped gently upon the door of the Lodge. After a few moments' delay, he heard footsteps inside. They sounded to his ear slow and almost hesitant. Then the door was opened, and Mrs. Folliat stood framed in the doorway. He was startled to see how old and frail she looked. She stared at him incredulously for a moment or two, then she said: "Monsieur Poirot! You!"

He thought for a moment that he had seen fear leap into her eyes, but perhaps that was sheer imagination on his part. He said politely: "May I come in, Madame?"

"But, of course."

She had recovered all her poise now, beckoned him in with a gesture, and led the way into her small sitting-room. There were some delicate Chelsea figures on the mantelpiece, a couple of chairs covered in exquisite petit point, and a Derby tea service stood on the small table.

"I will fetch another cup," she said.

Poirot raised a faintly protesting hand, but she pushed the protest aside. "Of course you must have some tea."

She went out of the room. He looked round him once more. A piece of needlework, a petit point chair-seat, lay on a table with a needle sticking in it. Against the wall was a bookcase with books. There was a little cluster of miniatures on the wall and a faded photograph in a silver frame of a man in uniform with a stiff moustache and a weak chin.

Mrs. Folliat came back into the room with a cup and saucer in her hand.

Poirot said: "Your husband, Madame?"

"Yes."

Noticing that Poirot's eyes swept along the top of the bookcase as though in search of further photographs, she said brusquely: "I'm not fond of photographs. They make one live in the past too much. One must learn to forget. One must cut away the dead wood."

Poirot remembered how the first time he had seen Mrs. Folliat she had been clipping with secateurs at a shrub on the bank. She had said then, he remembered, something about dead wood. He looked at her thoughtfully, appraising her character. An enigmatical woman, he thought, and a woman who, in spite of the gentleness and fragility of her appearance, had a side to her that could be ruthless. A woman who could cut away dead wood not only from plants but from her own life . . .

She sat down and poured out a cup of tea, asking: "Milk? Sugar?"

"Three lumps if you will be so good, Madame."

She handed him his cup and said conversationally, "I was surprised to see you. Somehow I did not imagine you would be passing through this part of the world again."

"I am not exactly passing through," said Poirot.

"No?" She queried him with slightly uplifted eyebrows.

"My visit to this part of the world is intentional."

She still looked at him in inquiry.

"I came here partly to see you, Madame."

"Really?"

"First of all—there has been no news of the young Lady Stubbs?"

Mrs. Folliat shook her head.

"There was a body washed up the other day in Cornwall," she said. "George went there to see if he could identify it. But it was not her." She added:

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"I am very sorry for George. The strain has been very great."

"Does he still believe that his wife may be alive?"

Slowly Mrs. Folliat shook her head.

"I think," she said, "that he has given up hope. After all, if Hattie were alive, she couldn't possibly conceal herself successfully with the whole of the Press and the police looking for her. Even if something like loss of memory had happened to her, well, surely the police would have found her by now."

"It would seem so, yes," said Poirot. "Do the police still search?"

"I suppose so. I do not really know."

"But Sir George has given up hope."

"He does not say so," said Mrs. Folliat. "Of course I have not seen him lately. He has been mostly in London."

"And the murdered girl? There have been no developments there?"

"Not that I know of." She added: "It seems a senseless crime — absolutely pointless. Poor child . . ."

"It still upsets you, I see, to think of her, Madame."

Mrs. Folliat did not reply for a moment or two. Then she said: "I think when one is old the death of anyone who is young upsets one out of due proportion. We old folks expect to die, but that child had her life before her."

"It might not have been a very interesting life."

"Not from our point of view, perhaps, but it might have been interesting to her."

"And although, as you say, we old folk must expect to die," said Poirot, "we do not really want to. At least I do not want to. I find life very interesting still."

"I don't think that I do."

She spoke more to herself than him, her shoulders drooped still more.

"I am very tired, M. Poirot. I shall be not only ready, but thankful, when my time comes."

He shot a quick glance at her. He wondered, as he had wondered before, whether it was a sick woman who sat talking to him, a woman who had perhaps the knowledge or even the certainty of approaching death. He could not otherwise account for the intense weariness and lassitude of her manner.

That lassitude, he felt, was not really characteristic of the woman. Amy Folliat, he felt, was a woman of character, energy, and determination. She had lived through many troubles, loss of her home, loss of wealth, the deaths of her sons. All these, he felt, she had survived. She had cut away the "dead wood," as she herself had expressed it. But there was something now in her life that she could not cut away, that no one could cut away for her. If it was not physical illness he did not see what it could be.

She gave a sudden little smile as though she were reading his thoughts.

"Really, you know, I have not very much to live for, M. Poirot," she said. "I have many friends but no near relatives, no family."

"You have your home," said Poirot on an impulse.

"You mean Nasse? Yes . . ."

"It is your home, isn't it, although technically it is the property of Sir George Stubbs? Now Sir George Stubbs has gone to London you rule in his stead."

Again he saw the sharp look of fear in her eyes. When she spoke her voice held an icy edge to it.

"I don't quite now what you mean, M. Poirot. I am grateful to Sir George for renting me this Lodge, but I do rent it. I pay him a yearly sum for it with the right to walk in the grounds."

Poirot spread out his hands. "I apologise, Madame. I did not mean to offend you."

"No doubt I misunderstood you," said Mrs. Folliat coldly.

"It is a beautiful place," said Poirot. "A beautiful house, beautiful grounds. It has about it great peace, great serenity."

"Yes." Her face lightened. "We have always felt that. I felt it as a child when I first came here."

"But is there the same peace and serenity now, Madame?"

"Why not?"

"Murder unavenged," said Poirot. "The spilling of innocent blood. Until that shadow lifts, there will not be peace." He added: "I think you know that, Madame, as well as I do."

Mrs. Folliat did not answer. She neither moved nor spoke. She sat quite still and Poirot had no idea what she was thinking. He leaned forward a little and spoke again.

"Madame, you know a good deal — perhaps everything — about this murder. You know who killed that girl, you know why. You know who killed Hattie Stubbs; you know, perhaps, where her body lies now."

Some miss many pleasures through caring too much for comforts.
— Viscount Samuel

Mrs. Folliat spoke then. Her voice was loud, almost harsh.

"I know nothing," she said. "Nothing."

"Perhaps I have used the wrong word. You do not know —but I think you guess, Madame. I'm quite sure that you guess."

"Now you are being—excuse me—absurd!"

"It is not absurd—it is something quite different—it is dangerous."

"Dangerous? To whom?"

"To you, Madame. So long as you keep your knowledge to yourself you are in danger. I know murderers better than you do, Madame."

"I have told you already; I have no knowledge."

"Suspicions, then—"

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"I have no suspicions."

"That, excuse me, is not true, Madame."

"To speak out of mere suspicion would be wrong—indeed wicked."

Poirot leaned forward. "As wicked as what was done here just over a month ago?"

She shrank back into her chair, huddled into herself. She half whispered: "Don't talk to me of it." And then added, with a long, shuddering sigh, "Anyway, it's over now. Done—finished with."

"How can you tell that, Madame? I tell you of my own knowledge that it is never finished with a murderer."

She shook her head. "No. No. it's the end. And anyway there is nothing I can do. Nothing."

He got up and stood looking down at her.

She said, almost fretfully, "Why, even the police have given up."

Poirot shook his head.

"Oh, no, Madame, you are wrong there. The police do not give up. And I," he added, "do not give up either. Remember that, Madame. I, Hercule Poirot, do not give up."

It was a very typical exit line.

. . . .

After leaving Nasse, Poirot went to the village, where, by inquiry, he found the cottage occupied by the Tuckers. His knock at the door went unanswered for some moments, as it was drowned by the high-pitched tones of Mrs. Tucker's voice from inside.

"—And what be you thinking of, Jim Tucker, bringing them boots of yours on to my nice linoleum? If I've tell ee once I've tell ee a thousand times. Been polishing it all the morning, I have, and now look at it."

A faint rumbling denoted Mr. Tucker's reaction to these remarks. It was, on the whole, a placatory rumble.

"Yu've no cause to go forgetting. 'Tis all this eagerness to get the sports news on the wireless. Why, 'twouldn't have took ee tu minutes to be off with them boots. And yu, Gary, do ee mind what yu'm doing with that lollipop. Sticky fingers I will not have on my best silver teapot. Marylin, that be someone at the door, that be. Du ee go and see who 'tis."

The door was opened gingerly and a child of about eleven or twelve years old peered out suspiciously at Poirot. One cheek was bulged with a sweet. She was a fat child with small blue eyes and a rather piggy kind of prettiness.

"'Tis a gentleman, mum," she shouted.

Mrs. Tucker, wisps of hair hanging over her somewhat hot face, came to the door.

"What is it?" she demanded sharply. "We don't need—" She paused, a faint look of recognition came across her face. "Why, let me see now, didn't I see you with the police that day?"

"Alas, Madame, that I have brought back painful memories," said Poirot, stepping firmly inside the door.

Mrs. Tucker cast a swift, agonised glance at his feet, but Poirot's pointed patent leather shoes had only trodden the high road. No mud was being deposited on Mrs. Tucker's brightly polished linoleum.

"Come in, won't you, sir," she said, backing before him and throwing open the door of a room on her right hand.

Poirot was ushered into a devastatingly neat little parlor. It smelt of polish and contained a large Jacobean suite, a round table, two potted geraniums, an elaborate brass fender, and a large variety of china ornaments.

"Sit down, sir, do. I can't remember the name. Indeed, I don't think as I ever heard it."

"My name is Hercule Poirot," said Poirot rapidly. "I found myself once more in this part of the world and I called here to offer you my condolences and to ask you if there had been any developments. I trust the murderer of your daughter has been discovered?"

"Not sight or sound of him," said Mrs. Tucker, speaking with some bitterness. "And 'tis a downright wicked shame if you ask me. 'Tis my opinion the police don't disturb themselves when it's only the likes of us. What's the police, anyway? If they'm all like Bob Hoskins, I wonder the whole country isn't a mass of crime. All that Bob Hoskins does is spend his time looking into parked cars on the Common."

At this point, Mr. Tucker, his boots removed, appeared through the doorway, walking on his stockinged feet. He was a large, red-faced man with a pacific expression.

"Police be all right," he said in a husky voice. "Got their troubles just like anyone else. These here maniacs aren't so easy to find. Look the same as you or me if you take my meaning," he added, speaking directly to Poirot.

The little girl who had opened the door to Poirot appeared behind her father and a boy of about eight poked his head round her shoulder. They all stared at Poirot with intense interest.

"This is your younger daughter, I suppose," said Poirot.

"That's Marylin, that is," said Mrs. Tucker. "And that's Gary. Come and say how do you do, Gary, and mind your manners."

Gary backed away.

"Shy-like, he is," said his mother.

"Very civil of you, I'm sure, sir," said Mr. Tucker, "to come and ask about Marlene. Ah, that was a terrible business, to be sure."

"I have just called upon Mrs. Folliat," said M. Poirot. "She, too, seems to feel this very deeply."

"She's been poorly-like ever

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Continuing . . . . Dead Man's Folly

since," said Mrs. Tucker. "She's an old lady, and it was a shock to her, happening as it did at her own place."

Poirot noted once more everybody's unconscious assumption that Nasse House still belonged to Mrs. Folliat.

"Makes her feel responsible like in a way," said Mr. Tucker, "not that 'twere anything to do with her."

"Who was it that actually suggested that Marlene should play the victim?" asked Poirot.

"The lady from London that writes the books," said Mrs. Tucker promptly. Poirot said mildly: "But she was a stranger down here. She did not even know Marlene."

"'Twas Mrs. Masterton what rounded the girls up," said Mrs. Tucker, "and I suppose 'twas Mrs. Masterton said Marlene was to do it. And Marlene, I must say, was pleased enough at the idea."

Once again, Poirot felt, he came up against a blank wall. But he knew now what Mrs. Oliver had felt when she first sent for him. Someone had been working in the dark, someone who had pushed forward their own desires through other recognised personalities. Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Masterton. Those were the figureheads.

"I have been wondering, Mrs. Tucker," he said, "whether Marlene was already acquainted with this—er—homicidal maniac."

"She wouldn't know nobody like that," said Mrs. Tucker virtuously.

"Ah," said Poirot, "but as your husband has just observed, these maniacs are very difficult to spot. They look the same as—er—you and me. Someone may have spoken to Marlene at the fete, or even before it. Made friends with her in a perfectly harmless manner. Given her presents, perhaps."

"Oh, no, sir, nothing of that kind. Marlene wouldn't take presents from a stranger. I brought her up better than that."

"But she might see no harm in it," Poirot persisted. "Supposing it had been some nice lady who had offered her things."

"Someone, you mean, like young Mrs. Legge down to the Mill Cottage?"

"Yes," said Poirot. "Someone like that."

"Give Marlene a lipstick once, she did," said Mrs. Tucker. "Ever so mad, I was. 'I won't have you putting that muck on your face, Marlene,' I said. 'Think what your father would say.' 'Well,' she says, perky as may be, 'it's the lady down at Lawder's Cottage as give it me. Said as how it would suit me, she did.' 'Well,' I said, 'don't you listen to what no London ladies say. It's all very well for them, painting their faces and blacking their eyelashes and everything else. But you're a decent girl,' I said, 'and you wash your face with soap and water until you're a good deal older than what you are now.' "

"But she did not agree with you, I expect," said Poirot, smiling.

"When I say a thing I mean it," said Mrs. Tucker.

The fat Marylin suddenly gave an amused giggle. Poirot shot her a keen glance.

"Did Mrs. Legge give Marlene anything else?" he asked.

"Believe she gave her a scarf or summat—one she hadn't no more use for. A showy sort of thing, but not much quality, I know quality when I see it," said Mrs. Tucker, nodding her head. "Used to work at Nasse House as a girl, I did. Proper stuff the ladies wore in those days. No gaudy colors and all this nylon and rayon. Real good silk. Why, some of their taffeta dresses would have stood up by themselves."

"Girls like a bit of finery," said Mr. Tucker indulgently. "I don't mind a few bright colors myself, but I won't have this 'ere mucky lipstick."

"A bit sharp I was with her," said Mrs. Tucker, her eyes suddenly misty, "and her gorn in that terrible way. Wished afterwards I hadn't spoken so sharp. Ah, nought but trouble and funerals lately, it seems. Troubles never come singly, so they say, and it's true enough."

"You have had other losses?" inquired Poirot politely.

"The wife's father," explained Mr. Tucker. "Come across the ferry in his boat from the Three Dogs late at night, and must have missed his footing on to the quay and fallen in the river. Of course he ought to have stayed quiet at home at his age. But there, you can't do anything with the old 'uns. Always pottering about on the quay he was."

"Father was a great one for the boats always," said Mrs. Tucker. "Used to look after them in the old days for Mr. Folliat, years and years ago that was. Not," she added brightly, "as father's much loss, as you might say. Well over ninety, he was, and trying in many of his ways. Always babbling some nonsense or other. 'Twas time he went. But, of course, we had to bury him nice — and two funerals running costs a lot of money."

These economic reflections passed Poirot by—a faint remembrance was stirring.

"An old man—on the quay? I remember talking to him. Was his name—"

"Merdell, sir. That was my name before I married."

"Your father, if I remember rightly, was head gardener at Nasse?"

"No—that was my eldest brother. I was the youngest of the family—eleven of us, there were." She added with some pride: "There's been Merdells at Nasse for years, but they're all scattered now. Father was the last of us."

Poirot said softly: "There'll always be Folliats at Nasse House."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I am repeating what your old father said to me on the quay."

"Ah, talked a lot of nonsense, father did. I had to shut him up pretty sharp now and then."

"So Marlene was Merdell's granddaughter," said Poirot. "Yes — I begin to see." He was silent for a moment, an immense excitement surging within him. "Your father was drowned, you say, in the river?"

"Yes, sir. Took a drop too much, he did. And where he got the money from I don't know. Of course, he used to get tips now and again on the quay helping people with boats or with parking their cars. Very cunning he was at hiding his money from me. Yes, I'm afraid as he'd had a drop too much. Missed his footing, I'd say, getting off his boat on to the quay. So he fell in and was drowned. His body was washed up down to Helmmouth the next day. 'Tis a wonder, as you might say, that it never happened before, him being ninety-two and half-blinded, anyway."

"The fact remains that it did not happen before—"

"Ah, well, accidents do happen, sooner or later—"

"Accident," mused Poirot. "I wonder."

He got up. He murmured: "I should have guessed. Guessed long ago. The child practically told me—"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"It is nothing," said Poirot. "Once more I tender you my condolences both on the death of your daughter and that of your father."

He shook hands with them both and left the cottage. He said to himself: "I have been foolish—very foolish. I have looked at everything the wrong way round."

"Hi—mister!"

It was a cautious whisper. Poirot looked round. The fat child Marylin was standing in the shadow of the cottage wall. She beckoned him to her and spoke in a whisper.

"Mum don't know everything," she said. "Marlene didn't get that scarf off of the lady down at the cottage."

"Where did she get it?"

"Bought it in Torquay. Bought some lipstick, too, and some scent—Newt in Paris—funny name. And a jar of foundation cream, what she'd read about in an advertisement." Marylin giggled. "Mum doesn't know. Hid it at the back of her drawer, Marlene did, under her winter vests. Used to go into the convenience at the bus stop, and do herself up, when she went to the pictures."

"Didn't your mother find these things after your sister died?"

Marylin shook her head.

"No," she said, "I got 'em now—in my drawer. Mum doesn't know."

Poirot eyed her consideringly and said: "You seem a very clever girl, Marylin."

Marylin grinned rather sheepishly. "Miss Bird says it's no good my trying for the grammar school."

"Grammar school is not everything," said Poirot. "Tell me, how did Marlene get the money to buy these things?"

Marylin looked with close attention at a drainpipe. "Dunno," she muttered.

"I think you do know," said Poirot.

Shamelessly he drew out a half-crown from his pocket and added another half-crown to it.

"I believe," he said, "there is a new, very attractive shade of lipstick called 'Carmine Kiss.' "

"Sounds smashing," said Marylin, her hand advanced towards the five shillings. She spoke in a rapid whisper. "She used to snoop about a bit, Marlene did. Used to see goings-on — you know what! Marlene would promise not to tell and then they'd give her a present, see?"

Poirot relinquished the five shillings.

He nodded to Marylin and walked away. He murmured again under his breath, but this time with intensified meaning: "I see."

So many things now fell into place. Not all of it. Not clear yet by any means—but he was on the right track. A perfectly clear trail all the way if only he had had the wit to see it. That first conversation with Mrs. Oliver, some casual words of Michael Weyman's, the significant conversation with old Merdell on the quay, an illuminating phrase spoken by Miss Brewis—the arrival of Etienne De Sousa.

A public telephone box stood adjacent to the village post office. He entered it and rang up a number. A few minutes later he was speaking to Inspector Bland.

"Well, M. Poirot, where are you?"

"I am here, in Nasse Combe."

"But you were in London yesterday afternoon?"

"It only takes three and a half hours to come here by a good train," Poirot pointed out. "I have a question for you."

"Yes?"

"What kind of a yacht did Etienne De Sousa have?"

"Maybe I can guess what you're thinking, M. Poirot, but I assure you there was nothing of that kind. It wasn't fitted up for smuggling, if that's what you mean. There were no fancy hidden partitions or secret cubbyholes. We'd have found them if there had been. There was nowhere on it you could have stowed away a body."

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"You are wrong, mon cher, that is not what I mean. I only asked what kind of a yacht, big or small?"

"Oh—it was very fancy—must have cost the earth. All very smart, newly painted, luxury fittings."

"Exactly," said Poirot. He sounded so pleased that Inspector Bland felt quite surprised.

"What are you getting at, M. Poirot?" he asked.

"Etienne De Sousa," said Poirot, "is a rich man. That, my friend, is very significant."

"Why?" demanded Inspector Bland.

"It fits in with my latest idea," said Poirot.

"You've got an idea, then?"

"Yes. At last I have an idea."

"Now you're definitely on to something?"

"I think so, yes."

"Look here——"

But Poirot had rung off. After searching his pockets for available change he put through a personal call to Mrs. Oliver at her London number.

"But do not," he hastened to add, when he made his demand, "disturb the lady to answer the telephone if she is at work."

He remembered how bitterly Mrs. Oliver had once reproached him for interrupting a train of creative thought and how the world in consequence had been deprived of an intriguing mystery centring on an old-fashioned long-sleeved woollen vest. The Exchange, however, was unable to appreciate his scruples.

"Well," it demanded, "do you want a personal call or don't you?"

"I do," said Poirot, sacrificing Mrs. Oliver's creative genius upon the altar of his own impatience. He was relieved when Mrs. Oliver spoke. She interrupted his apologies.

"It's splendid that you've rung me up," she said. "I was just going out to give a talk on 'How I Write My Books'. Now I can get my secretary to ring up and say I am unavoidably detained."

"But, Madame, you must not let me prevent——"

"It's not a case of preventing," said Mrs. Oliver joyfully. "I'd have made the most awful fool of myself. I mean, what can you say about how you write books? What I mean is, first you've got to think of something, and when you've thought of it you've got to force yourself to sit down and write it. That's all. It would have taken me just three minutes to explain that, and then the talk would have been ended and everyone would have been very fed up. I can't imagine why everybody is always so keen for authors to talk about writing. I should have thought it was an author's business to write, not talk."

"And yet it is about how you write that I want to ask you."

"You can ask," said Mrs. Oliver, "but I probably shan't know the answer. I mean one just sits down and writes. Half a minute, I've got a frightfully silly hat on for the talk—and I must take it off. It scratches my forehead."

There was a momentary pause and then Mrs. Oliver resumed in a relieved voice. "Hats are really only a symbol, nowadays, aren't they? I mean one doesn't wear them for sensible reasons any more; to keep one's head warm, or shield one from the sun, or hide one's face from people one doesn't want to meet. I beg your pardon, M. Poirot, did you say something?"

"It was an ejaculation only. It is extraordinary," said Poirot, and his voice was awed. "Always you give me ideas. So also did my friend Hastings, whom I have not seen for many, many years. You have given me now the clue to yet another piece of my problem. But no more of all that. Let me ask you instead my question. Do you know an atom scientist, Madame?"

"Do I know an atom scientist?" said Mrs. Oliver in a surprised voice. "I don't know. I suppose I may. I mean, I know some professors and things. I'm never quite sure what they actually do."

"Yet you made an atom scientist one of the suspects in your Murder Hunt?"

"Oh, that! That was just to be up-to-date. I mean, when I went to buy presents for my nephews last Christmas there was nothing but science fiction and the stratosphere and supersonic toys, and so I thought when I started on the Murder Hunt, 'Better have an atom scientist as the chief suspect and be modern.' After all, if I'd needed a little technical jargon for it I could always have got it from Alec Legge."

"Alec Legge—the husband of Peggy Legge? Is he an atom scientist?"

"Yes, he is. Not Harwell, Wales somewhere. Cardiff—or Bristol, is it? It's just a holiday cottage they have on the Helm. Yes, so of course I do know an atom scientist after all!"

"And it was meeting him at Nasse House that probably put the idea of an atom scientist into your head? But his wife is not Yugoslavian."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Oliver. "Peggy is English as English. Surely you realise that?"

"Then what put the idea of the Yugoslavian wife into your head?"

"I really don't know . . . Refugees, perhaps? Students? All those foreign girls at the hostel trespassing through the woods and speaking broken English."

"I see . . . Yes, I see now a lot of things."

"It's about time," said Mrs. Oliver.

"Pardon?"

"I said it was about time," said Mrs. Oliver. "That you did see things, I mean. Up to now you don't seem to have done anything." Her voice held reproach.

"One cannot arrive at things all in a moment," said Poirot, defending himself. "The police," he added, "have been completely baffled."

"Oh, the police," said Mrs. Oliver. "Now if a woman were the head of Scotland Yard . . ."

Recognising this well-known phrase, Poirot hastened to interrupt.

"The matter has been complex," he said. "Extremely complex. But now—I tell you this in confidence—but now I arrive!"

"I daresay," she said, "but in the meantime there have been two murders."

"Three," Poirot corrected her.

"Three murders? Who's the third?"

"An old man called Merdell," said Hercule Poirot.

"I haven't heard of that one," said Mrs. Oliver. "Will it be in the paper?"

"No," said Poirot, "up to now no one has suspected that it was anything but an accident."

"And it wasn't an accident?"

"No," said Poirot, "it was not an accident."

"Well, tell me who did it—did them, I mean—or can't you over the telephone?"

"One does not say these things over the telephone," said Poirot.

"Then I shall ring off," said Mrs. Oliver. "I can't bear it."

"Wait a moment," said Poirot, "there is something else I wanted to ask you. Now, what was it?"

"That's a sign of age," said Mrs. Oliver. "I do that, too."

"There was something, some little point—it worried me. I was in the boathouse—"

He cast his mind back. That pile of comics. Marlene's phrases scrawled on the margin. "Albert goes with Doreen." He had had a feeling that there was something lacking—that there was something he must ask Mrs. Oliver.

"Are you still there, M. Poirot?" demanded Mrs. Oliver. At the same time the operator requested more money.

These formalities completed, Poirot spoke once more. "Are you still there, Madame?"

"I'm still here," said Mrs. Oliver. "Don't let's waste any more money asking each other if we're there. What is it?"

"It is something very important. You remember your Murder Hunt?"

"Well, of course I remember it?"

"I made one grave mistake," said Poirot. "I never read your synopsis for competitors. In the gravity of discovering a murder it did not seem to matter. I was wrong. It did matter. You are a sensitive person, Madame. You are affected by your atmosphere, by the personalities of the people you meet. And these are translated into your work. Not recognisably so, but they are the inspiration from which your fertile brain draws its creations."

"That's very nice flowery language," said Mrs. Oliver, "but what exactly do you mean?"

"That you have always known more about this crime than you have realised yourself. Now for the question I want to ask you—two questions actually, but the first is very important. Did you, when you first began to 'plan' your Murder Hunt, mean the body to be discovered in the boathouse?"

"No, I didn't."

"Where did you intend it to be?"

"In that funny little summer-house tucked away in the rhododendrons near the house. I thought it was just the place. But then someone, I can't remember who exactly, began insisting that it should be found in the Folly. Well, that, of course, was an absurd idea! I mean, anyone could have strolled in there quite casually and come across it without having followed a single clue! People are so stupid. Of course I couldn't agree to that."

"So, instead, you accepted the boathouse?"

"Yes, that's just how it happened. There was really nothing against the boathouse, though I still thought the little summer-house would have been better."

"Yes, that is the technique you outlined to me that first day. There is one thing more. Do you remember telling me that there was a final clue written on one of the 'comics' that Marlene was given to amuse her?"

"Yes, of course."

"Tell me, was it something like" — he forced his memory back to a moment when he had stood reading various scrawled phrases — "Albert goes with Doreen. George Porgie kisses hikers in the woods. Peter pinches girls in the cinema?"

"Good gracious me, no," said Mrs. Oliver in a slightly shocked voice. "It wasn't anything silly like that. No, mine was a perfectly straightforward clue." She lowered her voice and spoke in mysterious tones: "Look in the hiker's rucksack."

"Wonderful!" cried Poirot. "Of course, the 'comic' with that on it would have to be

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taken away. It might have given someone ideas!"

"The rucksack, of course, was on the floor by the body and—"

"Ah, but it is another rucksack of which I am thinking."

"You're confusing me with all these rucksacks," Mrs. Oliver complained. "There was only one in my murder story. Don't you want to know what was in it?"

"Not in the least," said Poirot. "That is to say," he added politely, "I should be enchanted to hear, of course, but—"

Mrs. Oliver swept over the "but."

"Very ingenious, I think," she said, the pride of authorship in her voice. "You see, in Marlene's haversack, which was supposed to be the Yugoslavian's wife's haversack, if you understand what I mean—"

"Yes, yes," said Poirot, preparing himself to be lost in fog once more.

"Well, in it was the bottle of medicine containing poison with which the country squire poisoned his wife. You see, the Yugoslavian girl had been over here training as a nurse and she'd been in the house when Colonel Blunt poisoned his first wife for her money. And she, the nurse, had got hold of the bottle and taken it away and then come back to blackmail him. That, of course, is why he killed her! Does that fit in, M. Poirot?"

"Fit in with what?"

"With your ideas," said Mrs. Oliver.

"Not at all," said Poirot, but added hastily, "all the same, my felicitations, Madame. I am sure your Murder Hunt was so ingenious that nobody won the prize."

"But they did," said Mrs. Oliver. "Quite late, about seven o'clock. A very dogged old lady, supposed to be quite gaga. She got through all the clues and arrived at the boathouse triumphantly, but of course the police were there. So then she heard about the murder, and she was the last person at the whole fete to hear about it, I should imagine! Anyway, they gave her the prize."

She added with satisfaction, "That horrid young man with the freckles who said I drank like a fish never got farther than the hydrangea garden."

"Some day, Madame," said Poirot, "you shall tell me this story of yours."

"Actually," said Mrs. Oliver, "I'm thinking of turning it into a book. It would be a pity to waste it."

Some three years later Hercule Poirot read "The Woman in the Wood," by Ariadne Oliver, and wondered while he read it why some of the persons and incidents seemed to him vaguely familiar.

. . . . .

The sun was setting when Poirot came to what was called officially Mill Cottage and known locally as the Pink Cottage down by Lawder's Creek. He knocked on the door and it was flung open with such suddenness that he started back. The angry-looking young man in the doorway stared at him for a moment without recognising him. Then he gave a short laugh.

"Hullo," he said, "it's the sleuth. Come in, M. Poirot. I'm packing up."

Poirot accepted the invitation and stepped into the cottage. It was plainly, rather badly, furnished. And Alec Legge's personal possessions were at the moment taking up a disproportionate amount of room. Books, papers, and articles of stray clothing were strewn all around, an open suitcase stood on the floor.

"The final break-up of the household," said Alec Legge. "Peggy has cleared out. I expect you know that."

"I did not know it, no."

Alec Legge gave a short laugh. "I'm glad there's something you don't know. Yes, she's had enough of married life. Going to link up her life with that tame architect."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Poirot.

"I don't see why you should be sorry."

"I am sorry," said Poirot, clearing off two books and a shirt and sitting down on the corner of the sofa, "because I do not think she will be as happy with him as she would be with you."

"She hasn't been particularly happy with me this past six months."

"Six months is not a lifetime," said Poirot. "It is a very short space out of what might be a long, happy married life."

"Talking rather like a parson, aren't you?"

"Possibly. May I say, Mr. Legge, that if your wife has not been happy with you it is probably more your fault than hers."

"She certainly thinks so. Everything's my fault, I suppose."

"Not everything, but some things."

"Oh, blame everything on me. I might as well drown myself in the river and have done with it."

Poirot looked at him thoughtfully.

"I am glad to observe," he remarked, "that you are now more perturbed with your own troubles than those of the world."

"The world can go hang," said Mr. Legge. He added bitterly, "I seem to have made the most complete fool of myself all along the line."

"Yes," said Poirot, "I would say that you have been more unfortunate than reprehensible in your conduct."

Alec Legge stared at him.

"Who hired you to sleuth me?" he demanded. "Was it Peggy?"

"Why should you think that?"

"Well — nothing's happened officially. So I concluded that you must have come down after me on a private job."

"You are in error," replied Poirot. "I have not at any time been sleuthing you. When I came down here I had no idea that you existed."

"Then how do you know whether I've been unfortunate or made a fool of myself or what?"

"From the result of observation and reflection," said Poirot. "Shall I make a little guess and will you tell me if I am right?"

"You can make as many little guesses as you like," said Alec Legge. "But don't expect me to play."

"I think," said Poirot, "that some years ago you had an interest and sympathy for a certain political party. Like many other young men of a scientific bent. In your profession such sympathies and tendencies are naturally regarded with suspicion. I do not think you were ever seriously compromised, but I do think that pressure was brought upon you to consolidate your position in a way you did not want to consolidate it. You tried to withdraw and you were faced with a threat. You were given a rendezvous with someone. I doubt if I shall ever know that young man's name. He will be for me always the young man in the turtle shirt."

Alec Legge gave a sudden explosion of laughter.

"I suppose that shirt was a bit of a joke. I wasn't seeing things were funny at the time."

Hercule Poirot continued.

"What with worry over the fate of the world and the worry over your own predicament, you became, if I may say so, a man almost impossible for any woman to live with happily. You did not confide in your wife. That was unfortunate for you, as I should say that your wife was a woman of loyalty, and that if she had realised how unhappy and desperate you were she would have been whole-heartedly on your side. Instead of that she merely began to compare you, unfavorably, with a former friend of hers, Michael Weyman."

He rose.

"I should advise you, Mr. Legge, to complete your packing as soon as possible, to follow your wife to London, to ask her to forgive you and to tell her all that you have been through."

"So that's what you advise," said Alec Legge. "And what business is it of yours?"

"None," said Hercule Poirot. He withdrew towards the door. "But I am always right."

There was a moment's silence. Then Alec Legge burst into a wild peal of laughter.

"Do you know," he said, "I think I'll take your advice! Divorce is infernally expensive. Anyway, if you've got hold of the woman you want, and are then not able to keep her, it's a bit humiliating, don't you think? I shall go up to her flat in Chelsea, and if I find Michael there I shall take hold of him by that silly hand-knitted tie he wears and throttle the life out of him! I'd enjoy that. Yes, I'd enjoy it a good deal."

His face suddenly lit up with a most attractive smile.

"Sorry for my filthy temper," he said, "and thanks a lot."

He clapped Poirot on the shoulder. With the force of the blow Poirot staggered and all but fell.

Mr. Legge's friendship was certainly more painful than his animosity.

"And now," said Poirot, leaving Mill Cottage on painful feet and looking up at the darkening sky, "where do I go?"

. . . . .

The Chief Constable and Inspector Bland looked up with keen curiosity as Hercule Poirot was ushered in. The Chief Constable was not in the best of tempers. Only Bland's quiet persistence had caused him to cancel his dinner appointment for that evening.

"I know, Bland, I know," he said fretfully. "Maybe he was a little Belgian wizard in his day—but surely, man, his day's over. He's what age?"

Bland slid tactfully over the answer to this question, which, in any case, he did not know. Poirot himself was always reticent on the subject of age.

"The point is, sir, he was there—on the spot. And we're not getting anywhere any other way. Up against a blank wall, that's where we are."

"I know, I know," the Chief Constable said irritably. "Makes me begin to believe in Mrs. Masterton's homicidal pervert. I'd even use bloodhounds, if there were anywhere to use them."

"Bloodhounds can't follow a scent over water."

"Yes. I know what you've always thought, Bland. And I'm inclined to agree with you. But there's absolutely no motive, you know. Not an iota of motive."

"The motive may be out in the islands."

"Meaning that Hattie Stubbs knew something about De Sousa out there? I suppose that's reasonably possible, given her mentality. She was simple, everyone agrees on that. She might blurt out what she knew to anyone at any time. Is that the way you see it?"

"Something like that."

"If so he waited a long time before crossing the sea and doing something about it."

"Well, sir, it's possible he didn't know what exactly had become of her. His own story was that he'd seen a piece in some society periodical about Nasse House and its beautiful 'chatelaine' — which I have always thought myself," added Bland parenthetically, "to be a silver thing with chains and bits and pieces hung on it that people's grandmothers used to clip on their waistbands—and a good idea, too. Wouldn't be all these silly women forever leaving their handbags around. Seems, though, that in women's jargon 'chatelaine' means mistress of a house. As I say, that's his story and maybe it's true enough, and he didn't know where she was or who she'd married until then."

"But once he did know, he came across post haste in a yacht in order to murder her? It's far-fetched, Bland, very far-fetched."

"But it could be, sir."

"And what on earth could the woman know?"

"Remember what she said to her husband: 'He kills people'."

"Murder remembered? From the time she was fifteen? And presumably only her word for it? Surely he'd be able to laugh that off!"

"We don't know the facts," said Bland stubbornly. "You know yourself, sir, how once one knows who did a thing, one can look for the evidence and find it."

"H'm. We've made inquiries about De Sousa — discreetly — through the usual channels — and got nowhere."

"That's just why, sir, this funny old Belgian boy might have stumbled on something. He was in the house — that's the important thing. Lady Stubbs talked to him. Some of the random things she said may have come together in his mind and made sense. However that may be, he's been down in Nasse Combe most of today."

"And he rang you up to ask what kind of a yacht Etienne De Sousa had?"

"When he rang up the first time, yes. The second time was to ask me to arrange this meeting."

"Well," the Chief Constable looked at his watch, "if he doesn't come within five minutes—"

But it was at that very moment that Hercule Poirot was shown in.

His appearance was not as immaculate as usual. His moustache was limp, affected by the damp Devon air, his patent-leather shoes were heavily coated with mud, he limped, and his hair was ruffled.

"Well, so here you are, M. Poirot." The Chief Constable shook hands. "We're all keyed up, on our toes, waiting to hear what you have to tell us."

The words were faintly ironic, but Hercule Poirot, however damp physically, was in no mood to be damped mentally.

"I cannot imagine," he said, "how it was I did not see the truth before!"

The Chief Constable received this rather coldly.

"Are we to understand that you do see the truth now?"

"Yes — there are details — but the outline is clear."

"We want more than an outline," said the Chief Constable dryly. "We want evidence. Have you got evidence, M. Poirot?"

"I can tell you where to find the evidence."

Inspector Bland spoke. "Such as?"

Poirot turned to him. "Etienne De Sousa has, I suppose, left the country?"

"Two weeks ago." Bland added bitterly, "It won't be easy to get him back."

"He might be persuaded."

"Persuaded? There's not sufficient evidence to warrant an extradition order, then?"

"It is not a question of an extradition order. If the facts are put to him—"

"But what facts, M. Poirot?" The Chief Constable spoke with some irritation. "What are these facts you talk about so glibly?"

"The fact that Etienne De Sousa came here in a lavishly appointed luxury yacht showing that his family is rich, the fact that old Merdell was Marlene Tucker's grandfather (which I did not know until today), the fact that Lady Stubbs was fond of wearing elaborate hats, the fact that Mrs. Oliver, in spite of an unbridled and unreliable imagination, is, unrealised by herself, a very shrewd judge of character, the fact that Marlene Tucker had lipsticks and bottles of perfume hidden at the back of her bureau drawer, the fact that Miss Brewis maintains that it was Lady Stubbs who asked her to take a refreshment tray down to Marlene at the boathouse."

"Facts?" The Chief Constable stared. "You call those facts? But there's nothing new there!"

"You prefer evidence—definite evidence—such as—Lady Stubbs' body?"

Now it was Bland who stared.

"You have found Lady Stubbs' body?"

"Not actually found it—but I know where it is hidden. You shall go to the spot, and when you have found it, then —then you will have evidence — all the evidence you need! For only one person could have hidden it there."

"And who's that?"

Hercule Poirot smiled—the contented smile of a cat who has lapped up a saucer of cream.

"The person it so often is," he said softly, "the husband. Sir George Stubbs killed his wife."

"But that's impossible, M. Poirot. We know it's impossible."

"Oh, no," said Poirot, "it is not impossible at all! Listen and I will tell you."

. . . . .

Hercule Poirot paused a moment at the big wrought-iron gates. He looked ahead of him along the curving drive. The last of the golden brown leaves fluttered down from the trees. The cyclamen were over.

Poirot sighed. He turned aside and rapped gently on the door of the little white pilastered lodge.

After a few moments' delay he heard footsteps inside, those slow, hesitant footsteps. The door was opened by Mrs. Folliat. He was not startled this time to see how old and frail she looked.

She said, "M. Poirot? You again?"

"May I come in?"

"Of course."

He followed her in.

She offered him tea, which he refused. Then she asked in a quiet voice, "Why have you come?"

"I think you can guess, Madame."

Her answer was oblique. "I am very tired," she said.

"I know." He went on, "There have now been three deaths — Hattie Stubbs, Marlene Tucker, old Merdell."

She said sharply, "Merdell? That was an accident. He fell from the quay. He was very old, half blind, and he'd been drinking in the pub."

"It was not an accident. Merdell knew too much."

"What did he know?"

"He recognised a face, or a way of walking, or a voice—something like that. I talked to him the day I first came down here. He told me then all about the Folliat family—about your father-in-law and your husband, and your sons who were killed in the war. Only — they were not both killed, were they? Your son Henry went down with his ship, but your second son, James, was not killed. He deserted. He was reported at first, perhaps, 'Missing, believed killed,' and later you told everyone that he was killed. It was nobody's business to disbelieve that statement. Why should they?"

Poirot paused and then went on: "Do not imagine I have no sympathy for you, Madame. Life has been hard for you, I know. You can have had no real illusions about your younger son, but he was your son and you loved him. You did all you could to give him a new life. You had the charge of a young girl, a subnormal but very rich girl. Oh, yes, she was rich. You gave out that her parents had lost all their money, that she was poor, and that you had advised her to marry a rich man many years older than herself. Why should anybody disbelieve your story? Again, it was nobody's business. Her parents and near relatives had been killed. A firm of French lawyers in Paris acted as instructed by lawyers in San Miguel."

Mrs. Folliat sat as still as a statue.

"On her marriage she assumed control of her own fortune," Poirot went on. "She was, as you have told me, docile, affectionate, suggestible. Everything her husband asked her to sign she signed. Securities were probably changed and resold many times, but in the end the desired financial result was reached. Sir George Stubbs, the new personality assumed by your son, became a rich man and his wife became a pauper. It is no legal offence to call yourself 'Sir' unless it is done to obtain money under false pretences. A title creates confidence—it suggests, if not birth, then certainly riches. So the rich Sir George Stubbs, older and changed in appearance and having grown a beard,

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"The funny thing is that month after month Jackson sells more beds than anybody else in the department."

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bought Nasse House and came to live where he belonged, though he had not been there since he was a boy."

Still Amy Folliat made no move and uttered no word.

After a moment, Poirot resumed: "There was nobody left after the devastations of war who was likely to have recognised him. But old Merdell did. He kept the knowledge to himself, but when he said to me slyly that there would always be Folliats at Nasse House that was his own private joke. So all had turned out well, or so you thought. Your plan, I fully believe, stopped there. Your son had wealth, his ancestral home, and though his wife was subnormal she was a beautiful and docile girl and you hoped he would be kind to her and that she would be happy."

Mrs. Folliat said in a low voice, "That's how I thought it would be—I would look after Hattie and care for her. I never dreamed——"

"You never dreamed — and

Continuing . . . . Dead Man's Folly

your son carefully did not tell you—that at the time of the marriage he was already married. Oh, yes — we have searched the records for what we knew must exist. Your son had married a girl in Trieste, a girl of the criminal world with whom he concealed himself after his desertion. She had no mind to be parted from him, nor for that matter had he any intention of being parted from her. He accepted the marriage with Hattie as a means to wealth, but in his own mind he knew from the beginning what he intended to do."

"No, no, I do not believe that! I cannot believe it . . . It was that woman — that wicked creature."

"He meant murder," Poirot went on inexorably. "Hattie had no relatives, few friends. Immediately on their return to England he brought her here. The servants hardly saw her

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the evening they arrived — and the woman they saw the next morning was not Hattie, but his Italian wife made up as Hattie and behaving roughly much as Hattie behaved."

After a brief pause, Poirot continued, "There again it might have ended. The false Hattie might have lived out her life as the real Hattie, though doubtless her mental powers would have unexpectedly improved owing to what would vaguely be called 'new treatment.' The secretary, Miss Brewis, already realised that there was very little wrong with Lady Stubbs' mental processes.

"But a totally unforeseen thing happened. A cousin of Hattie's wrote that he was coming to England on a yachting trip, and although that cousin had not seen her for many years, he would not be likely to be deceived by an impostor.

"It is odd," said Poirot, breaking off his narrative, "that though the thought did cross my mind that De Sousa might not be De Sousa, it never occurred to me that the truth lay the other way round—that is to say, that Hattie was not Hattie.

"There might have been several different ways of meeting that situation," he went on. "Lady Stubbs might have avoided a meeting with a plea of illness, but if De Sousa remained long in England she could hardly have continued to avoid meeting him. And there was already another complication. Old Merdell, garrulous in his old age, used to chatter to his granddaughter. She was probably the only person who bothered to listen to him, and even she dismissed most of what he said because she thought him 'batty.' Nevertheless, some of the things he said about having seen 'a woman's body in the woods,' and 'Sir George Stubbs being really Mr. James,' made sufficient impression on her to made her hint about them tentatively to Sir George.

"In doing so, of course, she signed her own death warrant. Sir George and his wife could take no chances of stories like that getting around. I imagine that he handed her out small sums of hush money, and proceeded to make his plans.

"They worked out their scheme very carefully. They already knew the date when De Sousa was due at Helmmouth. It coincided with the date fixed for the fete. They arranged their plan so that Marlene should be killed and Lady Stubbs 'disappear' in conditions which should throw vague suspicion on De Sousa. Hence the references to his being a 'wicked man' and the accusations: 'He kills people.' Lady Stubbs was to disappear permanently (possibly a conveniently unrecognisable body might be identified at some time by Sir George) and a new personality was to take her place. Actually, 'Hattie' would merely resume her own Italian personality. All that was needed was for her to double the parts over a period of a little more than twenty-four hours. With the connivance of Sir George, this was easy.

"On the day I arrived, Lady Stubbs was supposed to have remained in her room until just before tea-time. Nobody saw her there except Sir George. Actually she slipped out, took a bus or a train to Exeter, and travelled from Exeter in the company of another girl student (several travel every day this time of year) to whom she confided her story of the friend who had eaten bad veal-and-ham pie. She arrives at the Hostel, books her cubicle, and goes out to 'explore.'

"By tea-time, Lady Stubbs is in the drawing-room. After dinner, Lady Stubbs goes early to bed—but Miss Brewis caught a glimpse of her slipping out of the house a short while afterwards. She spends the night in the Hostel, but is out early, and is back at Nasse as Lady Stubbs for breakfast. Again she spends a morning in her room with a 'headache,' and this time manages to stage an appearance as a 'trespasser' rebuffed by Sir George from the window of his wife's room, where he pretends to turn and speak to his wife inside that room.

"The changes of costume were not difficult—shorts and an open shirt under one of the elaborate dresses that Lady Stubbs was fond of wearing. Heavy white make-up for Lady Stubbs, with a big hat to shade her face; a gay peasant scarf, sunburned complexion, and bronze red curls for the Italian girl. No one would have dreamed that those two were the same woman.

"And so the final drama was staged. Just before four o'clock Lady Stubbs told Miss Brewis to take a tea-tray down to Marlene. That was because she was afraid such an idea might occur to Miss Brewis independently, and it would be fatal if Miss Brewis should inconveniently appear at the wrong moment. Perhaps, too, she had a malicious pleasure in arranging for Miss Brewis to be at the scene of the crime at approximately the time it was committed. Then, choosing her moment, she slipped into the empty fortune-telling tent, out through the back and into the summer-house in the shrubbery where she kept her hiker's rucksack with its change of costume. She slipped through the woods, called to Marlene to let her in, and strangled the unsuspecting girl then and there.

"The hat she threw into the river, then she changed into her hiker dress and make-up, packed up her elaborate dress and high-heeled shoes in the rucksack—and presently an Italian student from the Youth Hostel joined her Dutch acquaintance at the shows on the lawn, and left with her by the local bus as planned. Where she is now I do not know. I suspect in Soho, where she doubtless has underworld affiliations of her own nationality who can provide her with the necessary papers. In any case, it is not for an Italian girl that the police are looking, it is for Hattie Stubbs, simple, subnormal, exotic.

"But poor Hattie Stubbs is dead, as you yourself, Madame, know only too well. You revealed that knowledge when I spoke to you in the drawing-room on the day of the fete. The death of Marlene had been a bad shock to you—you had not had the least idea of what was planned; but you revealed very clearly, though I was dense enough not to see it at the time, that when you talked of 'Hattie' you were talking of two different people — one a woman you disliked who would be 'better dead,' and against whom you warned me 'not to believe a word she said'—the other a girl of whom you spoke in the past tense, and whom you defended with a warm affection. I think, Madame, that you were very fond of poor Hattie Stubbs . . ."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Folliat sat quite still in her chair. At last she roused herself and spoke. Her voice had the coldness of ice.

"Your whole story is quite fantastic, M. Poirot. I really think you must be mad . . . All this is entirely in your head, you have no evidence whatsoever!"

Poirot went across to one of the windows and opened it.

"Listen, Madame. What do you hear?"

"I am a little deaf . . . What should I hear?"

"The blows of a pick-axe . . . They are breaking up the concrete foundation of the Folly . . . What a good place to bury a body — where a tree has been uprooted and the earth is already disturbed. A little later, to make all safe, concrete over the ground where the body lies, and, on the concrete, erect a Folly . . ." He added gently: "Sir George's Folly . . . The Folly of the owner of Nasse House."

A long, shuddering sigh escaped Mrs. Folliat.

"Such a beautiful place," said Poirot. "Only one thing evil . . . The man who owns it . . ."

"I know." Her words came hoarsely. "I have always known . . . Even as a child he frightened me . . . Ruthless . . . Without pity . . . And without conscience . . . But he was my son and I loved him . . . I should have spoken out after Hattie's death . . . but he was my son—how could I be the one to give him up? And so, because of my silence, that poor silly child was killed . . . And, after her, dear old Merdell . . . Where would it have ended?"

"With a murderer it does not end," said Poirot.

She bowed her head. For a moment or two she stayed so, her hands covering her eyes.

Then Mrs. Folliat, of Nasse House, daughter of a long line of brave men, drew herself erect. She looked straight at Poirot and her voice was formal and remote.

"Thank you, M. Poirot," she said, "for coming to tell me yourself of all this. Will you leave me now? There are some things that one has to face quite alone . . ."

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P. G. Wodehouse writes our new serial

OPENING instalment will appear next week of "SOMETHING FISHY," a sparkling two-part comedy serial by the inimitable humorist P. G. Wodehouse.

A tontine is a grim sort of lottery in which the winner is the last surviving member of a group of contributors. However, as might be expected, the tontine which forms the theme of "Something Fishy" is of a very different type. It revolves around the marriage of various millionaires' sons instead of around their survival. And, of course, in true Wodehouse style, nothing goes according to plan.

P. G. Wodehouse has for very many years delighted readers with his superb comedy. "Something Fishy" contains all the best of his humor, intrigue, and romance, with the central characters a lovely girl, a very pleasant and a very objectionable young man, a blundering, elderly nobleman, and—naturally!—a very versatile and ingenious butler. His name is Keggs.

Don't miss the opening instalment of this most entertaining serial in next week's issue.

COOL, refreshingly cool, with irresistible Cyclax Skin-Perfume 11/6. Spray-Mist 'Aerosol' — 23/-.

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Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

WHILE working in an office I was given the mail orders to attend to. One customer enclosed an amount of money in her letter and apologised for not knowing the correct amount of her account. Some time later we received another letter from her saying that she had found the statement, and explaining, "It was where I put it, but I didn't look there."

£2/2/- awarded to "Mail Order," Wagga, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A MAN

AS the result of an allergy, I had a very swollen mouth and a lovely pair of bunged-up eyes one morning recently. I was back to normal by the time my husband returned home that evening, and jubilantly reported the fact. He regarded me fixedly for a moment, then said:

"Yes, you don't look any worse than usual now!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. P. Jones, Bass Highway, Blythe, Tasmania.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE LOVE LETTER

By PHYLLIS GORDON DEMAREST

THIS WEEK'S ADDITIONAL LONG STORY

IN the small restaurant to which they had gone for a late evening snack, Nick sat across the table from Cara, and told himself that it was a miracle he should be sitting there with her at all.

Only Cara, he thought, could arrange to maintain that faint golden tan, so reminiscent of South Devon, here in London. In Tanminster he had grown up hearing Cara referred to as the prettiest girl in the district. In the years since, he had met many far prettier girls, yet never one who gave off more than the illusion of loveliness.

It lay not so much in the blue of her eyes, the clean shine of ash-blond hair; it was intrinsic, perhaps, in her tall grace, the ease of her laughter. In Cara's world everything was right, was normal, and you were captured in the spirit of that healthy vitality, as he, Nick, had been captured long ago.

She asked now, smiling, "What are you thinking of?"

"Of you. Of us," he said. "Of how wonderfully the same it all is."

A month ago he hadn't dreamed it ever could be. A month ago he had walked into that cocktail party, all unsuspecting, and heard the bright sound of laughter—Cara's laughter. And in a moment he was aware of the clamor in his pulses mocking him, like the echo of four years of his life rolling away.

She held out her hands to him. "I don't believe it. It isn't happening—unless we're in a story book."

"Cara Trent," he said slowly, as if there were a need to remind himself she was that.

"No," she said. "Cara Boyd again. Doug and I—broke up a year ago. Divorced." He had no idea what to say, and it was a relief when she hurried on. "I want to hear all about you, Nick. Everything."

He started to tell her about his job on a national daily newspaper, where it had taken him, but she interrupted.

"I know all that. I've seen your by-line, of course."

"And you never got in touch with me?"

"Oh, I thought about it," she said with that characteristic frankness he remembered. "But there could have been another Nicholas Dane, and the one I knew could have been married or something. Are you?"

"Not anything. And you?" He waited, holding his breath.

She shook her head. "Not anything."

In the tiny pause that followed, it occurred to Nick to wonder if they hadn't both begun to explore the situation, the strange fact that they should meet again, and both of them be free. "Tell me what you've been doing with yourself, Cara."

"This and that. Chiefly, I handle plays and television scripts for the Gilling Literary Agency." She seemed to meet his gaze purposely. "For me, there's always a thrill in discovering talent."

He didn't follow that up. He wasn't going to ask about Douglas Trent, nor what had happened to the marriage. Actually, they had talked very little about the past this past month, perhaps by tacit consent—perhaps because they were too glad to have the future back.

Now, across the table in the nearly deserted restaurant, he suddenly saw the full brightness in Cara's eyes.

She murmured, "It's been the same for me, yes, from the first moment I saw you again. Only, you'll never know how afraid I've been that it might not be the same for you. Because I was so horribly wrong, Nicky."

"Cara——" He put out a hand to her, as if he would stop her defences from crumbling, stop her from humbling herself before him.

"No," she said. "Let me be honest. I tried to be a good wife to Doug. I wanted to help him so much. But you can't turn that into love, you can't make of it a grand, romantic feeling, high as it seems. It just isn't enough to base a whole life together on. He knew, he always knew, it was only a kind of pity I felt, that what I'd felt for you was the real thing. I couldn't even make him happy, for all my trying. You see, I failed all three of us, Nicky."

He put his hand on hers, quickly. "Cara, don't. There's no need to go over it all."

"But it was my fault. I was such an angry, prize idiot."

He could not tell which distressed him more, her abrupt weeping or her ruthless blame of herself.

"No," he said, "no. It was as much my fault, too."

And that was odd, very odd, for he had never thought that. And quite suddenly there arose in his mind the pale vision of Emmeline's face.

Equally odd, he found he could not bring himself to speak of Emmeline, as if he could not bear to inject any bitterness into this moment. The moment had been a long time coming and, holding Cara's hand, he knew how hungry he had been for it.

"Nicky," she whispered. "Nicky, do you think two people can go—back?"

"I don't think," he said. "I know . . ."

When he had left her, he walked through the streets, a tall, brown-haired man with grey eyes, remembering Cara's smile, her laugh, like a vibrance within himself. He thought if he turned his head he would see her there, walking beside him.

She had always walked beside him. In a dream of lost beauty, in the haunting of the-might-have-been; in the moments when he had recalled love, in the times which he hoped he had forgotten it. It was her shadow which

Continued overleaf

"Married?" said Nick in a dazed voice to Emmeline, "Cara and Doug! I can't believe it."

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"THE LOVE LETTER," by Phyllis Gordon Demarest

had fallen across the faces of other women and dimmed them. He had known happy moments with other women, never that high expanse of feeling. It wasn't to be recaptured with anyone else.

He had known it always, deep within him, and it was at times like that, when revelation had hit him hardest, to mingle with frustration, that he had most resented Emmeline.

Emmeline. Why hadn't he mentioned her tonight? Cara had been so honest, so unashamedly and beautifully honest, he could not think now what had kept him silent about Emmeline. With anyone else he might had put it down to some inexplicable if twisted loyalty; but not with Emmeline.

Well, it did not matter now. What mattered was that at last he was done with mournful dreamings, done, perhaps, with his unforgiving ire at Emmeline. He had touched Cara's lips and reality together, and he felt whole again.

Nick was whistling beneath his breath as he put the key in the lock of his door, so that it was a moment or two before he became aware of the ringing telephone. When he picked up the instrument, the operator said that Tanminster was calling. He thought at once of his father. A voice said urgently, "Nick?"

"Yes, this is Nick, Emmeline." He could not remember a time in his life when she had phoned him, and apprehension pricked at him. "What is it? Is something wrong?"

"Yes, very wrong, I'm afraid. There's been an accident. Your father's in the hospital, Nick."

"Hurt?" he asked sharply.

"A broken leg, among other things, but his life isn't in danger." She seemed to have trouble catching her breath. "They were out driving, Uncle Mark and Mother. The other car smashed into—"

"Never mind that. How is your mother?"

There was the tiniest pause. Then Emmeline said slowly, "She was killed instantly."

"Oh, no. Oh, Emmy, no." It was as though he stood there, not in the room at all, but in a sea of horror, while its shock rushed through him. Maggie—dead? He could not believe it. Emmeline's mother had always been so cheerily alive, so bravely alive. He had to wet dry lips. "Emmeline?"

"Yes?"

Was she crying? Any other girl would be, of course. He had seen Emmeline serene and silent, sulky and indifferent, and on rare occasions shaken by fury. But he had never seen her cry, so that even he could not be sure.

Nick said, "I'll be on the next train." He sought clumsily for some word of comfort, but he could not readily find it. It had been a long time, a very long time, since he had spoken any word of kindness to Emmeline. "You'll be all right, Emmy, until I get there?"

Emmeline said, almost primly, "Quite all right, thank you. I'll tell Uncle Mark you're coming. It will make him feel a lot better."

Nick hung up. Except for that slight breathlessness, she had sounded perfectly normal. Would he have been able to approach that odd composure if it had been his father, who had been "uncle" to her for so many years, who had been killed, instead of her mother? As it was, he could not bear to think what Maggie's death would mean to his father. Maggie had meant so much to him.

Nick picked up the phone again, began to make his arrangements. He had barely time in the morning to call at Cara's flat on his way to the station. She looked so fresh and lovely in a flowered housecoat, her shining hair tied back with a ribbon not half so blue as her eyes, that he hated to tell her his bad news.

Her gaze clouded at once. "Poor, poor Emmy," Cara said sadly. "I suppose this leaves her quite alone."

"Yes. Unless you count that father of hers, wherever he is."

Cara shook her head. "If only Maggie had married your father." She put her arms about him quickly, and for a moment they just clung to each other. "Darling, how long will you be gone?"

"I've got a couple of weeks' back leave, which I'm taking. That ought to bring me back around the fifteenth."

"The fifteenth? My holiday starts a little before." Her arms tightened about him suddenly. "Nicky, dear, I know how important your job is, but do you think you could manage a week or so extra after that, so that you and I could be married then?"

He said, "I'll manage, dearest. There isn't anything half as important as that."

"No. This is a bad time to be parted, isn't it? We've scarcely had time to find each other again. But I'll try not to be selfish about it. Poor Emmy, she'll need you now, even more than I do at the moment. You'll be good to her and good for her. I know how sorry you've always been for her."

Cara couldn't know, of course, that he had stopped being sorry for Emmeline long ago, that in the space of a single night the old habit of pity had been rooted out forever in fiercest anger. And, as the train carried him back home, he found his mind, somehow, going backwards, too.

THE first he'd ever heard about Emmeline was from his father, proprietor of the local paper. "That new secretary of mine, Mrs. Lawton, is turning out to be a dream of a secretary. Of course, she knows the ropes—married to a newspaperman, a foreign correspondent now. She's just come down from London with her little girl, Emmeline."

Emmeline, when Nick met her, didn't seem so little. She was about thirteen, gawky and thin, and the plainest child he'd ever seen.

"I suppose," Emmeline said, "you'll work on your father's paper now."

"Why?" He had just come out of the army. He wasn't sure what he meant to do.

"Why? Because it's the finest career ever. I know." The dark, solemn eyes blazed surprisingly. "My father's a foreign correspondent—a wonderful one." It was a blaze of pride, Nick saw then.

He went to work on the "Tanminster Gazette," and discovered it was right for him. He'd never known his own mother, and when he also discovered in those next years that his father was in love with Maggie Lawton, he hoped eventually that it would come right, too.

Mark wasn't as sanguine. "Lawton's always on the move, but Maggie says he always comes back to them. At any rate, she won't hear of a divorce. I'm glad there's going to be one wedding in the family, Nick—hold on to Cara."

Nick laughed. "Don't worry. Cara's not easily lost."

And only weeks later he was facing her and saying, "You've got to stop seeing Douglas Trent. Do you hear, Cara?"

"I hear that you're giving me orders, yes. And I don't like it, Nick. I don't like your tone, or your stupid jealousy and mistrust of me. If I see Doug, it's only to help him with the book he's writing."

"You're lovely, Cara. You're clever, too. But you're no literary expert. Isn't it the other way round, really? Aren't you encouraging Doug because he happens to be in love with you—because you need him to bolster your ego?"

She said with a quiet that should have warned him, "That's unfair."

He went on, heedless, reckless, "No, it's the truth. People are talking." He hadn't realised that he was shouting. "As the man you're going to marry, I demand—"

"Demand?" said Cara, very distinctly. "Demand, Nick? After this, people will have a lot more to talk about. Because, you see, I'm not going to marry you at all. I couldn't marry a jealous man, a despot, one who doesn't trust me."

Her words, angry, final, rang in his ears that night as he was packing to leave for Manchester. And all at once there was no anger within himself, only the wish that he need not go.

For she was right. He had been a jealous fool, tyrannical to say the least, even overbearing. And he reached for the telephone, humble.

Cara was out. He had no time to wait for her return, yet he must know the harshness between them was erased. He wrote a note.

When he came down the stairs, bag in hand, Emmeline was coming from his father's study. At eighteen, a girl should have a bloom on her, if not beauty. She should have friends, the glorious certainty of being young and alive.

She had none of these things. She had only the blind adoration for a father who treated her mother badly, who never came home, who wrote only enough to keep up the spark of false hope.

"Oh, Emmy," he said, "are you going home? Drop this at Cara's, will you?" She had to pass Cara's home, and it would save him time. "I—well, it's important." He handed her the note.

Emmeline nodded her dark head. "Of course, Nick. Have a good trip."

He went off light-heartedly. Three days later, when he braked the car outside his house again at midnight, a slim figure was sitting on the top step, and he whistled, astonished.

Emmeline said, in a low voice, "I had to see you. I had to tell you—"

"At this hour?" Then he saw the white strain of her face.

Silently she held out to him a folded copy of the "Gazette." And by the brightness of the moon he read the earth-shattering item.

"Married?" He heard his own voice, thin, dazed, while his world, his life, his love broke within him in a thousand meaningless fragments. "Cara and Doug—married? I don't believe it. It isn't true."

Emmeline said, "They eloped the night you left. Cara came home to pack a bag, but she didn't even tell her mother until after it was over. Doug got a special licence."

Nick gripped the stone rail by the front porch. "But my note——"

"She didn't get it." Emmeline's head was bent. "I lost it, Nick."

"Lost it?" And he repeated, horror-struck, "Lost it?"

"My pocket was torn. I ran between here and Cara's like a—like someone demented—but I couldn't find it anywhere."

He bent down, gripping her shoulders, pulling her to her feet.

"You knew," he said, and he didn't care how his fingers hurt her. "I told you it was important." He hadn't even known himself how important, and the grim waves of pain came at him. "How could you, Emmeline? How could you do such a thing to me?"

He felt her shiver. "I don't blame you, Nick. But I couldn't guess anything was wrong between you and Cara. It was an accident, a terrible accident—"

He said, between his teeth, "Was it?" He flung Emmeline from him so that she stumbled and almost fell. "Damn you," he said. "Damn you, Emmeline!"

He took the morning train out of Tanminster, away from Cara and Doug, most of all away from Emmeline.

It was Emmeline's fault, however you analysed it. She had said that Cara had returned to pack a bag. If she, Emmeline, had had the wit of a child she could have left word that he had written the note, that she had lost it, and the whole ghastly mistake that had cost him his happiness would never have occurred . . .

But now, standing there in the hospital, beside his father's bed, he had no such thoughts. He had only his sorrow for his father's loss.

"Just get well, Dad," he said. "I'll take care of the paper."

"And Emmeline," his father said. "She's been like a daughter to me, and I love her as much." There was a pause. "Maggie would never have married me, you know. Maggie was a one-man woman."

As I, Nick thought, am a one-woman man. But it made

My father taught me to work; he did not teach me to love it.
—Abraham Lincoln.

him feel almost guilty to consider his own regained happiness now.

He let himself into the house just before dinner-time, and, after taking his things up to his old room, he came down to the sitting-room, meaning to telephone Emmeline. With his hand on the instrument, she spoke.

"I told Mrs. Blake I was sure I heard someone in the house."

He spun about, saw her standing in the doorway. "Hallo, Emmy. Sorry I couldn't ring you before. I had things to do." He added, as gently as he could. "The funeral will be on Thursday."

"Thank you," she said, and moved into the room.

She did not look any different. Just a sober-eyed, dark-haired girl, with no pretence to prettiness. He could find no traces of tears and she wasn't even in mourning.

He said awkwardly, "I thought perhaps you'd like to go somewhere quiet for dinner."

"That was kind of you," said Emmeline. "But Mrs. Blake and I have cooked dinner for you. It's ready to serve now. How's Uncle Mark?"

"Doing fine, the doctor tells me." It was oddly as though their positions were reversed. She had that polite calm wrapped about her like a cloak. "Emmeline, I'm so terribly sorry about your mother."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, of course. Would you like to eat now?"

He sat across the table from her in the dining-room, and asked himself wryly, what kind of a girl was she, anyway? Hadn't she any heart, any feelings, any emotions?

Trying to make conversation, he said, "I'm taking over for Dad temporarily on the paper, starting tomorrow morning."

Something like a pleased flicker showed in the large, dark eyes. "Fine. I'll help you all I can, Nick."

"You?" He remembered then that Emmeline had been working on the "Gazette" for quite some time. "No, you take it easy for a while. I'll manage."

She said quietly, yet firmly, "That won't be possible, with Mother gone. She was Uncle Mark's right hand, and I'm the only one in the office who can take her place. I'll be there in the morning, too."

The iron woman, he thought, but he didn't argue.

Emmeline reached for a roll. "Besides, you'll want to get back to Cara."

NICK looked up, startled. "Cara?"

"Uncle Mark told me you'd written you were seeing her again." She had her head bent, buttering the roll. "I suppose you'll be marrying her soon."

"Very soon." And he felt his heart leap at the thought.

The tiniest ghost of a smile played at her mouth. "The happy ending, isn't it, Nick? Believe me, I'm glad—glad for you both."

"Thank you," he said, and changed the subject a little self-consciously.

They talked about the office and, just before ten, Emmeline rose.

"I'll run and get my things. I've been staying here with Mrs. Blake these past few nights. No, don't move, Nick. I want to walk home, and we'll both need sleep to be on the job bright and early."

Only when she had gone did it occur to him that he might have asked her to continue staying on. Mrs. Blake would have proved a proper enough chaperon. But Emmeline was really none of his business.

An hour later he wasn't so sure. Perhaps he had been thoughtless, unkind. And perhaps, being Emmeline, she had merely gone straight to sleep and he was worrying himself for nothing.

But he had to know. He went out and got into his father's car.

All the lights in the small house were on. Emmeline opened the door with a pathetic eagerness, and Nick stared. It was the first time he had seen her with tears on her face.

"Nick," Emmeline whispered, and put a hand to her throat.

He said simply, "I was afraid you might be lonely." Only a very lonely person would put on every light in the house.

He walked with her into the neat sitting-room, but when he would have sat down Emmeline spoke in a muffled voice.

"Not that chair. Please." And he understood that it was her mother's.

For a moment the dark eyes were naked with grief, and she brushed at the tears fiercely. "I'm sorry. I meant to carry on exactly as she would have wanted me to do, and I tried. I never wanted anyone to see me like this—most especially you."

He asked, puzzled, "Why me? Can't you be yourself with me?"

"Not with you," said Emmeline, and shivered violently. "Not with someone who's hated me for years. No."

He said, oddly shocked, "Hated? That's a dreadful word."

Her slim shoulders shivered again. "It's a dreadful feeling, too, knowing you're hated, even when it's justified. I never pretended that what I did to you wasn't a terrible thing, Nick, and I've never blamed you for the way you felt towards me."

She wasn't the iron woman, after all. She had come home to the empty house, and all her defences had gone down before it, even pride itself. He saw her suddenly lost and vulnerable and hurt, and, for the first time in longer than he could remember, the old pity stirred within his breast.

"Emmy," he said, "I don't hate you. I never did. I was angry, yes. It's true I felt for a long time that you'd been the one to ruin my happiness, and I was bitter about it. But that's all wiped away now."

She said, almost as though she hadn't heard him, "I used to wake up at night, hearing you say, 'Damn you, Emmeline. Damn you.' One can't wipe a thing like that out of one's memory, any more than the thing I did to you."

She suddenly swayed a little and her long lids closed tiredly. "Go away, Nick. Go away now. I can't bear it to be arguing with you further."

Nick picked the swaying figure up in his arms. He carried Emmeline to a deep chair and sat with her on his lap, as though she had been a child.

"You poor kid," he said. "I guess there have been things on your side to forgive, too."

She said brokenly, "I never—hated you, Nick."

"Nor I you. Why, Emmy, two people who have very nearly been brother and sister couldn't honestly feel that way towards each other. Don't you believe that, Emmy? Don't you want to?"

"Yes," Emmeline whispered. "With all my heart."

She was gazing up at him now, her eyes huge and shining. But Nick wasn't looking into Emmeline's eyes. He was looking suddenly at her mouth, seeing its delicate curves and faint trembling, its need for assurance. He smiled and bent his head to her lips.

The smile went away at the first touch of Emmeline's mouth. He hadn't known that it would feel so warm and alive, that her arms would come about him hard, and that she would kiss him back not as a girl you were merely being sorry for but as a woman who wanted with all her passion to seal this new bond between them.

And he hadn't known, either, that something in him would meet that passion with a flame of its own. Something heady, and yet familiar, and utterly enfolding.

He didn't know how long it lasted. He only knew when Emmeline slipped from his arms.

"Thank you, Nick," she said quite steadily. "Thank you for being so sweet. It's good to know that from now on we'll understand each other again. I'll see you in the morning, Nick."

"Yes," he said, "yes," and got to his feet slowly. "'Night, Emmy."

He wasn't sure, even when he was out in the street, what had happened. There had been that strange, unexpected flare of warmth between them, the totally unlooked-for depth and emotion of that kiss.

But, he thought, driving home, when had he ever understood Emmeline? It would take a man in love to know Emmeline, and the simple truth of the matter was that he couldn't imagine her inspiring that feeling in any man.

He drove back with her after the quiet funeral, and her face

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"THE LOVE LETTER," by Phyllis Gordon Demarest

seemed more than ever a pale mask.

He reached for her hand, squeezed it gently. "Emmy," he said, "you don't have to play the Spartan with me."

"I know," she said, and the little glance she gave him was grateful. "But don't worry. I'm all right. I didn't feel alone today, in spite of everything, because you were there. And I'm not usually given to tears, you know."

He said severely, "I don't want you crying in secret, either."

"No, Nick," Emmeline said meekly.

It was odd. He found that this business of feeling sorry for Emmeline could easily become a habit.

He said hesitantly, "About your father——"

"What about him?"

"Have you written him? I imagine you'll want to get in touch with him—let him know what's happened."

"I don't want to get in touch with him."

He said, surprised, "Don't you? I always thought you were fond of him."

"I was," she said quietly. "I used to think the sun rose and set with him. But that was when I was very young, too inexperienced to realise the kind of Peter Pan he really is, never wanting to take up his responsibilities. You don't know how happy it would have made me if—if Mother had married Uncle Mark."

Happy. He wondered suddenly if she had ever really known what it was to be happy.

He said only, "Don't grieve too much, Emmy. Perhaps it wouldn't have worked out."

"I think it would." Turning his head, he saw her chin had lifted ever so slightly. It looked curiously set, determined. Then she said, "We ought to go to the hospital to see Uncle Mark."

"Later," he said. "But first you're coming home with me for the lunch we missed." He wasn't going to allow her to go home to the empty house.

She touched his arm. "Nick——"

"Yes?"

"I don't know what I'd have done without you these past days."

He smiled. "For that matter, I don't know what I'd have done without you at the office. You've saved my life a few times already."

"It's funny," she said softly, "how people need each other, and don't find it out until something happens . . ."

She walked ahead of him into the sitting-room. Just over the threshold, Nick paused, while a tall young man he had never seen before, fair and with an engagingly open face, came swiftly forward, and Emmeline stopped in her tracks.

The fair young man said, "Emmeline, dearest. I've only just heard—why didn't you wire me?" And his arms went about her, his mouth came down full on hers.

Nick simply stood where he was, aware of something deeper than amazement, something that was akin to shock stiffening along his spine. The kiss seemed to go on for longer than any kiss should—perhaps that was why he felt this peculiar sense of disapproval — and Emmeline herself appeared to have forgotten him.

She was saying now, "Oh, Gerry, how lovely to have you back—I knew you would be in a day or so anyway, and I didn't want to drag you away."

"But you should have, darling." You couldn't mistake that definite tenderness; it was the concern of love. "When I think of you going through all this alone . . ."

"Well, no, not really alone." It seemed to remind Emmeline of his own existence and she turned, a little breathless, warmth in her eyes and color in her cheeks. It struck Nick that he had never seen her so alive, nor so very close to beauty. "Gerry, dear, this is Nick Dane—Nick, Gerald Anders."

He felt his hand pumped in a good grasp. "Hallo, Nick. I practically know you, of course. I can't tell you how grateful I am that you were around to look after Emmeline at this time."

Gerry had the build of an athlete, Nick noted, with good-looking features, as well as that engaging quality. Beside his tall fairness, Emmeline looked very slight, almost fragile. You could not help thinking how well they set each other off.

"I hope you don't mind my barging in here like this," Gerry said. "But they told me at the office I might find Emmeline here, and so I waited." He had a winning smile, a forthright manner. "Excuse us now, Nick, will you? Emmeline and I have so many things to talk over." He put an arm about her waist. "I'm going to carry her off now."

Emmeline looked up at Nick. "Forgive me, Nick. And tell Uncle Mark I'll be over to see him later, when I can."

"Yes, of course," said Nick.

He stood a long time in the silent room, and then he went to the hospital, without bothering to eat.

"Gerry Anders?" his father said. "He's a construction engineer, a very clever and successful one. He's been in Lancashire for the past month, making arrangements to take over a big job." He added, after a moment, "He's in love with Emmy, of course."

"So I noticed," said Nick. Had he thought, only days previously, that Emmeline was unlikely to inspire any such feeling in a man? He had been very wrong, it seemed. "Are they going to be married?"

"Oh, I think that's been taken for granted for some time. A very fine young man, Gerry. Didn't she tell you about him?"

"No," said Nick. Why? He hadn't made any secret about marrying Cara. But, then, Emmeline had asked him, hadn't she? And it had simply never occurred to him . . .

He had been very stupid, blind. With Gerry beside her, Emmeline hadn't seemed pale, unattractive at all. Instead, she had had a sort of radiance, the confidence that came of being loved, of loving. Had her lips responded beneath Gerry's as they had beneath his own?

He wondered suddenly what the devil he was thinking, and he sat down with a kind of passionate penitence and wrote to Cara.

Beyond working together at the office, he saw astonishingly little of Emmeline. Yet not so astonishing. She was seeing Gerry, naturally.

Nick said to her casually, "I heard you and Anders are engaged."

Emmeline smiled. "Did you?" And after that there seemed not too much he could say.

The next time he spoke to Cara on the telephone he told her he'd have to stay longer than he'd thought.

"After all, I can't walk out on Dad yet. Why don't you come down when your holiday starts? We could be married here, then."

There was a little silence. Then Cara said, "I'd sooner not, darling. People might talk and it would make me uncomfortable. After all, we don't want to stir up all that old unhappiness, do we?"

He tried to argue her out of her decision. But she was adamant.

"Call it superstition, Nick, darling, anything you like. But I'd feel as if we were starting off wrong there. And hurry back, Nick."

It was natural that he should long for her, miss her more than ever after that. And it had nothing on earth to do with the fact that he felt curiously lonely, unwanted, himself now that Emmeline was seeing Gerry so much.

He was coming out of the "Gazette" office one evening when he heard his name called, and, turning, saw Gerry.

"I was coming in to see you," Gerry said, and at once Nick noticed the grim set to the pleasant features. "Can we go somewhere for a drink?"

Nick said they could, and wondered why Gerry should seek him out. He waited patiently until they were seated in the quiet bar.

"I want to ask you to leave Tanminster," said Gerry.

"What?" Nick stared.

Gerry twirled his drink. "Before I went away—before you came—it was agreed that as soon as I got back Emmeline would marry me, go back with me. Now she's changed her mind."

Nick said, "Changed her mind? What on earth do you mean?"

"Just that. She's sent me away. I'm not to see her any more."

He said nothing. He could recognise quite plainly now the desperation in the other man's face. And it was odd, very odd, to be feeling within himself this acceleration, this note of hope almost.

"Well," he said finally, "it's not so strange, is it, that Emmy doesn't want to be married immediately? It's a perfectly normal reaction." It surprised him how many normal reactions he was discovering in Emmeline of late, when he had so often thought her anything but normal. "After all, she's just lost her mother and——"

But Gerry said sharply, "It isn't that. It isn't anything to do with that." He paused. "It's to do with you. Emmeline says she's in love with you. That's why she can't marry me."

He heard his own quick-drawn breath. "But she knows——"

"That you're not in love with her? That you're going to marry Cara? Oh, yes, Emmeline knows that." Gerry gave a small, mirthless laugh. "But you seem to forget what her mother was like. You forget that Maggie Lawton waited for years for the man she loved to return to her, like a heroine out of a story."

Nick shook his head dazedly. "Emmy wouldn't be so foolish." Foolish, or idealistic? It didn't matter. He had remembered suddenly the aliveness, the near beauty that Gerry's presence had brought her, and he shook his head again. "No, you've got it all wrong. Emmy isn't in love with me. A man would know a thing like that. She's in love with you, I tell you."

Gerry said dryly, "There's one way to find out. Ask her."

Nick sat quite still. He felt as if he had been running, and was abruptly pulled up short. But whether he had been running from anything, or to it, he couldn't tell.

"No," he said at last, "I couldn't. I haven't the right."

Gerry leaned towards him. "Then I give you the right—the right to act for me. Go to her and find out. And after you've talked with Emmeline, tell me that I'm wrong. Convince me, and I'll be the happiest man alive, because I'll have hope again."

Nick looked into the grey eyes, darkened now with doubt, with inner torture, and he pushed his empty glass away from him slowly.

"All right," he said quietly. "I'll ask her."

But what he found himself thinking was, do I want to ask Emmeline if she's in love with me, because it's important to Gerry to know or because it's important to me?

But how could it be important to him? There was Cara—Cara, whom he was going to marry, and all the long bright dream of her coming true at last. It didn't make sense, he thought angrily.

It didn't make sense that after all the long, lonely years, years in which he had felt nothing but bitterness towards Emmy, he should be wondering if he were in love with her . . .

Then he thought, you weren't bitter when you kissed her. It just seemed so ineffably right, so beautifully right.

Was that love? That feeling of rightness, of passion without shame, of complete and utter openess?

EMMY opened the door to him and he said, smiling, "Did you think it was Gerry?"

"No," Emmeline said. "I knew it wasn't Gerry. Come in, Nick."

He did not speak again until they were in the living-room. Then he said, "You knew it wasn't Gerry, because you've sent him away, haven't you, Emmy?"

Her face was suddenly the whitest thing he had ever seen, her eyes enormous.

"Did he tell you that?"

"Yes, and a few other things, too." He watched her carefully, as though the least change in her expression were vital. "Such as your being in love with me. Did you tell him that, Emmy?"

He thought for a long moment she wasn't going to answer. "Yes," she said then.

"Well?" He came a little closer, aware of the quickening beat inside him. "Is it true?"

He didn't know what he had expected. But she looked up at him directly, and he wasn't prepared for the frankness of her gaze, nor the light sound of her laugh.

"Nick," she said, "you know better than that."

Incredibly, he felt disconcerted, lost. It was as if he had been close to some new and strangely inviting threshold, and the door had swung to in his face.

He said slowly, "Then why did you——?"

"Because I had to." She lifted a hand helplessly. "I had to give him some reason that his logic, his heart even, would accept for breaking off the engagement." She wasn't laughing now. "He wouldn't understand any other reason than the one I gave him. Gerry's straightforward. He isn't my kind of complicated person."

"I see." That had been his own summing-up, too. "What was your real reason, Emmy?"

She turned and walked away from him, stood with her clasped hands over the back of the chair, looking down at them.

She said softly, "Uncle Mark is the only father I've ever really known. He's been a thousand times better to me than my own father. He loved Mother, and he loves me. Oh, Nick, don't you see? I can't marry Gerry now and go off with him indefinitely. And so I set him free in what I hoped would be the best, the quickest way, the one which in the end would hurt him least."

Nick drew in a breath. "You gave up marrying Gerry—for what you felt you owed my father?"

She said on a half-breath: "It will be terrible for him when he comes out of hospital. When you're gone, Nick, when he realises that Mother's gone, and that I'm gone, too. I couldn't do that to Uncle Mark; I couldn't, for the life of me."

He went to her and took both her slim, cold hands in his. "Do you know what I think of you, Emmy? I think you're the most splendid, the most loyal person I've ever known."

He saw tears in her eyes. "No, Nick——"

"Yes," he said. "I understand you at last, Emmy. I know you for what you are and I love you for it." How easily he had said that last . . . I love you.

She wouldn't know, as he knew so clearly now himself, that it came from the innermost depths of him. And he could never let her know, because he had discovered it too late.

He smiled. "But Dad is my responsibility, not yours. I'll find a way to work things out so that he won't be alone. Promise me that you'll phone that fine young man of yours and put him out of his misery. Tell him you're free to go to the end of the world with him and be happy."

"Nick," Emmeline said, and he saw again in her face the beauty that came with loving, and being loved. "Oh, Nick—Nick!"

She flung herself against him, her arms going hard about him. He could not lift his mouth from the hot sweetness of hers, nor tear himself from her slim, dark vibrance—and he knew he must.

He set her from him, feeling the unbearable effort it cost him to smile, and he walked from the house.

So that was what love was. It wasn't the broken dreams of your youth that you refused to give up, that you tried to recapture. It was the knowledge and depth of understanding; it was not considering yourself, what you wanted, your own desires, but the loved one alone and without question.

He knew, Nick thought; at last he knew.

The only thing he did not know was what he was going to do about Cara. How did you tell a woman that first love could be only a vision of love? That you had found and lost the reality? He didn't know how not to hurt Cara.

He went to Manchester as he had gone long ago, manufacturing a story this time, and the heaviness of heart went with him. When he came back he hadn't solved anything, not even how he would get out of attending Emmeline's marriage with Gerry. Thank heaven, at least he wouldn't have to face living in the same town with her. For he was going to live here. He was going to take her place at his father's side.

And then, when he opened the door of his private office, he knew that a portion of his problem had been solved for him.

Continued overleaf

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"THE LOVE LETTER," by Phyllis Gordon Demarest

Before his window, a figure turned round. The last of the sun caught the shining hair, and for a moment he could neither speak nor move.

"Hallo, Nick." Cara said.

It seemed to him she had never looked more lovely, tall and graceful and appealing in the grey suit she wore. He had no right to feel trapped, to feel resentful of the fact that by her coming here his hand had been forced. It wasn't even true. He had forced it himself days ago when he had asked her to come here.

And, because he was ashamed of his thoughts, he went over quickly, put his arms about her.

"You came," he said. "You came, after all." He buried his face in her hair, so that she would not see it. Emmy, he thought; Emmy, why isn't it you? And, again because he was ashamed, he said, "We'll be married at once, darling. You won't mind living here after we're married, will you?"

"Living here?" He was glad she had not stirred from his arms.

"It's what I'll have to do, I'm afraid. You see, Emmeline is going to be married, too, and that will leave Dad entirely alone. He isn't up to it yet; not after the shock of losing Maggie."

But Cara broke in quickly. "Let's not talk about that now."

Something in her voice made him loosen his arms about her, step back.

He searched her face. "Then what made you come at all, Cara?"

She said faintly, "I didn't want to come back here, ever."

He saw then how dark her blue eyes were, and smiled. "But you did." It seemed to him, as if he needed it, a kind of proof of her love for him. "Well, believe me, now you're here, you won't find it so terrible."

"But it is," she said, and her mouth wasn't steady. "It's worse than terrible. Nicky—" He felt her tortured uncertainty, like a struggle.

"Nicky, I had a phone call from Mrs. Trent, Doug's mother. I'd heard he was living here again."

Nick said, "I hadn't. Where's he been hiding himself?"

"I don't know. His mother says he'd been living very quietly by the sea, trying to finish a new book." Cara swallowed. "All I do know is that two days ago he tried to cut his wrists. The doctor got to him in time."

Nick leaned back against the desk. "Whew! What would make him do such a foolish thing?"

Cara said, not looking at him, "He—he found out from Gerry Anders that I was going to marry you. Gerry is a friend of Doug's. Nicky, I was afraid of that. I was so horribly afraid that if Doug found out about us he'd do something silly."

"He's still in love with you," Nick said slowly. He added: "Cara, you didn't come here to marry me, did you? You didn't want to do that when I asked you, because it would hurt Doug—and yet you came when his mother told you he was in trouble."

Nick put his hands on her shoulders quietly. "Cara, when you feel that way about a man, you love him, whether you know it or not."

She looked up at him, stricken. "No! It's just that I'm—sorry for Doug."

"Yes," he said. As he had imagined he was sorry for Emmeline. "And we all hate pity. We all try to get away from it, don't we? Only sometimes we confuse things. We confuse love and romance, and love and pity. And we forget that the chances are, when those last two go deep enough, that they're really one and the same. It's a big thing to find out, Cara, no matter the cost, and I think you have found it out."

She closed her eyes hard an instant. "I found it out when I saw Doug again, yes. I found out that all those years——"

"You had been chasing a dream," said Nick. "I know. I chased it with you—a very sweet but mistaken dream. Cara, do you remember when you married Doug?"

"Of course." Her gaze was wondering. "We ran away together."

"Well," said Nick, "people do get married again, don't they? They even run away again. Come on. Let's go and get Doug, and I'll help you."

It was very late when he started for home. One down, he thought, and one to go. If only he could find it within himself to arrange Emmy's marriage to Gerry with as good a grace.

At the bottom of the pathway to the house he stopped. Someone was sitting on the step. And because, for an instant, it seemed so very much like history repeating itself, he felt his blood leap in his pulses, and it was a long moment before he could go on.

He was steadier by the time he'd reached the steps. "Emmy," he said, "what on earth are you doing here at this hour?"

Her arms were locked round her knees, her head bent. "Waiting for you," said Emmeline.

As she had waited that other time, years before. She had came to him then with childlike trust, seeking some word of comfort, of forgiveness from him. And he had not given it.

He thought, despairing: If you had taken her in your hands that night you wouldn't be standing here now, a stranger to her, because she is going to marry another man . . .

He said, "Come inside. It's too cold for you out here."

"No. I can say what I have to say out here." Through waves of dejection he heard only dimly the odd note, as of anger, in her voice. "Nick," Emmeline said, "Nick, how you must hate me."

He shook his head wearily "I thought we'd settled all that."

She said, "So did I. I hoped and prayed that we had. It seemed so little to ask." The anger within her seemed to tremble. "And now we're back where we started from, only a thousand times further apart."

"Emmy," he said, puzzled, "what are you talking about?"

"About Cara marrying Doug again. I hurt you the first time, Nick, and now I've done it again, and this time it's really unforgivable."

She looked up at him and in the drift of moonlight he saw that her face was white and passionate.

He didn't comprehend. He only knew that she was angry with herself. "That?" he said. "You had nothing to do with that, Emmy."

ANGRILY, she said, "But I did, I did. It's my fault, all of it, as much as it was before. It was I who told Gerry that you and Cara were engaged to be married again. I didn't know it was any kind of secret. Nor could I guess that when Doug knew he'd try to do that awful thing."

He ran a hand through his hair. "Emmy, if you'd be quiet a moment and let me tell you what really happened, you wouldn't be accusing yourself like this."

"Oh, I know what happened, all right," she said bitterly. "Doug's family got in touch with Cara and she came out here and you were away again—just as you were the first time—and she saw Doug and felt a dreadful, overwhelming responsibility for what he'd done, and because of it decided to go back to him. All through me—exactly as before!"

"Be quiet!" said Nick. "For God's sake, stop blaming—"

Then he stopped, because she had turned her face to him, and her great dark eyes were wells of tears.

"Why?" she whispered. "Why does everything I do have to turn out to be the wrong thing for you? Why, Nick, when all I want most in this whole world is to know that you're happy?"

Something shook in him queerly, a tremor, a recognition almost. All he wanted most in this world was her happiness. But then, he thought tiredly, all he could do was send her on to her happiness.

"Listen," he said strongly. "Cara isn't marrying Doug again on any impulse, irresistible or otherwise. She didn't marry him the first time for that reason, either. She married him—as she's marrying him again—because she loves him. Not me. Do you hear? Whether she'd got my note or not would have made no difference."

"I hear you," Emmeline said. "But you're only saying these things because——"

"Because they're the truth, Emmy. I've made the arrangements myself." But when she still watched his face, doubtful, he knew there was only one way to convince her.

"You haven't hurt me, Emmy, and you never did. I only thought you did, and I should have known better." He added carefully, deliberately, "Just as I know now that I'm not in love with Cara."

"Aren't you?" Her eyes were huge. "But you were going to marry her."

"It's a long story," said Nick. "The story of hanging on to a dream, being too stubborn to realise it was never anything but a mistaken one. I'll save it, Emmy; I'll save it to tell your grandchildren."

Emmeline said, her voice small, "There aren't going to be any. At least, not unless they're yours, too, Nick."

It was like a swift jarring over the heart. "What?" And then he could not say anything at all. He could not trust himself.

She was looking at him again, and all the radiance was there in her face, making it wonderfully and eternally Emmy's face, and the face of his love.

She said, "When I sent Gerry away, when I told him I loved you, that was the truth, too. You see, I'm not half as fine or as noble as you think. I didn't send Gerry away on Uncle Mark's account, but because I suddenly realised that the only certain thing about me is that I love you. In my heart I knew I was exactly like my mother, and I couldn't marry Gerry, good as he is, any more than she could marry Uncle Mark."

"Emmy——"

But she said, a little sadly, "Do you know something, Nick? Sometimes I've thought that was how I came to lose the letter—because I loved you so much, because I hated the idea of your marrying Cara so terribly. It's almost as though I willed it lost."

She lifted a hand to brush at her lashes. "Anyway, that's the way it is with me, and I'm glad I've told you. I'm not ashamed of it. Now you'll know—if—if at any time you should ever want me, that I'll be waiting."

Nick put his head down in her lap, and his arms went about her waist.

"I want you," he said. "I want you now, Emmy, and forever." He lifted his head and looked at her wet face and said tenderly, "My beautiful Emmy."

And he felt, as they clung to each other, the life leaping into his blood again, with the warm, dark touch of Emmeline, with the richness of her mouth.

Each of them, he thought, had wanted happiness for the other. And the blessed miracle was, they had found it together.

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Dear Nurse Reid,
Please forward me under plain wrapper the Meds Booklet, "It's So Much Easier When You Know."

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4401.—Sleeveless cool-necked one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4406. — Small girl's waisted back-buttoned one-piece dress. Sizes: Lengths 18, 20, 23, and 28in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1 2-3rd yds. to 2yds. 36in. material. Price 2/9.

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

F4403.—Smartly styled front-buttoned coat-dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F4404. — Unusual bare-shouldered sundress features plain and striped material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 36in. plain material and 1½yds. 36in. striped material. Price 3/9.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4402. — Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make men's shorts. Sizes SM, M, and OS. Requires 1⅛yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4405. — Glamorous three-piece lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6⅞yds. 36in. material, 5yds. lace edging, and 3yds. ⅛in. ribbon. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 397.—SUMMER DRESS

Smartly styled cool summer dress is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is embossed everglaze cotton, the color range includes deep red, pink, Kelly-green, navy, grey, and scarlet. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 42/3. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 398.—SMALL GIRL'S SUNSUIT AND MATCHING BONNET

Pretty summer twosome obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in a floral-printed cotton. The color choice includes pink, lemon, and beige grounds all printed in white and blue flowers. Sizes: 2 years 19/3, bonnet 7/3; 3 to 4 years 21/6, bonnet 7/9; 5 to 6 years 23/3, bonnet 8/3. Postage and registration 2/3 extra for sunsuit and 1/- for bonnet.

No. 399.—TABLE THROWOVER

The throwover is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty flower motif. The material is Swiss organdie in white, pale blue, lemon, pink, and green. The lace edging is not supplied. Size 36in. by 36in. 8/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 400.—MATERNITY JACKET SMOCK

Attractively designed maternity smock obtainable cut out ready to make in a bow and striped printed caesar Bonnie Prince cotton. The color choice includes lemon and pink grounds, both printed in white stripes and black bows. The yoke is buttoned and trimmed in white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in bust, 32/6; 36 and 38in. bust 35/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

How you can help your husband's EYES

Probably your husband, like most men, uses his eyes a lot in his work. You can see how strained and tired they look. Here's how you can help him—
Get him a bottle of Optrex Eye Lotion and persuade him to use it regularly. It will do your heart good to see how quickly his eyes improve! An Optrex eye-bath gently removes dust and impurities that irritate the eyes, causing inflammation and soreness. It tones up the eye tissues and relieves strain and tension. He'll be a happier man when he is using Optrex regularly!

Large economy bottle, 5/6 at Chemists

Optrex
the EYE LOTION
★ OP24 ★

15 hairsets for 4/10
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated Curlypet for 4/10 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
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Stay as sweet as you are with
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for Her

Imagine! With Gossamer it takes but five magical seconds to give yourself the *spray set* that American women love!

From morn to midnight, Gossamer keeps your hair beautifully in place . . . no wandering wisps, no straggly ends. Gossamer makes even a brand-new *perm* behave—yet there's no heavy *lacquer look*. And you'll *love* the exciting fragrance of Gossamer!

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GOSSAMER

Invisible Net

CRISPER CURLS, DEEPER WAVES
—and Gossamer keeps your hair lustrous and full o' life.

LASTS ALL DAY, ALL EVENING
—hour after hour Gossamer will keep your hair immaculate—no droopiness, no fuzz, no straggles.

NO OVERNIGHT "PIN-UPS"
—Gossamer's magical 5-second set means you can "spray-set" your hair *any*time . . . even before a "last-minute" date.

GOSSAMER . . . made in Australia by The Pressure★Pak Company, a Division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to Africa in search of Mandrake's sister Lenore, the famous explorer. When last heard of Lenore was about to investigate Witchmen's Peak, a mystery-shrouded mountain feared by the natives. Mandrake goes to the trading post where Lenore was last seen and tries to question the trader there. But the trader lost his power of speech by the witchmen's black magic when he spoke to Lenore about the Peak, and now he is afraid to reveal any more. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

for Him

Like to give "HIM" a pleasant surprise? Then buy him Smoothex—the sensational "push button" shave cream.

He'll ENJOY shaving with Smoothex

Months of Luxury shaving for only **8/6**

One can of Smoothex makes enough creamy, smooth lather for more than 70 shaves. With Smoothex, there's no "drag," no scrape. It's brushless, too.

Best of all, Smoothex contains its own built-in after-shave lotion . . . it leaves the skin cool, supple and refreshed. (P.S. You try Smoothex as a hand cream—it's terrific!)

SMOOTHEX . . . made in Australia by The Pressure★Pak Company, a Division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.

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"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX* TISSUES

PRETTY CUT UP?

DAB AWAY AT CUTS WITH HYGIENIC DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES. KLEENEX IN THE BATHROOM SAVES YOUR GUEST TOWELS. HANDY FOR REMOVING MAKE-UP.

PEACHES AND SNEEZES

NO MATTER WHAT THE CAUSE OF HAY FEVER, KLEENEX IS A REAL FRIEND — SOFT AND SOOTHING, DISPOSABLE FOR HEALTH AND CONVENIENCE.

KL 2/6/16 R

WHEN POWDER EXPLODES

KLEENEX WIPES IT OFF WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE, SAVES RUINED HANDKERCHIEFS. USE KLEENEX TO REMOVE EXCESS POWDER FOR A SILKY EFFECT. APPLY IT WITH KLEENEX FOR FREEDOM FROM DIRTY PUFFS.

£5 to Miss B. Pearce
23 Eighth Ave., Seven Hills

* registered trade mark

THIS IS A WORK-SHIRK

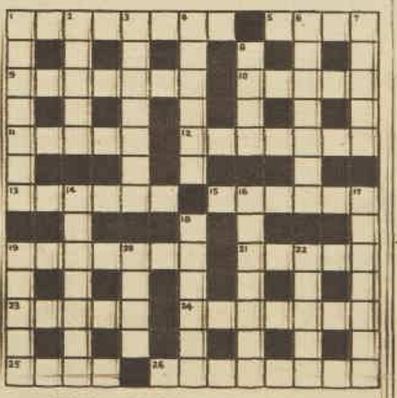
Before it loses the use of its limbs, won't somebody PLEASE introduce it to Kellogg's Corn Flakes? With a beautiful, big, energy-loaded breakfast under its little belt there'd be practically no holding it! Honestly, now, haven't **you** noticed how much better, brighter, more energetic you feel after a wonderful rustling-crisp energy-loaded breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

QUICK-N-LIVELY BREAKFASTS!

Here's the 30-second way to serve energy each day! How about getting your family off to a bright start tomorrow morning with the world's favourite breakfast cereal?

TEENA® BY Hilda Terry

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Would be a good watchdog of the larboard of a ship (8).
5. Place which excels when turns (4).
9. Such creed is mentioned by Wordsworth when he complains that the world is too much with us (7).
10. Bird worth 10 dollars (5).
11. Lo, I go in a very cold house (5).
12. Makes his appearance to turn to take liquid food (5, 2).
13. Lent is good to engage for military service (6).
15. Rubber war-god got entangled and turned about (6).
19. Porter comes to a rocky peak after New Year's Day (7).
21. Adorns packs of cards (5).
23. Air Force formations for birds (5).
24. Mad root (Anagr., 7).
25. Look the saint is wasted (4).
26. Such praise is not rare (4, 4).

DOWN

1. Like a lion in one line (7).
2. People chew nuts from this Oriental tree, which brings you first a wager (5).
3. Inclined to love us behind a room in disorder (7).
4. Embellished a tenor (6).
6. Should the rider of this horse have a parachute? (7).
7. The head of this cad could be wet (5).
8. This Shakespearian hero could be real (4).
14. Inside coverings in slings (7).
16. The male linnet (7).
17. To reset a flower-shaped badge (7).
18. Such hand belongs to a horseman (6).
19. A highly prized person or thing (5).
20. Trial in a Billingsgate store (4).
22. Carved semi-precious stone which came to nothing (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

New super-smooth cream deodorant

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

Indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending — unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

Smoother, creamier Arrid:

INSTANTLY STOPS PERSPIRATION and keeps armpits dry safely — as proved by leading doctors.

REMOVES ODOR from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action.

WON'T ROT CLOTHES.

New creamy-soft Arrid does not irritate skin, even after shaving.

Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient. Perstop — your guarantee that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!

ARRID
Now with Perstop for Super Creaminess

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 12/6 or 7/6 and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save half-a-crown by buying the 12/6 ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

REMOVE ACHING CORNS!

★ Painlessly!
★ Quickly!
★ Safely!

CARNATION CORN CAPS

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

TENNIS DRESSES. *Next week's issue features a special pattern offer for four tennis dresses and shorts and shirt. They're new, becoming, and patterns are available for sizes 32 to 38, price 3/6.*

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Now you can have WHITER TEETH in 10 days!

52,650 People Have Already Proved It*

There's no need now to continue using old-fashioned toothpastes! *You* can bring that longed-for whiteness and brightness to your teeth—*in only 10 days*—simply by using "activated" NYAL Toothpaste.

CLEANS TEETH BETTER. Smooth-textured NYAL Toothpaste is different! It contains a highly activated, tasteless *dental detergent* which foams instantly, helps remove food particles from between the teeth. In fact, nothing gets teeth so clean as NYAL Toothpaste.

MAKES TEETH BRIGHTER. NYAL Toothpaste gives you the *completely clean* teeth you expect. Dulling film and cigarette stains are safely removed. Regular brushing with this new toothpaste *whitens and brightens* the teeth as you never thought possible.

MAKES THE MOUTH FRESHER. Your mouth feels refreshed and clean after every brushing with NYAL Toothpaste. Moreover, NYAL Toothpaste has a special lingering, "minty" flavour all its own. You'll like it! Children love it! *See* for yourself how NYAL Toothpaste really cleans your teeth.

*Since the Nyal Toothpaste FREE Trial Offer was announced, over 50,000 people throughout Australia have already tried, **and proven**, that Nyal Toothpaste cleans teeth better. You, too, can prove it for yourself.

Send NOW for this free 10 day TRIAL TUBE

Mail this coupon (or write) for a free trial tube of NYAL Toothpaste and prove, without cost to yourself, that it will make your teeth whiter, brighter in 10 days.

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Mail to Dept. A, Nyal Company, Box 3286, G.P.O., Sydney.

NYAL TOOTHPASTE

Take CHOCOLAX to-night —feel right in the morning

NEW chocolate laxative helps you regain normal regularity. When you need a laxative, take pleasant-tasting Nyal CHOCOLAX. CHOCOLAX IS REAL chocolate with a medically proven, gentle-acting laxative agent added. There's no medicine taste at all! Take CHOCOLAX at night. It acts so gently it won't disturb your sleep—yet is so effective that in the morning you will regain normal regularity. No discomfort . . . no embarrassing urgency.

Regular Size, **2/6**; Family Economy Size, **4/3**

CHOCOLAX – Is real chocolate Acts gently – tastes good

There's no TAN like KWIK-TAN

Everyone admires the golden tan that NYAL Kwik Tan—and only Kwik Tan—can bring! Kwik Tan contains a scientific sun ray filter which helps promote a rich, burn-free suntan in next-to-no-time. Kwik Tan keeps the skin soft and supple, too—the sun can't dry out the natural, protective skin oils. For the finest tan under the sun . . . QUICKLY, ask for Kwik Tan!

Sun Oil, **4/9, 8/-**; Cream, **3/3, 5/-**

Nyal KWIK TAN

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

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Soothes Baby's Tummy!

To prevent wind pains and tummy upsets, Matron Shaw recommends NYAL Milk of Magnesia. One teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia, after feeding, quickly soothes baby's tummy—prevents wind pains and acidity in infants. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or regular.

Two sizes—**3/3, 5/-**

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA

Soothe Tired Aching Eyes

Bathe those sore, inflamed, aching eyes with NYAL *'Decongestant'* Eye Drops. Get relief from burning, itching and smarting in seconds. The modern formula of NYAL *'Decongestant'* Eye Drops clears bloodshot eyes rapidly . . . adds sparkle and brightness. The drops blend perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. Thus, they spread evenly, will not blink out. Packed in a convenient, unbreakable, plastic dropper-container. NYAL *'Decongestant'* Eye Drops make tired eyes feel good! **5/3**

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' EYE DROPS

Holds false-teeth Firmly

To hold false teeth firmly the modern way, simply sprinkle Nyal Holdtite Dental Plate Powder on the dental plate. You will feel comfortable and at ease immediately. Holdtite **holds false teeth comfortably and firmly in place for hours.** You can buy Holdtite in sprinkler-top flasks, **3/3, 4/6**; or in unbreakable, spill-proof, squeeze plastic pack, **3/9**

Nyal HOLDTITE

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